

THE
NEW ENGLISH DRAMA,

WITH
PREFATORY REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND NOTES.

Critical and Explanatory ;

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE

STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

As Performed

At the Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, COMEDIAN.

VOLUME NINTH.

CONTAINING
CRITIC.—ROSINA.—HONEST THIEVES.
MAYOR OF GARRATT.—THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.
SHIPWRECK —RUGANTINO.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, ~~AND~~
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, FLEET-STREET.

1821.

Orberry's Edition.

THE CRITIC ;

OR,

A TRAGEDY REHEARSED,

A

DRAMATIC PIECE;

By R. B. Sheridan.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

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1820.

*From the Press of W. Oxberry, and Co
8, White-Hart Yard.*

Remarks.

THE CRITIC

This piece, though not so uniformly brilliant as *The School for Scandal*, is yet worthy of Sheridan, a name that at once forms the glory and the disgrace of the British nation. That it is our glory belongs to the genius of him who bore it! that it is our disgrace is the fault of the heartless avance, the stupid insensibility to talent, which could suffer such merit to expire in unpitied poverty! The time was, when English Nobles and English Princes were the fosterers of genius, but that time has past away, and the rich of the present century employ their wealth much more to their own satisfaction as well as glory of the nation. They are of opinion with Farmer Ashfield, who held genius to be the worst horse in the stable, but then they go beyond the honest farmer in their practice, for it does not appear that he denied the worthless animal either food or shelter, while these gentlemen will grant him neither one nor the other.

The plan of *The Critic* is not altogether new to the English language; we have something very similar to it in the *Rehearsal of Buckingham*, and the *Pasquin* of Fielding; but the merit of the execution belongs entirely to Sheridan, and his work is likely to outlive those of his predecessors not only from its superior brilliancy, but because it is less local in its language and character; it is true that Sir Fretful was the portrait, and no very favourable one, of the celebrated Cumberland, but the feelings of Sir Fretful are the feelings of all times and all people. Had Sheridan given only a portrait of peculiar manners, the value of the portrait must have been in a great measure lost with the original; but by painting passions he has formed a work that is not likely to lose any of its interest till the last spark of taste amongst us is extinguished.—“ Yet after all it was a scurvy trick ”—Poor Cumberland was a lively writer, an elegant though perhaps

not profound scholar, and, if the chronicle of the time be true, an amiable and worthy man.

Let the earth cover and protect its dead
 And let man's breath thither return in peace
 From whence it came ; his spirit to the skies,
 His body to the clay of which 'twas form'd,
 Imparted to him as a loan for life,
 Which he and all must render back again
 To earth, the common mother of mankind.

Moschion, in the Observer

So wrote Cumberland ; let him have the benefit of its application ; his life was a life of pain, and malice has been busy with him in the grave ; weeds have grown abundantly round it, and holy is the labour that plucks a nettle from the habitation of the dead

The dialogue of the Critic has more humour and less wit than the *School for Scandal*, in which respect it seems nearly allied to the author's earlier work of the *Rivals*. The humour, indeed, is extremely rich, and we must confess, though we expect the opinion will be received "*naso adunco*," that we think humour a higher quality than wit. The involuntary absurdities of Dangle are to us a higher treat than all the smart speeches of Mr. Sneer, who, however, is a wit of the first order ; for instance, Dangle's declaration that the Interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two,* and the praying chorus, are delightful

It is perhaps a misfortune that Sheridan wrote the *School for Scandal* at so early a period of his career ; the very excellence of this piece seems to have terrified him, and paralyzed his powers ; having no one else to fear, he feared himself, but we have no right to complain ; had he written only one of his excellent Comedies, he had done enough for his own glory and that of his brilliant, though neglected country.

A portion of the text omitted in the Representation.



PROLOGUE,

BY THE HONOURABLE RICHARD FITZPATRICK

*The Sister Muses, whom these realms obey,
Who o'er the Drama hold divided sway,
Sometimes, by evil counsellors, 'tis said,
Like earth-born potentates have been misled
In those gay days of wickedness and wit,
When Vulners criticiz'd what Dryden writ,
The Tragic Queen, to please a tasteless crowd;
Had learn'd to bellow, rant, and roar so loud,
That frighten'd Nature, her best friend before,
The blust'ring beldam's company forswore,
Her comic Sister, who had wit 'tis true,
With all her merits, had her failings too ;
And would sometimes in mouthful moments use
A style too flippant for a well-bred Muse.
Then female modesty abash'd began
To seek the friendly refuge of the fan,
A while behind that slight intrenchment stood,
'Till driv'n from thence, she left the stage for good.
In our more pious, and far chaster times !
These sure no longer are the Muse's crimes !
But some complain that, former faults to shun,
The reformation to extremes has run.
The frantic hero's wild delirium past,
Now insipidity succeeds bombast ;
So slow Melpomene's cold numbers creep,
Here dullness seems her drowsy court to keep,
And we, are scarce awake, whilst you are fast asleep. }
Thulia, once so ill behav'd and rude,
Reform'd, is now become an arrant prude,
Retailing nightly to the yawning pit,
The purest morals, undefil'd by wit !
Our Author offers in these molley scenes,
A slight remonstrance to the Drama's queens,*

PROLOGUE.

*Nor let the goddesses be over nice,
Free spoken subjects give the best advice.
Although not quite a novice in his trade,
His cause to-night requires no common aid.
Come to a friendly, just, and pious court,
I come Ambassador to beg support.
Can he undaunted, baffle the critic's rage?
In civil broils, with brother bards engage?
Hold forth their errors to the public eye,
Nay more, e'en Newspapers themselves defy?
Say, must his single arm encounter all?
By numbers conquer'd, e'en the brave may fall;
And though no lender should success distrust,
Whose troops are willing, and whose cause is just;
To bid such hosts of angry foes defiance,
His chief dependance must be, YOUR ALLIANCE.*

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and three quarters

Stage Directions.

By	R.H.	.	.	is meant	.	Right Hand.
	L.H.	Left Hand.
	S.E.	Second Entrance.
	U.E.	Upper Entrance.
	M.D.	Middle Door.
	D.F.	Door in Flat.
	R.H.D.	Right Hand Door.
	L.H.D.	Left Hand Door.

Costume.

DANGLE

Blue coat, white waistcoat and breeches.

SNEER

Brown coat, white waistcoat, and black breeches.

PUFF.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, and drab coloured breeches.

SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.

Half dress suit.

MRS. DANGLE.

Fashionable morning dress.

LORD BURLEIGH.

Black velvet doublet, trunks and cloak

EARL LEICESTER

Brown—ibid.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

Blue—ibid.

BEEFEATER.

Beefeater's dress.

WHISKERANDOS.

Blue and orange Spanish dress.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Buff and scarlet—ibid

TILBURINA.

First dress —Brocade petticoat, body, and train.—Second dress.—White satin, and white muslin veil.

CONFIDANT.

First dress —Brocade gown.—Second dress —White muslin.

NEICES.

Brocade Petticoats, body's, and trains

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Dangle</i>	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Sneer</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Sir Fretful Plagiary</i>	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. W. Farren.
<i>Under Prompter</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. King.
<i>Puff</i>	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Jones.
 <i>Mrs. Dangle</i>	 Mrs. Sparks.	 Mrs. Connor.

Characters of the Tragedy

<i>Lord Burleigh</i>	Mr. Marshall.	Mr. Williams.
<i>Governor of Tilbury Fort</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Earl of Leicester</i>	Mr. Coveney.	Mr. Jeffries.
<i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i>	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Sir Christopher Hatton</i>	Mr. Minton.	Mr. Menage.
<i>Master of the Horse</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Beefeater</i>	Mr. Smith.	Mr. J. Russell.
<i>Don Ferolo Whiskerandos</i>	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Liston.
 <i>First Niece</i>	 Miss Ivers.	 Mrs. Coates.
<i>Second Niece</i>	Miss Cooke.	Mrs. Sexton.
<i>Confidant</i>	Miss Tidswell.	
<i>Tilburina</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Gibbs.

*Guards, Constables, Servants, Chorus, Rivers,
Attendants, &c. &c.*

THE CRITIC.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Mr. and Mrs Dangle at Breakfast, and reading Newspapers.*

DANGLE (*Reading, L.H.*)

‘BRITISH to Lord North’—‘Letter the Second on the State of the Army.’—Pshaw! ‘To the first L—dash D of the A—dash Y.’—‘Genuine Extract of a Letter from St Kitt’s’—‘Coxheath intelligence.’—‘It is now confidently asserted that Sir Charles Hardy.’—Pshaw!—Nothing but about the fleet and the nation!—and I hate all politics but theatrical politics.—Where’s the Morning Chronicle?

Mrs. D. (*R.H.*) Yes, that’s your Gazette.

Dan. So, here we have it.—

‘*Theatrical intelligence extraordinary.*’—‘We hear there is a new tragedy in rehearsal at Drury-lane theatre, call’d the Spanish Armada, said to be written by Mr. Puff, a gentleman well known in the theatrical world; if we may allow ourselves to give credit to the report of the performers, who, truth to say, are in general but indifferent judges, this piece abounds with the most striking and received beauties of modern composition.’—So! I am very

glad my friend Puff's tragedy is in such forwardness.—*Mrs. Dangle*, my dear, you will be very glad to hear that Puff's tragedy—

Mrs. D. Lord, Mr. Dangle, why will you plague me about such nonsense?—Now the plays are begun, I shall have no peace.—Isn't it sufficient to make yourself ridiculous by your passion for the theatre, without continually teasing me to join you?—Why can't you ride your hobby-horse without desiring to place me on a pillion behind you, Mr. Dangle?

Dan. Nay, my dear, I was only going to read—

Mrs. D. No, no; you will never read any thing that's worth listening to—you hate to hear about your country; there are letters every day with Roman signatures, demonstrating the certainty of an invasion, and proving that the nation is utterly undone.—But you never will read any thing to entertain one.

Dan. What has a woman to do with politics, Mrs. Dangle?

Mrs. D. And what have you to do with the theatre, Mr. Dangle?—Why should you affect the character of a critic? I have no patience with you!—haven't you made yourself the jest of all your acquaintance by your interference in matters where you have no business?—Are not you call'd a theatrical Quidnunc, and a mock Mæcenas to second-hand authors?

Dan. True; my power with the managers is pretty notorious; but is it no credit to have applications from all quarters for my interest?—From lords to recommend fidlers, from ladies to get boxes, from authors to get answers, and from actors to get engagements?

Mrs. D. Yes, truly; you have contrived to get a share in all the plague and trouble of theatrical property, without the profit, or even the credit of the abuse that attends it.

Dan. I am sure, Mrs. Dangle, you are no loser by it, however; you have all the advantages of it: mightn't you, last winter, have had the reading of the new Pantomime a fortnight previous to its performance?—And doesn't Mr. Spring let you take places for a play before it is advertised, and set you down for a box for every new piece through the season?—And didn't my friend, Mr. Smatter, dedi-

cate his last farce to you at my particular request, Mrs. Dangle?

Mrs. D. Yes; but wasn't the farce damn'd, Mr. Dangle?—And to be sure it is extremely pleasant to have one's house made the motley rendezvous of all the lacqueys of literature: the very high change of trading authors and jobbing critics!—Yes, my drawing-room is an absolute register-office for candidate actors, and poets without character; then to be continually alarmed with Misses and Ma'ams piping hysteric changes on Juliets and Dorindas, Pollys and Ophelias; and the very furniture trembling at the probationary starts and unprovok'd rants of would-be Richards and Hamlets!—And what is worse than all, now that the manager has monopoliz'd the opera-house, haven't we the Signors and Signoras calling here, sliding their smooth semi-brevets, and gargling glib divisions in their outlandish throats;—with foreign emissaries and French spies, for aught I know, disguised like fidlers and figure dancers!

Dan. Mercy! Mrs. Dangle!

Mrs. D. And to employ your self so idly at such an alarming crisis as this too—when, if you had the least spirit, you would have been at the head of one of the Westminster associations—or trailing a volunteer pike in the Artillery Ground!—But you—o my conscience, I believe if the French were landed to-morrow, your first inquiry would be, whether they had brought a theatrical troop with them.

Dan. Mrs. Dangle, it does not signify—I say the stage is 'the Mirror of Nature,' and the actors are 'the Abstract, and brief Chronicles of the time.'—and pray what can a man of sense study better?—Besides, you will not easily persuade me that there is no credit or importance in being at the head of a band of critics, who take upon them to decide for the whole town, whose opinion and patronage all writers solicit, and whose recommendation no manager dares refuse!

Mrs. D. Ridiculous!—Both managers and authors of the least merit laugh at your pretensions.—The public is their critic,—without whose fair approbation they know no play can rest on the stage, and with whose applause they welcome such attacks as yours, and laugh at the malice of them, where they can't at the wit.

Dan. Very well,—madam, very well.

THE CRITIC.

Enter SERVANT, L H.

Serv. Mr Sneer, sir, to wait on you.

Dan. O, show Mr Sneer up [*Exit Servant, L H*] Plague on't, now we must appear loving and affectionate, or Sneer will lutch us into a story

Mrs. D. With all my heart; you can't be more ridiculous than you are

Dan. You are enough to provoke—

Enter SNEER, L H.

Ha! my dear Sneer, I am vastly glad to see you. My dear, here's Mr Sneer.

Mrs. D. Good morning to you, sir.

Dan. Mrs. Dangle and I have been diverting ourselves with the papers—Pray, Sneer, won't you go to Drury-lane theatre the first night of Puff's tragedy?

Sneer. Yes; but I suppose one shan't be able to get in, for on the first night of a new piece they always fill the house with orders to support it. But here, Dangle, I have brought you two pieces, one of which you must exert yourself to make the managers accept, I can tell you that, for 'tis written by a person of consequence

Dan. So! now my plagues are beginning.

Sneer. Aye, I am glad of it, for now you'll be happy. Why, my dear Dangle, it is a pleasure to see how you enjoy your volunteer fatigue, and your solicited solicitations.

Dan. It's a great trouble;—yet, egad, it's pleasant too.—Why, sometimes of a morning, I have a dozen people call on me at breakfast time, whose faces I never saw before, nor ever desire to see again.

Sneer. That must be very pleasant indeed!

Dan. And not a week but I receive fifty letters, and not a line in them about any business of my own.

Sneer. An amusing correspondence!

Dan. (*Reading.*) “Bursts into tears, and exit.” What, is this a tragedy!

Sneer. No, that's a genteel comedy, not a translation,—only taken from the French; it is written in a style which they have lately tried to run down; the true sentimental,

and nothing ridiculous in it from the beginning to the end.

Mrs. D. Well, if they had kept to that, I should not have been such an enemy to the stage,—there was some edification to be got from those pieces, Mr. Sneer.

Sneer (*Crosses to Centre*) I am quite of your opinion Mrs. Dangle, the theatre, in proper hands, might certainly be made the school of morality; but now, I am sorry to say it, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment.

Mrs. D. It would have been more to the credit of the managers to have kept it in the other line.

Sneer. Undoubtedly, madam, and hereafter perhaps to have had it recorded, that in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserv'd *two* houses in the capital, where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining!

Dan. Now, egad, I think the worst alteration is in the nicety of the audience. No double entendre, no smart inuendo admitted; even Vanbrugh and Congreve obliged to undergo a bungling reformation!

Sneer. Yes, and our prudery in this respect is just on a par with the artificial bashfulness of a courtesan who increases the blush upon her cheek in an exact proportion to the diminution of her modesty.

Dan. Sneer can't even give the public a good word!—But what have we here?—This seems a very odd—

Sneer. O, that's a comedy, on a very new plan; replete with wit and mirth, yet of a most serious moral! You see it is call'd "The Reformed Housebreaker;" where, by the mere force of humour, housebreaking is put into so ridiculous a light, that if the piece has its proper run, I have no doubt but that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season.

Dan. Egad, this is new indeed!

Sneer. Yes; it is written by a particular friend of mine, who has discovered that the follies and foibles of society, are subjects unworthy the notice of the comic muse, who should be taught to stoop only at the greater vices and blacker crimes of humanity;—gibbeting capital offences in five acts, and pilloring petty larcenies in two.—In short, his idea is to

dramatize the penal laws, and make the stage a court of case to the Old Bailey.

Dan. It is truly moral.

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dan. Beg him to walk up. [*Exit Servant, L.H.*] Now, *Mrs. Dangle*, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs. D. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because every body else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dan. But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself, that's the truth on't; tho' he's my friend.

Sneer. Never.—He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty: and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dan. Very true, egad;—tho' he's my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; tho', at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorch'd parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism: yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dan. There's no denying it;—tho' he is my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finish'd, haven't you?

Dan. O yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dan. Why, between ourselves, egad I must own,—tho' he's my friend,—that it is one of the most—He's here, (*Aside.*)—finished and most admirable perform—

Sir F. (Without, L.H.) Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter SIR FRETFUL, L.H.

Dan. Ah, my dear friend!—Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy.—Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did any thing beyond it, Sir Fretful, —never in your life.

Sir F. (Crosses to Centre.) You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there is not a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do your's;—and Mr. Dangle's.

Mrs. D. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that—

Dan. Mrs Dangle!—Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle.—My friend Sneer was rallying just now.—He knows how she admires you, and—

Sir F. O Lord, I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—A damn'd double-faced fellow. *(Aside.)*

Dan. Yes, yes,—Sneer will jest,—but a better humour'd—

Sir F. O, I know—

Dan. He has a ready turn for ridicule,—his wit costs him nothing.—

Sir F. No, egad,—Or I should wonder how he came by it. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. D. Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

Dan. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet?—or can I be of any service to you?

Sir F. No, no, I thank you; I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it—I thank you tho'—I sent it to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre this morning.

Sneer. I should have thought now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it,) better at Drury Lane.

Sir F. O lud! no—never send a play there while I live,—harkee! *(Whispers Sneer.)*

Sneer. Writes himself!—I know he does—

Sir F. I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing—but thus I will say—through all my knowledge of life, I have observed—that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

Sneer. I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir F. Besides;—I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer. What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

Sir F. Steal!—to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

Sneer. But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and *he* you know never—

Sir F. That's no security.—A dext'rous plagiarist may do any thing.—Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer. That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir F. And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole.—

Dan. If it succeeds.

Sir F. Aye,—but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

Sneer. I'll tell you how you may hurt him more—

Sir F. How?—

Sneer. Swear he wrote it.

Sir F. Plague on't now, *Sneer*, I shall take it ill.—I believe you want to take away my character as an author!

Sneer. Then I am sure you ought to be very much oblig'd to me.

Sir F. Hey!—sir!—

Dan. O you know, he never means what he says.

Sir F. Sincerely then—you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir F. But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dan. Why faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to—

Sir F. With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious!—but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true.—Why then, tho' I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir F. Sir you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. Good god!—you surprise me!—wants incident!—

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Good god! believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference, —but I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan. Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer.—I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest any thing, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises; I believe you mean, sir.

Dan. No; I don't upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do upon my soul;—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

Dan. Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light? (*Dangle and Sneer retire up the stage.*)

Mrs. D. No, indeed, I did not:—I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir F. Upon my soul the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs. D. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir F. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. D. O lud! no.—I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir F. Then I am very happy,—very happy indeed,—because the play is a short play, a remarkable short play:—I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. D. Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir F. O, if Mr. Dangle read it! that's quite another affair;—but I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and an half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. D. I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Dan. (*Dangle and Sneer come down, L.H. and R.H.*) Well Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.—

Sir F. The newspapers!—sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—not that I ever read them—no—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan. You are quite right;—for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take

Sir F. No!—quite the contrary;—their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things.—An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true;—and that attack now on you the other day—

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Aye, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natur'd to be sure.

Sir F. O, so much the better;—ha! ha! ha!—I wou'dn't have it otherwise.

Dan. Certainly it is only to be laugh'd at; for—

Sir F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle;—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

Sir F. O lud, no!—anxious,—not I,—not the least.—I—but one may as well hear you know.

Dan. Sneer, do you recollect?—make out something.

(*Aside.*)

Sneer. I will. (*To Dangle.*)—Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray now;—not that it signifies;—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention, or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

• *Sir F.* Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

Sneer. That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common place-book,—where stray jokes, and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste:—but that you glean from the

refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments,—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir F. Ha! ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares thro' the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir F. Ha! ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your stile, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F. Ha!—

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!—

Sir F. (*After great agitation.*)—Now another person would be vex'd at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wou'dn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. I know it,—I am diverted,—ha! ha! ha!—not the least invention! ha! ha! ha! very good!—very good!

Sneer. Yes,—no genius! ha! ha! ha!

Dan. A severe rogue! ha! ha! ha! but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F. To be sure;—for if there is any thing to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it, and if it is abuse,—why one is always sure to hear of it from one damn'd good-natured friend or another!

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Mr. Puff, sir, has sent word that the last rehearsal is to be this morning, and that he'll call on you presently.

Dan. That's true—I shall certainly be at home. [*Exit Servant, L.H.*] Now, Sir Fretful, if you have a mind to have justice done you in the way of answer,—egad, Mr. Puff's your man.

Sir F. Pshaw! sir, why should I wish to have it answered, when I tell you I am pleased at it?

Dan. True, I had forgot that. But I hope you are not fretted at what Mr. Sneer—

Sir F. Zounds! no, Mr. Dangle, don't I tell you these things never fret me in the least.

Dan. Nay I only thought—

Sir F. And let me tell you, Mr. Dangle 'tis damn'd affronting in you to suppose that I am hurt, when I tell you I am not.

Sneer. But why so warm, Sir Fretful?

Sir F. Gadslife! Mr. Sneer, you are as absurd as Dangle; how often must I repeat it to you, that nothing can vex me but your supposing it possible for me to mind the damn'd nonsense you have been repeating to me!—and let me tell you, if you continue to believe this, you must mean to insult me, gentlemen; and then your disrespect will affect me no more than the newspaper criticisms;—and I shall treat it—with exactly the same calm indifference and philosophic contempt;—and so your servant. [Exit, L.H.]

Sneer. Ha! ha! ha! poor sir Fretful! now will he go and vent his philosophy in anonymous abuse of all modern critics and authors; but, Dangle, you must get your friend Puff to take me to the rehearsal of his tragedy.

Dan. I'll answer for't; he'll thank you for desiring it. But come and help me to judge of this musical family; they are recommended by people of consequence, I assure you

Sneer. I am at your disposal the whole morning;—but I thought you had been a decided critic in music, as well as in literature.

Dan. So I am—but I have a bad ear. I'faith, Sneer, tho', I am afraid we were a little too severe on sir Fretful;—tho' he is my friend.

Sneer. Why, 'tis certain, that unnecessarily to mortify the vanity of any writer, is a cruelty which mere dullness never can deserve; but where a base and personal malignity usurps the place of literary emulation, the aggressor deserves neither quarter nor pity.

Dan. That's true, egad!—tho' he's my friend!

Re-enter SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Mr. Puff, sir.

[Exit, L.H.]

Dan. My dear Puff!

Enter PUFF, L.H.

Puff. My dear Dangle, how is it with you?

Dan. Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. Puff to you.

Puff. Mr. Sneer is this? (*Crosses to Centre.*) Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing—a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendent judgment—

Sneer. Dear sir—

Dan. Nay, don't be modest, Sneer, my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

Sneer. His profession!

Puff. Yes, sir; I make no secret of the trade I follow—among friends and brother authors, Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *in a voce*.—I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric, or to speak more plainly—a professor of the art of puffing, at your service,—or any body else's.

Sneer. Sir, you are very obliging! I believe, Mr. Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints.

Puff. Yes, sir, I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town;—devilish hard work all the summer—friend Dangle! never worked harder!—but harkee,—the winter managers were a little sore I believe.

Dan. No—I believe they took it all in good part—

Puff. Aye!—then that must have been affectation in them; for egad, there were some of the attacks which there was no laughing at!

Sneer. Aye, the humorous ones;—but I should think Mr. Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

Puff. Why yes—but in a clumsy way.—Besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side.—I dare say now you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see, to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends?—no such thing—nine out of ten, manufactured by me in the way of business.

Sneer. Indeed!

Puff. Even the auctioneers now—the auctioneers I say, tho' the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit their's!—take them out of their

pulpits, and they are as dull as catalogues!—no, sir;—’twas I first enrich’d their style—’twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other—like the bidders in their own auction-rooms!—from *me* they learn’d to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor—by *me* too their inventive faculties were called forth. Yes, sir, by *me* they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits;—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves;—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil! or on emergencies to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!

Dan. I am sure you have done them infinite service; for now, when a gentleman is ruined, he parts with his house with some credit.

Sneer. Service! if they had any gratitude, they would erect a statue to him; they would figure him as a presiding Mercury, the god of traffic and fiction, with a hammer in his hand instead of a caduceus. But pray, Mr. Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way.

Puff. Egad, sir—sheer necessity—the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention: you must know, Mr. Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that for some time after, I led a most extraordinary life indeed!

Sneer. How, pray?

Puff. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer. By your misfortunes!

Puff. Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From sickness and misfortunes!—you practised as a doctor, and attorney at once?

Puff. No, egad; both maladies and miseries were my own.

Sneer. Hey! what the plague!

Dan. ’Tis true, I’faith.

Puff. Harkce!—by advertisements—‘To the charitable and humane!’ and ‘To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!’

Sneer. Oh,—I understand you.

Puff. And, in truth, I deserved what I got; for I suppose

never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time!—sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes! then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all, both times!—I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs!—that told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

Dan. Egad, I believe that was when you first call'd on me—

Puff. In November last?—O no!—I was at that time a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend!—I was afterwards, twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption!—I was then reduced to—O no!—then, I became a widow with six helpless children,—after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into a hospital!

Sneer. And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt?

Puff. Why, yes,—tho' I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se*; but as I did not find those *rash actions* answer, I left off killing myself very soon.—Well, sir,—at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishment, thro' my favourite channels of diurnal communication;—and so, sir, you have my history.

Sneer. Most obligingly communicative indeed; and your confession if published, might certainly serve the cause of true charity, by rescuing the most useful channels of appeal to benevolence from the cant of imposition.—But surely Mr. Puff, there is no great *mystery* in your present profession?

Puff. Mystery! sir, I will take upon me to say, the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

Sneer. Reduced to rule?

Puff. O lud, sir! you are very ignorant, I am afraid.—Yes, sir,—Puffing is of various sorts—the principal are, the puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication.—

These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of 'letter to the editor'—'occasional anecdote'—'impartial critique'—'observation from a correspondent,'—or 'advertising from the party.'

Sneer. The puff direct, I can conceive—

Puff. O yes, that's simple enough,—for instance—a new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres (though by the bye they don't bring out half what they ought to do.) The author, suppose Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper—or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received—I have the plot from the author,—and only add—characters strongly drawn—highly coloured—hand of a master—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—neat dialogue—attic salt! then for the performance—Mr. Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry! that universal and judicious actor, Mr. Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the Colonel; but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. King?—indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience! as to the scenery—the miraculous power of Mr. De Louthembourg's pencil are universally acknowledged!—in short, we are at a loss which to admire most,—the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers,—the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!

Sneer. That's pretty well indeed, sir.

Puff. O cool—quite cool—to what I sometimes do.

Sneer. And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?

Puff. O, lud! yes, sir;—the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed!

Sneer. Well, sir,—the puff preliminary.

Puff. O that, sir, does well in the form of a *caution*.—In a matter of gallantry now—Sir Flimsy Gossummer, wishes to be well with Lady Fanny Fete—he applies to me—I open trenches for him with a paragraph in the Morning Post.—It is recommended to the beautiful and accomplished Lady F. four stars ~~F dash E~~ to be on her guard against that dangerous character, Sir F dash G; who, however pleasing and insinuating

his manners may be, is certainly not remarkable for the *constancy of his attachments!*—in italics.—Here you see, Sir Flimsy Gossamer is introduced to the particular notice of Lady Fanny;—who, perhaps never thought of him before,—she finds herself publicly cautioned to avoid him, which naturally makes her desirous of seeing him;—the observation of their acquaintance causes a pretty kind of mutual embarrassment, this produces a sort of sympathy of interest,—which, if Sir Flimsy is unable to improve effectually, he at least gains the credit of having their names mentioned together, by a particular set, and in a particular way,—which nine times out of ten is the full accomplishment of modern gallantry.

Dan. Egad, Sneer, you will be quite an adept in the business.

Puff. Now, sir, the puff collateral is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote.—Yesterday, as the celebrated George Bon-Mot was sauntering down St. James's Street, he met the lively Lady Mary Myrtle, coming out of the Park,—‘ Good God, Lady Mary, I’m surprised to meet you in a white jacket,—for I expected never to have seen you, but in a full trimmed uniform, and a light-horseman’s cap!’—‘ heavens, George, where could you have learned that?’—‘ why,’ replied the wit, ‘ I just saw a print of you, in a new publication, called the Camp Magazine, which, by the bye, is a devillish clever thing,—and is sold at No. 3, on the right hand of the way, two doors from the printing-office, the corner of Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, price only one shilling!’

Sneer. Very ingenious indeed.

Puff. But the puff collusive is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility.—It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets.—An indignant correspondent observes—that the new poem, called Beelzebub’s Cotillion, or Proserpine’s Fete Champetre, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read! the severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking! and as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion, is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age!—here you see the two strongest induce-

ments are held forth:—first, that nobody ought to read it;—and secondly, that every body buys it; on the strength of which, the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold ten of the first; and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indring himself for scan. mag.!

Dan. Ha! ha! ha!—'gad I know it is so.

Puff. As to the puff oblique, or puff by implication, it is too various and extensive to be illustrated by an instance; it attracts in titles, and presumes in patents; it lurks in the *limitation* of a subscription, and invites in the assurance of crowd and incommodation at public places; it delights to draw forth concealed merit, with a most disinterested assiduity; and sometimes wears a countenance of smiling censure and tender reproach.—It has a wonderful memory for parliamentary debates, and will often give the whole speech of a favoured member with the most flattering accuracy. But, above all, it is a great dealer in reports and suppositions. It has the earliest intelligence of intended preferments that will reflect *honour* on the *patrons*; and embryo promotions of modest gentlemen,—who know nothing of the matter themselves. It can hint a ribband for implied services, in the air of a common report; and with the carelessness of a casual paragraph, suggest officers into commands,—to which they have no pretension but their wishes. This, sir, is the last principal class of the art of puffing,—an art which I hope you will now agree with me, is of the highest dignity;—yielding a tablature of benevolence and public spirit, befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticism, and politics: the applause of genius! the register of charity! the triumph of heroism! the self-defence of contractors! the fame of orators!—and the gazette of ministers!

Sneer. Sir I am completely a convert both to the importance and ingenuity of your profession; and now, sir, there is but one thing which can possibly increase my respect for you, and that is, your permitting me to be present this morning, at the rehearsal of your new tragedy—

Puff. Hush, for heaven's sake.—*My* tragedy!—egad, Dangle, I take this very ill; you know how apprehensive I am of being known to be the author.

Dan. I'faith I would not have told; but it's in the paper and your name at length,—in the Morning Chronicle

Puff. Ah! those damn'd editors never can keep a secret!—well, Mr. Sneer,—no doubt you will do me great honour—I shall be infinitely happy;—highly flattered—

Dan. I believe it must be near the time;—shall we go together?

Puff. No; (*Crosses to L.H.*) it will not be yet this hour, for they are always late at that theatre. besides, I must meet you there, for I have some little matters here to send to the papers, and a few paragraphs to scribble before I go. (*Looking at memorandums.*)—Here is 'a conscientious baker, on the subject of the army bread;' and 'a detester of visible brick-work, in favour of the new invented stucco;' both in the style of Junius, and promised for to-morrow.—The Thames navigation too is at a stand.—Miso-mud or Anti-shoal must go to work again directly.—Here too are some political memorandums I see; aye—to take Paul Jones, and get the Indiamen out of the Shannon—reinforce Byron—compel the Dutch to—so!—I must do that in the evening papers, or reserve it for the Morning Herald, for I know that I have undertaken to-morrow, besides, to establish the unanimity of the fleet in the Public Advertiser, and to shoot Charles Fox in the Morning Post—So, egad, I ha'n't a moment to lose!

Dan. Well!—we'll meet in the Green Room.

[*Exeunt Puff, L.H.—Dangle and Sneer, R.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Theatre.*

Enter DANGLE, PUFF, and SNEER, as before the Curtain,
L.H. Dangle R.H of Puff, and Sneer, L.H.

Puff. No, no, sir; what Shakspeare says of actors may be better applied to the purpose of plays; *they* ought to be 'the abstract and brief chronicles of the times.' Therefore when history, and particularly the history of our own country, furnishes any thing like a case in point, to

the time in which an author writes, if he knows his own interest, he will take advantage of it; so, sir, I call my tragedy 'The Spanish Armada;' and have laid the scene before Tilbury Fort.

Sneer. A most happy thought certainly!

Dan. Egad it was;—I told you so.—But pray now I don't understand how you have contrived to introduce any love into it.

Puff. Love! oh nothing so easy: for it is a received point among poets, that where history gives you a good heroic out-line for a play, you may fill up with a little love at your own discretion: in doing which, nine times out of ten, you only make up a deficiency in the private history of the times. Now I rather think I have done this with some success.

Sneer. No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?

Puff. O lud! no, no,—I only suppose the governor of Tilbury Fort's daughter to be in love with the son of the Spanish admiral.

Sneer. Oh, is that all!

Dan. Excellent, i'faith! I see it at once.—But won't this appear rather improbable?

Puff. To be sure it will—but what the plague! a play is not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange, that tho' they never *did*, they might happen.

Sneer. Certainly nothing is unnatural, that is not physically impossible.

Puff. Very true—and for that matter Don Ferolo Whiskerandos—for that's the lover's name, might have been over here in the train of the Spanish ambassador; or Tilburina, for that is the lady's name, might have been in love with him, from having heard his character, or seen his picture; or from knowing that he was the last man in the world she ought to be in love with—or for any other good female reason.—However, sir, the fact is, that tho' she is but a knight's daughter, egad she is in love like any princess!

Dan. Poor young lady; I feel for her already! for I can conceive how great the conflict must be between her passion and her duty; her love for her country, and her love for Don Ferolo Whiskerandos!

Puff. O amazing!—her poor susceptible heart is swayed fro, by contending passions like—

Enter UNDER PROMPTER, L.H.

Under P. Sir, the scene is set, and every thing is ready to begin if you please.

Puff. Egad; then we'll lose no time.

Under P. Tho' I believe, sir, you will find it very short, for all the performers have profited by the kind permission you granted them.

Puff. Hey! what!

Under P. You know, sir, you gave them leave to cut out or omit whatever they found heavy or unnecessary to the plot, and I must own they have taken very liberal advantage of your indulgence.

Puff. Well, well.—They are in general very good judges; and I know I am luxuriant.—Now, Mr. Hopkins, as soon as you please.

Under P. (*To the music.*) Gentlemen, will you play a few bars of something, just to—

Puff. Aye, that's right,—for as we have the scenes, and dresses, egad, we'll go to't, as if it was the first night's performance; but you need not mind stopping between the acts.

[*Exit Under Prompter, L.H.*]

(*Orchestra plays.—Then the Bell rings.*)

Soh! stand clear, gentlemen.—Now you know there will be a cry of ~~off~~ down!—down!—hats off!—silence!—Then up curtain, and let us see what our painters have done for us.

(*The Curtain rises, and discovers Tilbury Fort.—Two Centinels asleep, R.H. and L.H.*)

Dan. Tilbury Fort!—very fine indeed!

Puff. Now, what do you think I open with?

Sneer. Faith, I can't guess—

Puff. A clock—Hark!—(*Clock strikes.*) I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful attention in the audience;—it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the Eastern hemisphere.

Dan. But pray, are the centinels to be asleep?

Puff. Fast as watchmen.

Sneer. Isn't that odd, tho' at such an alarming crisis?

Puff. To be sure it is,—but smaller things must give way to a striking scene at the opening; that's a rule. And the case is, that two great men are coming to this very spot to begin the piece; now, it is not to be supposed they would open their lips, if these fellows were watching them, so, egad, I must either have sent them off their posts, or set them asleep.

Sneer. O, that accounts for it!—But tell us, who are these coming?

Puff. These are they,—Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Christopher Hatton.—You'll know Sir Christopher, by his turning out his toes,—famous you know for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character. Now attend.

(*Dan. and Sneer seated, L.H.*)

Enter SIR WALTER RALEIGH and SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON, R.H.

'*Sir C.* True, gallant Raleigh!'

Dan. What, they had been talking before?

Puff. O, yes; all the way as they came along.—I beg pardon, gentlemen, (*To the Actors.*) but these are particular friends of mine, whose remarks may be of great service to us. Don't mind interrupting them whenever any thing strikes you. (*To Sneer and Dangle.*)

'*Sir C.* True, gallant Raleigh!

'But O, thou champion of thy country's fame,

'There is a question which I yet must ask;

'A question, which I never ask'd before;—

'What mean these mighty armaments?

'This general muster? And this throng of chiefs?'

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Puff, how came Sir Christopher Hatton never to ask that question before?

Puff. What, before the play began? How the plague could he?

Dan. That's true i'faith!

Puff. But you will hear what he thinks of the matter.

'*Sir C.* Alas, my noble friend, when I behold

'Yon tented plains in martial symmetry

'Array'd—When I count o'er yon glittering lines

- ‘ Of crested warriors, where the proud steeds neigh,
- ‘ And valour-breathing trumpet’s shrill appeal,
- ‘ Responsive vibrates on my list’ning ear ;
- ‘ When virgin majesty herself I view,
- ‘ Like her protecting Pallas veil’d in steel,
- ‘ With graceful confidence exhort to arms !
- ‘ When briefly all I hear or see bears stamp
- ‘ Of martial vigilance, and stern defence,
- ‘ I cannot but surmise.—Forgive, my friend,
- ‘ If the conjecture’s rash ; I cannot but
- ‘ Surmise.—The state some danger apprehends ! ’

Sneer. A very cautious conjecture that.

Puff. Yes, that’s his character ; not to give an opinion, but on secure grounds ; now then.

‘ *Sir W.* O, most accomplished Christopher ! ’

Puff. He calls him by his christian name, to show that they are on the most familiar terms.

- ‘ *Sir W.* O most accomplish’d Christopher, I find
- ‘ Thy staunch sagacity still track^s the future,
- ‘ In the fresh print of the o’ertaken past.’

Puff. Figurative !

‘ *Sir W.* Thy fears are just.

- ‘ *Sir C.* But where ? Whence ? When ? and What ?
- ‘ The danger is :—methinks I fain would learn.
- ‘ *Sir W.* You know, my friend, scarce two revolving

‘ suns,

- ‘ And three revolving moons, have closed their course,
- ‘ Since haughty Philip, in despite of peace,
- ‘ With hostile hand hath struck at England’s trade.

‘ *Sir C.* I know it well.

‘ *Sir W.* Philip, you know, is proud Iberia’s king !

‘ *Sir C.* He is.

- ‘ *Sir W.* His subjects in base bigotry
- ‘ And Catholic oppression held,—while we,
- ‘ You know, the Protestant persuasion hold.

‘ *Sir C.* We do.

- ‘ *Sir W.* You know beside,—his boasted armament,
- ‘ The fam’d Armada,—by the Pope baptized,
- ‘ With purpose to invade these realms—

‘ *Sir C.* Is failed,

- ‘ Our last advices so report.

- ‘ *Sir W.* While the Iberian admiral’s chief hope,
 ‘ His darling son—
 ‘ *Sir C.* Ferolo Whiskerandos hight—
 ‘ *Sir W.* The same ;—by chance a pris’ner hath been
 ‘ ta’en,
 ‘ And in this fort of Tilbury—
 ‘ *Sir C.* Is now
 ‘ Confin’d ;—’tis true, and oft from yon tall turret top
 ‘ I’ve mark’d the youthful Spaniard’s haughty mien
 ‘ Unconquer’d, tho’ in chains.—

‘ *Sir W.* You also know’—

Dan. Mr. Puff, as he *knows* all this, why does Sir Walter go on telling him?

Puff. But the audience are not supposed to know any thing of the matter, are they?

Sneer. True, but I think you manage ill: for there certainly appears no reason why Sir Walter should be so communicative.

Puff. For, egad now, that is one of the most ungrateful observations I ever heard,—for the less inducement he has to tell all this, the more I think you ought to be oblig’d to him; for I am sure you’d know nothing of the matter without it.

Dan. That’s very true, upon my word.

Puff. But you will find he was *not* going on.

‘ *Sir C.* Enough, enough,—’tis plain,—and I no more
 ‘ Am in amazement lost!’—

Puff. Here, now you see, Sir Christopher did not in fact ask any one question for his own information.

Sneer. No, indeed :—his has been a most disinterested curiosity.

Dan. Really, I find, we are very much oblig’d to them both.

Puff. To be sure you are. Now then for the commander in chief, the earl of Leicester! who, you know, was no favourite but of the queen’s.—We left off—‘ in amazement lost!’—

‘ *Sir C.* Am in amazement lost.—

‘ But, see where noble Leicester comes! supreme
 ‘ In honours and command.

‘ *Sir W.* And yet methinks
 ‘ At such a time, so perilous, so fear’d,
 ‘ That staff might well become an abler grasp.

‘ *Sir C.* And so, by heav’n! think I; but soft, he’s
‘ here!’

Puff. Aye, they envy him.

Sneer. But who are those with him?

Puff. O! very valiant knights; one is the governor of the fort, the other the master of the horse.—And now, I think you shall hear some better language: I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in the first scene, because there was so much matter of fact in it; but now, i’faith, you have trope, figure, and metaphor, as plentiful as noun-substantives.

Enter EARL OF LEICESTER, the GOVERNOR, and others, R.H.

‘ *Leic.* How’s this, my friends! is’t thus your new-sledg’d
‘ zeal

‘ And plumed valour moulds in roosted sloth?

‘ Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame,

‘ Whose redd’ning blaze by patriot spirit fed,

‘ Should be the beacon of a kindling realm?

‘ Can the quick current of a patriot heart,

‘ Thus stagnate in a cold and weedy converse,

‘ Or freeze in tideless inactivity?

‘ No! rather let the fountain of your valour

‘ Spring thro’ each stream of enterprize,

‘ Each petty channel of conducive daring,

‘ Till the full torrent of your foaming wrath

‘ O’erwhelm the flats of sunk hostility!’

Puff. There it is,—follow’d up!

‘ *Sir W.* No more! the fresh’ning breath of thy rebuke

‘ Hath fill’d the swelling canvass of our souls!

‘ And thus, tho’ fate should cut the cable of

(*All take hands.*)

‘ Our topmost hopes, in friendship’s closing line

‘ We’ll grapple with despair, and if we fall,

‘ We’ll fall in glory’s wake!

‘ *Leic.* There spoke Old England’s genius!

‘ Then, are we all resolv’d?

‘ *All.* We are;—all resolv’d.

‘ *Leic.* To conquer,—or be free?

‘ *All.* To conquer,—or be free.

‘ *Leic.* All?

‘ *All.* All.’

Dan. *Nem. con.* egad!

Puff. O yes, where they *do* agree on the stage their unanimity is wonderful!

‘*Leic.* Then, let’s embrace;—and

‘Now’—

Sneer. What the plague, is he going to pray?

Puff. Yes, hush!—in great emergencies, there is nothing like a prayer!

‘*Leic.* O mighty Mars!’

(*Kneels.*)

Dan. But why should he pray to *Mars*?

Puff. Hush!

‘*Leic.* If in thy homage bred,

‘Each point of discipline I’ve still observ’d;

‘Nor but by due promotion, and the right

‘Of service, to the rank of major-general

‘Have ris’n; assist thy votary now!

‘*Gov.* Yet do not rise,—hear me!’

‘*Mas. of H.* And me!’

‘*Knight.* And me!’

‘*Sir W.* And me!’

‘*Sir C.* And me!’

} (*They all kneel.*)

Puff. Now, pray altogether.

‘*All.* Behold thy votaries submissive beg,

‘That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask;

‘Assist them to accomplish all their ends,

‘And sanctify whatever means they use

‘To gain them!’

Sneer. A very orthodox quintetto!

Puff. Vastly well, gentlemen.—Is that well managed or not? Have you such a prayer as that on the stage?

Sneer. Not exactly.

Leic. (*To Puff.*) But, Sir, you hav’n’t settled how we are to get off here.

Puff. You could not go off kneeling, could you?

Sir W. (*To Puff.*) O no, sir! impossible!

Puff. It would have a good effect i’faith, if you could! exeunt praying!—Yes, and would vary the established mode of springing off with a glance at the pit.

Sneer. O never mind, so as you get them off, I’ll answer for it the audience won’t care how.

Puff. Well then, repeat the last line standing, and go off the old way.

'*All.* And sanctify whatever means they use to gain them.'

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

Dan. Bravo! a fine exit.

Sneer. Well, really Mr. Puff—

Puff. Stay a moment.—

The CENTINELS get up.

'*1st. Cen.* All this shall to Lord Burleigh's ear.

'*2d. Cen.* 'Tis meet it should.' [*Exeunt Centinels*, R.H.]

Dan. Hey!—why, I thought those fellows had been asleep?

Puff. Only a pretence, there's the art of it; they were spies of Lord Burleigh's.

Sneer. But isn't it odd, they were never taken notice of, not even by the commander in chief.

Puff. O lud, sir, if people who want to listen, or overhear, were not always conniv'd at in a tragedy, there would be no carrying on any plot in the world.

Dan. That's certain!

Puff. But take care, my dear Dangle, the morning gun is going to fire. (*Cannon fires.*)

Dan. Well, that will have a fine effect.

Puff. I think so, and helps to realize the scene.—(*Cannon twice.*)—What the plague!—*three* morning guns!—there never is but one!—aye, this is always the way at the theatre.—Give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it. You have no more cannon to fire?

Prom. (*From within.*) No, sir.

Puff. Now then, for soft music.

Sneer. Pray what's that for?

Puff. It shews that Tilburina is coming; nothing introduces you a heroine like soft music.—Here she comes.

Dan. And her confidant, I suppose?

Puff. To be sure: here they are;—inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne! (*Soft Music.*)

Enter TILBURINA and CONFIDANT, R.H.

'*Til.* Now has the whispering breath of gentle morn
' Bad nature's voice, and nature's beauty rise;

' While orient Phœbus with unborrow'd hues,
 ' Clothes the wak'd loveliness which all night slept,
 ' In heav'nly drapery ! Darkness is fled.
 ' Now flowers unfold their beauties to the sun,
 ' And blushing, kiss the beam he sends to wake them,
 ' The strip'd carnation, and the guarded rose,
 ' The vulgar wallflow'r, and smart gillyflower,
 ' The polyanthus mean,—the dapper daisy,
 ' Sweet William and sweet marjoram,—and all
 ' The tribe of single and of double pinks !
 ' Now too, the feather'd warblers tune their notes
 ' Around to charm the list'ning grove.—The lark !
 ' The linnet ! chaffinch ! bullfinch ! goldfinch ! greensfinch !
 ' —But, O to me, no joy can they afford !
 ' Nor rose, nor wallflow'r, nor smart gillyflower,
 ' Nor polyanthus mean, nor dapper daisy,
 ' Nor William sweet, nor marjoram,—nor lark,
 ' Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove !'

Puff. Your white handkerchief, madam.—

Til. I thought, sir, I wasn't to use that 'till ' heart-rending woe.'

' *Puff.* O yes, madam—at ' the finches of the grove,' if you please.

' *Til.* Nor lark,

' Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove !' (*Weeps.*)

Puff. Vastly well, madam !

Dan. Vastly well indeed !

' *Til.* For, O too sure, heart-rending woe is now

' The lot of wretched Tilburina !'

Dan. O !—'tis too much.

Sneer. Oh !—it is indeed.

' *Con.* Be comforted, sweet lady ;—for who knows

' But heav'n has yet some milk-white day in store.

' *Til.* Alas ! my gentle Nora,

' Thy tender youth as yet hath never mourn'd

' Love's fatal dart.—Else would'st thou know, that when

' The soul is sunk in comfortless despair,

' It cannot taste of merriment.'

Dan. That's certain.

' *Con.* But see where your stern father comes ;

' It is not meet that he should find you thus.'

' *Puff.* Hey ! what the plague !—what a cut is here !—why,

what^{*} is become of the description of her first meeting with Don Whiskerandos? His gallant behaviour in the sea fight, and the simile of the canary bird?

Til. Indeed, sir, you'll find they will not be miss'd.

Puff. Very well.—Very well!

Til. The cue, ma'am, if you please.

' *Con.* It is not meet that he should find you thus.—

' *Til.* Thou counsell'st right, but 'tis no easy task.

' For bare-faced grief to wear a mask of joy.

Enter GOVERNOR, R.H.

' *Gov.* How's this?—In tears?—O Tilburina, shame!

' Is this a time for maudling tenderness,

' And Cupid's baby woes?—Hast thou not heard

' That haughty Spain's Pope-consecrated fleet

' Advances to our shores, while England's fate,

' Like a clipp'd guinea, trembles in the scale!

' *Til.* Then, is the crisis of *my* fate at hand!

' I see the fleet's approach!—I see!—

Puff. Now, pray, gentlemen, mind.—This is one of the most useful figures we tragedy writers have, by which a hero or heroine, in consideration of their being often obliged to overlook things that *are* on the stage, is allow'd to hear and see a number of things that are not.

Sneer. Yes;—a kind of poetical second-sight!

Puff. Yes;—now then, madam.

' *Til.* I see their decks

' Are clear'd!—I see the signal made!

' The line is form'd!—a cable's length asunder!

' I see the frigates station'd in the rear;

' And now, I hear the thunder of the guns!

' I hear the victor's shouts;—I also hear

' The vanquish'd groan!—and now 'tis smoke;—and now

' I see the loose sails shiver in the wind!

' I see—I see—what soon you'll see—

' *Gov.* Hold, daughter! peace! this love hath turn'd thy brain:

' The Spanish fleet thou *canst* not see—because

' —It is not yet in sight!

Dan. Egad tho', the governor seems to make no allowance for this poetical figure you talk of.

Puff. No, a plain matter-of-fact man;—that's his character.

' *Til.* But will you then refuse his offer?

' *Gov.* I must—I will—I can—I ought—I do.

' *Til.* Think what a noble price.

' *Gov.* No more,—you urge in vain.

' *Til.* His liberty is all he asks.'

Sneer. All *who* asks, Mr. Puff? Who is,—

Puff. Egad, sir, I can't tell.—Here has been such cutting and slashing. I don't know where they have got to myself.

Til. Indeed, sir, you will find it will connect very well.

'—And your reward secure.'

Puff. O,—if they hadn't been so devilish free with their cutting here, you would have found that Don Whiskerandos has been tampering for his liberty, and has persuaded *Tilburina* to make this proposal to her father;—and now pray observe the conciseness with which the argument is conducted. Egad, the *pro* and *con* goes as smart as hits in a fencing match. It is indeed a sort of small-sword logic, which we have borrowed from the French.

' *Til.* A retreat in Spain!

' *Gov.* Outlawry here!

' *Til.* Your daughter's prayer!

' *Gov.* Your father's oath!

' *Til.* My lover!

' *Gov.* My country!

' *Til.* *Tilburina*!

' *Gov.* England!

' *Til.* A title!

' *Gov.* Honour!

' *Til.* A pension!

' *Gov.* Conscience!

' *Til.* A thousand pounds!

' *Gov.* Hah! thou hast touch'd me nearly!

Puff. There you see;—she threw in *Tilburina*, Quick, parry cart with *England*!—Hah! thrust in tierce a title—parried by honour—Hah! a pension over the arm!—put by by conscience.—Then flankonade with a thousand pounds—and a palpable hit egad!

' *Til.* Canst thou—

' Reject the *suppliant*, and the *daughter* too?

' *Gov.* No more; I wou'd not hear thee plead in vain,

' The *father* softens,—but the *governor*

' *fix'd*!

[*Crosses and Exit, L.II.*]

Dan. Aye, that antithesis of persons—is a most establish'd figure.

‘ *Til.* ’Tis well,—hence then, fond hopes,

‘ —fond passion, hence ;

‘ *Duty*, behold, I am all over thine—

‘ *Whisk.* (*Without*, R.H.) Where is my love—my—

‘ *Til.* Ha !

Enter DON WHISKERANDOS, R H.

‘ *Whisk.* My beauteous enemy !—

Puff. O, dear ma’am, you must start a great deal more than that ; consider, you had just determined in favour of duty,—when, in a moment, the sound of his voice revives your passion,—overthrows your resolution, destroys your obedience.—If you don’t express all that in your start,—you do nothing at all.

Til. Well, we’ll try again !

Dan. Speaking from within, has always a fine effect.

Sneer. Very.

‘ *Whisk.* My conquering Tilburina ! How ! is’t thus

‘ We meet ? Why are thy looks averse ! What means

‘ That falling tear,—that frown of boding woe ?

‘ Hah ! now indeed I am a prisoner !

‘ Yes, now I feel the galling weight of these

‘ Disgraceful chains,—which, cruel Tilburina !

‘ Thy doating captive gloried in before.—

‘ But thou art false, and Whiskerandos is undone !

‘ *Til.* O no ; how little dost thou know thy Tilburina !

‘ *Whisk.* Art thou then true ? Begone cares, doubts, and fears ;—

‘ I make you all a present to the winds ;

‘ And if the winds reject you,—try the waves.’

Puff. The wind, you know, is the established receiver of all stolen sighs, and cast-off griefs and apprehensions.

‘ *Til.* Yet must we part ?—Stern duty seals our doom :

‘ Though here I call yon conscious clouds to witness,

‘ Could I pursue the bias of my soul,

‘ All friends, all right of parents I’d disclaim,

‘ And thou, my Whiskerandos, should’st be father,

‘ And mother, brother, cousin, uncle, aunt,

‘ And friend to me !

' *Whisk*. O matchless excellence!—and must we part?
 ' Well, if—we must—we must—and in that case
 ' The less is said the better.'

Puff. Hey day! here's a cut!—What, are all the mutual protestations out?

Til. Now, pray, sir, don't interrupt us just here; you ruin our feelings.

Puff. Your feelings!—but, zounds, *my* feelings, ma'am!

Sncer. No; pray don't interrupt them.

' *Whisk*. One last embrace.—

' *Til*. Now,—farewell, for ever.

' *Whisk*. For ever!

' *Til*. Aye, for ever.' (Going, R.H.)

Puff. S'death and fury!—Gadslife! sir! Madam, if you go out without the parting look, you might as well dance out—Here, here!

Con. But pray, sir, how am *I* to get off here?

Puff. You, pshaw! what the devil signifies how *you* get off! edge away at the top, or where you will.—(*Pushes the Confidant out.*) Now ma'am, you see—

Til. We understand you, sir.

' Aye, for ever.

' *Both*. Oh!—

[Turning back, and Exeunt, *Til*. L.H. *Whisk* R.H.]

Drop Scene

Enter UNDER PROMPTER, L.H.

Under P. Sir, the carpenter says it is impossible you can go to the park scene yet.

Puff. The park scene! No;—I mean the description scene here, in the wood.

Under P. Sir, the performers have cut it out.

Puff. Cut it out?

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. What! the whole account of queen Elizabeth?

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. And the description of her horse and side-saddle?

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. So, so, this is very fine indeed! Mr. Hopkins, how the plague could you suffer this?

Prompter. (*From within, L.H.*) Sir, indeed the pruning knife—

Puff. The pruning knife,—zounds the axe! why, here has been such lopping and topping, I shan't have the bare trunk of my play left presently.—Very well, sir—the performers must do as they please, but, upon my soul, I'll print it every word.

Sneer. That I would indeed.

Puff. Very well—sir—then we must go on;—zounds I would not have parted with the description of the horse!—Well, sir, go on.—Sir, it was one of the finest and most laboured things;—Very well, sir, let them go on;—there you had him and his accoutrements from the bit to the crupper;—very well, sir, we must go to the park scene.

Under P. Sir, there is the point;—the carpenters say, that unless there is some business put in here before the drop, they shan't have time to clear away the fort, or sink Gravesend and the river.

Puff. So! this is a pretty dilemma truly!—Gentlemen, you must excuse me;—these fellows will never be ready, unless I go and look after them myself.

Sneer. O dear sir;—these little things will happen—

Puff. To cut out this scene!—but I'll print it;—egad, I'll print it every word!

Enter a BEEFEATER, L.H. U.E.

Beef. Perdition catch my soul but *I* do love thee.'

Sneer. Haven't I heard that line before?

Puff. No, I fancy not—Where pray?

Dan. Yes, I think there is something like it in Othello.

Puff. Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is;—but that's of no consequence;—all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought,—and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all.

Sneer. Very true.

Puff. Now, sir, your soliloquy;—but speak more to the pit, if you please;—the soliloquy always to the pit, that's a rule.

Beef. Tho' hopeless love finds comfort in despair,

'It never can endure a rival's bliss!

'But soft—I am observ'd.'

[*Exit Beefeater, R.H.*]

Dan. That's a very short soliloquy.

Puff. Yes,—but it would have been a great deal longer if he had not been observed.

Sneer. A most sentimental Beefeater that, Mr. Puff.

Puff. Hearkye—I would not have you be too sure that *he is* a Beefeater.

Sneer. What, a hero in disguise?

Puff. No matter,—I only give you a hint.—But now for my principal character.—Here he comes;—Lord Burleigh in person!—Pray, gentlemen, step this way;—softly—I only hope the Lord High Treasurer is perfect!—If he is but perfect—

Enter BURLEIGH, R.H. goes slowly to a chair and sits.

Sneer. Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hush! vastly well, sir! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!

Dan. What, isn't he to speak at all?

Puff. Egad, I thought you'd ask me that;—yes, it is a very likely thing,—that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk;—but hush! or you'll put him out.

Sneer. Put him out! how the plague can that be, if he's not going to say any thing?

Puff. There's a reason! why, his part is to *think*, and how the plague! do you imagine he can *think* if you keep talking?

Dan. That's very true, upon my word!

[*Burleigh comes forward, shakes his head, and exit, R.H.*]

Sneer. He is very perfect indeed.—Now, pray what did he mean by that?

Puff. You don't take it?

Sneer. No; I don't upon my soul.

Puff. Why, by that shake of the head, he gave you to understand, that even tho' they had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their measures,—yet, if there was not a greater spirit shewn on the part of the people,—the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

Sneer. The devil!—did he mean all that by shaking his head.

Puff. Every word of it;—if he shook his head as I taught him.

Dan. Ah! there certainly is a vast deal to be done on the stage by dumb shew, and expression of face, and a judicious author knows how much he may trust to it.

Sneer. O, here are some of our old acquaintance.

Enter SIR C. HATTON and RALEIGH, R.H.

‘ *Sir. C.* My niece, and *your* niece too !

‘ By heav’n! there’s witchcraft in’t.—He could not else

‘ Have gain’d their hearts.—But see where they approach ;

‘ Some horrid purpose low’ring on their brows !

‘ *Sir W.* Let us withdraw and mark them.’

(*They withdraw to the Side.*)

Sneer. What is all this ?

Puff. Ah! here has been more pruning!—but the fact is, these two young ladies are also in love with Don Whiskerandos.—Now, gentlemen, this scene goes entirely for what we call situation and stage effect, by which the greatest applause may be obtained, without the assistance of language, sentiment, or character: pray mark !

Enter the Two Nieces, L.H. and R.H.

‘ 1 *Niece.* Ellena here !

‘ She is his scorn as much as I ;—that is

‘ Some comfort still !’

Puff. O dear madam, you are not to say that to her face !
aside, ma’am, *aside*.—The whole scene is to be *aside*.

‘ 1 *Niece.* She is his scorn as much as I ;—that is

Some comfort still ! (*Aside.*)

‘ 2 *Niece.* I know he prizes not Pollina’s love,

But Tilburina lords it o’er his heart. (*Aside.*)

‘ 1 *Niece.* But see the proud destroyer of my peace.

Revenge is all the good I’ve left. (*Aside.*)

‘ 2 *Niece.* He comes, the false disturber of my quiet.

Now, vengeance, do thy worst.— (*Aside.*)

Enter WHISKERANDOS, R.H. U.E.

‘ *Whisk.* O, hateful liberty,—if thus in vain
I seek my Tilburina !

‘ *Both Nieces.* And ever shalt !

(*Sir Christopher, and Sir Walter come forward.*)

‘ *Both.* Hold ! we will avenge you.

Whisk. Hold you—or see your nieces bleed !

(*The two Nieces draw their two daggers to strike Whiskerandos ; the two Uncles at the instant, with their two swords drawn, catch their two Nieces's arms, and turn the points of their swords to Whiskerandos, who immediately draws two daggers, and holds them to the two Nieces' bosoms.*)

Puff. There's situation for you ! there's an heroic group !—You see the ladies can't stab Whiskerandos ;—he durst not strike them for fear of their uncles ;—the uncles durst not kill him, because of their neices.—I have them all at a dead lock !—for every one of them is afraid to let go first.

Sneer. Why, then they must stand there for ever.

Puff. So they would, if I hadn't a very fine contrivance for't.—Now mind—

Enter BEEFEATER, with his Halbert, R.H.

' *Beef.* In the queen's name I charge you all to drop
' Your swords and daggers !'

(*They drop their swords and daggers*)

Sneer. That is a contrivance indeed.

Puff. Aye ;—in the queen's name.

' *Sir C.* Come niece !

' *Sir W.* Come niece !

[*Exeunt, with the two nieces, L.H.*

' *Whisk.* What's he, who bids us thus renounce our guard ?

' *Beef.* Thou must do more,—renounce thy love !'

' *Whisk.* Thou liest ;—base Beefeater !

' *Beef.* Ha ! hell ! the lie !

' By heav'n, thou'st rous'd the lion in my heart !

' Off yeoman's habit !—base disguise ! off ! off ! (*Discovers himself, by throwing off his upper dress, and appearing in a very fine waistcoat.*

' Am I Beefeater now ?

' Or beams my crest as terrible as when

' In Biscay's bay I took thy captive sloop ?

Puff. There, egad ! he comes out to be the very captain of the privateer who had taken Whiskerandos prisoner ;—and was himself an old lover of Tilburina's.

Dan. Admirably manag'd indeed.

Puff. Now, stand out of their way.

‘ *Whisk.* I thank thee, Fortune ! that hast thus bestow’d
A weapon to chastise this insolent.

(*Takes up one of the swords.*)

‘ *Beef.* I take thy challenge, Spaniard, and I thank
Thee, Fortune, too !’

(*Takes up the other sword.*)

Dan. That’s excellently contrived ! it seems as if the two
uncles had left their swords on purpose for them.

Puff. No, egad, they could not help leaving them.

‘ *Whisk.* Vengeance and Tilburina !

‘ *Beef.* Exactly so— (*They fight,—and after the usual
number of wounds given, Whiskerandos falls.*)

‘ *Whis.* O cursed parry !—that last thrust in tierce

‘ Was fatal ;—Captain, thou hast fenced well !

‘ And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene

‘ For all eter—(*Dies.*)

‘ *Beef.*—nity—He would have added, but stern death

‘ Cut short his being, and the noun at once !’

Puff. O, my dear sir, you are too slow.—Now mind me.—
Sir, shall I trouble you to die again ? (*Whisk. rises.*)

‘ *Whisk.* And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene

‘ For all eter—

‘ *Beef.*—nity—He would have added—

Puff. No, sir,—that’s not it ;—once more if you please—

Whisk. I wish, sir,—you would practise this without me.—
I can’t stay dying here all night.

Puff. Very well, we’ll go over it by and by :—I must hu-
mour these gentlemen. [*Exit Whiskerandos, R.H.*]

‘ *Beef.* Farewell,—brave Spaniard ! and when next—

Puff. Dear sir, you needn’t speak that speech, as the body
has walked off.

Beef. That’s true, sir—then I’ll join the fleet.

Puff. If you please.

[*Exit Beefeater, R.H.*]

Now, who comes on ?—Tilburina ! stark mad, in white
satin ?—

Sneer. Why in white satin ?

‘ *Puff.* O Lord, sir,—when a heroine goes mad, she always
goes into white satin ;—don’t she, Dangle ?

Dan. Always ;—it’s a rule.

Puff. Yes—here it is,—(*Looking at the book.*) ‘ Enter
Tilburina stark mad, in white satin, and her confidant stark
mad, in white linen.’

Enter TILBURINA and CONFIDANT, R.H. mad, according to ' costume.

Sneer. But what the deuce, is the confidant to be mad too?

Puff. To be sure she is;—the confidant is always to do whatever her mistress does; weep when she weeps, smile when she smiles, go mad when she goes mad.—Now madam confidant,—but keep your madness in the back ground, if you please.

Til. The wind whistles—the moon rises—see,
 , They have kill'd my squirrel in his cage!
 ' Is this a grasshopper!—Ha! no, it is my
 ' Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him—
 ' I know you have him in your pocket—
 ' An oyster may be cross'd in love!—Who says
 ' A whale's a bird?—Ha! did you call, my love?
 ' —He's here! He's there!—He's every where!
 ' Ah me! He's no where.'

[Exeunt Tilburina, and Confidant, R.H.]

Puff. There, do you ever desire to see any body madder than that?

Sneer. Never while I live!

Puff. You observed how she mangled the metre?

Dan. Yes,—egad, it was the first thing made me suspect she was out of her senses.

Sneer. And pray what becomes of her?

Puff. She is gone to throw herself into the sea to be sure;—and that brings us at once to the scene of action, and so to my catastrophe,—my sea-fight, I mean.

Sneer. What, you bring that in at last?

Puff. Yes,—yes;—you know my play is called the *Spanish Armada*, otherwise, egad, I have no occasion for the battle at all.—Now then for my magnificence!—my battle!—my noise!—and my procession!—You are all ready?

Prom. (Within.) Yes, sir.

Puff. Is the Thames drest?

Enter THAMES, L.H. with two Attendants.

Thames. Here I am, sir.

Puff. Very well indeed.—See, gentlemen, there's a river for you!—This is blending a little of the masque with my tragedy;—a new fancy, you know,—and very useful in my case; for as there *must be a procession*, I suppose Thames and all his tributary rivers to compliment Britannia with a fête in honour of the victory.

Sneer. But pray, who are those gentlemen in green with him?

Puff. Those?—Those are his banks.

Sneer. His banks?

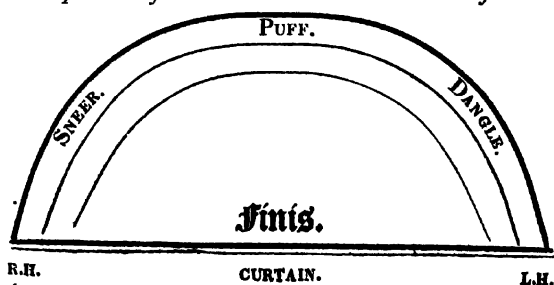
Puff. Yes, one crown'd with alders, and the other with a villa!—you take the allusions?—But hey! what the plague! you have got both your banks on one side.—Here, sir, come round—Ever while you live, Thames, go between your banks. (*Bell rings.*)—There, soh! now for't!—Stand aside, my dear friends!—away Thames!

[*Exit Thames between his banks, R.H.*

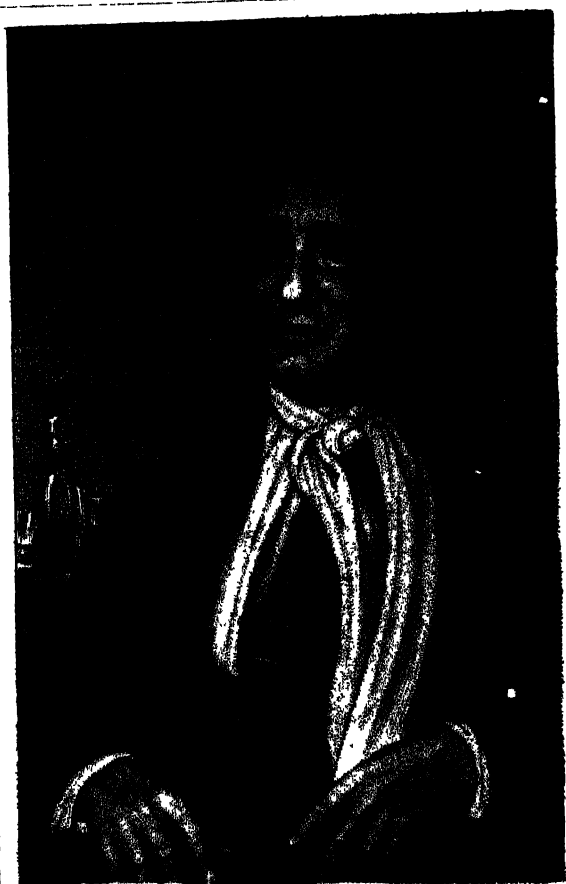
(*Flourish of drums—trumpets—cannon, &c. &c. Scene changes to the sea—the fleets engage—the music plays 'Britons strike home.'—Spanish fleet destroyed by fire-ships, &c.—English fleet advances—music plays 'Rule Britannia.'—The procession of all the English rivers and their tributaries with their emblems, &c. begins with Handel's water music, ends with a chorus, to the march in Judas Maccabæus.—During this scene, Puff directs and applauds every thing—then.*)

Puff. Well, pretty well;—but not quite perfect;—so ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again to-morrow.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



W. Oxberry and Co. Printers, 8, White-Hart Yard.



Drawn & Engraved by J. Wageman 1820

MR DOWTON
AS OBADIAH.

Orberry's Edition.

THE
HONEST THIEVES,

A FARCE;

By T. Knight.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL.

1820.

**W. Oxberry, and Co. Printers,
8, White Hart Yard.**

Remarks.

THE HONEST THIEVES.

This Farce is nothing more than a detached portion from a Comedy called *The Committee*. This ingenious idea of converting a Comedy into a Farce is by no means singular; most managers keep a sort of Procrustian bed, on which pieces are cut and mangled to the dimensions of their own fancy; an operation which is performed much more to their own satisfaction than to that of the authors. The ingenuity of Garrick converted *The Winter's Tale*, into a sort of Musical Farce, which he was pleased to designate *Florizel and Perdita*, and it is beyond doubt that *Macbeth* might, by the same process, be converted into an excellent Scotch Melo-drama. *Hamlet* too, is intolerably long, and most tragically dull;—by taking away the superfluous character of Hamlet, giving a few popular Scotch airs to Ophelia, Italian duetts to the King and Polonius, and introducing a dance of Grave-diggers, the whole would form a lively interesting drama. Poetry is for the closet, not for the stage; and as to wit,—why an author must not be wiser than his audience. This is the Catholic faith, which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved —i. e. he will

be rejected by the manager, d——'d by the audience, or scourged by the critics.

This little piece is amusing, and produces its effect more by character than by incident; yet it by no means belongs to the first class of the drama; the language is not particularly brilliant, nor is there any originality in the characters or language its merit seems to consist in the skilful use of old materials, which are arranged with no slight knowledge of stage effect. To enter into any minute criticism of its details, would be tedious as it is useless; the gravity which harangues on the beauty of a butterfly, or the qualities of an ant, can only be amusing as it is ridiculous; and as to instruction, it has not the slightest claim. We may therefore be allowed to dismiss this mutilated fragment, without any farther ceremony.

Mr. Thomas Knight, was a native of Dorsetshire, and son of a respectable country gentleman in that county. He received a liberal education, and was originally intended for the bar; but being instructed by Mr. Macklin in oratory, he began to entertain a greater inclination for the drama than the law, and made his first theatrical attempt at York, where he performed five seasons with considerable applause. From York he went to Bath, and there his success was so brilliant that he received the offer of an engagement from Mr. Harris, which he immediately accepted; and on September the 25th, 1795, made his first appearance, at Covent Garden, Theatre, in the character of *Jacob*, in the *Chapter of Accidents*; and *Skirmish* in the *Deserter* where he continued for many years a deserving favourite of the public. He resigned his situation at Covent Garden, in

'1803, and became a proprietor of the Liverpool Theatre. He married a sister of the Countess of Derby, formerly Miss Farren. Previous to his leaving London he waited on his venerable tutor Mr. Macklin, and thanked him for the assistance he had rendered him in his profession; he lamented that it was not in his power to make a suitable return; and having only pecuniary gratification to bestow, begged his acceptance of a testimony of his gratitude. "*If I have served you,*" replied the veteran, "*I am well satisfied.*" Mr. Knight, however, persisting in his benevolent intention, Macklin fairly pushed him out at the door. Mr. Knight died suddenly, February the 4th, 1820; at Manor House, in Shropshire. His Dramatic works are,—1 *Thelyphthora*, C.F.W.C.P. 1783—2 *Trudge and Wowski*, Prel. 1790.—3 *Hone & Thieves*, F 1797.—4. *Turnpike Gate*, M.E. 1799.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is generally one hour and three quarters.

Stage Directions.

By	R.H.	.	.	is meant	.	Right Hand.
	L.H.	Left Hand
	S.E.	Second Entrance.
	U.E.	Upper Entrance.
	M.D.	Middle Door.
	D.F.	Door in Flat.
	R.H.D	Right Hand Door
	L.H.D	Left Hand Door

Persons Represented.

As it was Acted at

*Covent Garden,
1797.*

*Drury Lane,
1819.*

<i>Colonel Careless</i> - -	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Penley.
<i>Captain Munly</i> - -	Mr. Middleton.	Mr. Barnard.
<i>Mr. Story</i> - - - -	Mr. Claremont.	Mr. Hamblin.
<i>Justice Day</i> - - -	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Marshall.
<i>Abel</i> - - - - -	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Oxberry.
<i>Obadiah</i> - - - -	Mr. Munden.	Mr. Downton.
<i>Bailiffs</i> - - - -	{ Mr. Thompson. Mr. Wyld.	{ Mr. Ebsworth. Mr. Miller.
<i>Servant to Justice Day</i>	Mr. Abbot.	Mr. Evans.
<i>Coachman</i> - - - -	Mr. Ledger.	Mr. Chatterley.
<i>Teague</i> - - - - -	Mr. Johnstone.	Mr. Johnstone.
<i>Ruth</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Knight.	Mrs. Orger.
<i>Arabella</i> - - - -	Miss Mansell.	Miss Cooke.
<i>Mrs. Day</i> - - - -	Mrs. Davenport.	Mrs. Sparks.

SCENE.—Gloucester.

Costume.

CAPTAIN MANLY.

Blue Regimental coat, white waistcoat and trowsers.

COLONEL CARELESS.

Blue coat,—ibid.

MR. STORY.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, pantaloons and boots

JUSTICE DAY.

Drab-coloured plain suit, and camblet fly

ABEL.

Slate-coloured suit, and low-crowned hat.

OBADIAH.

Black suit.

TEAGUE.

First dress.—Brown jacket and a blanket.—Second dress
—Yellow livery.

Bailiffs, Servants, &c. Dresses appropriate.

MRS. DAY.

First dress.—Brown stuff coat, white handkerchief, and black beaver hat.—Second dress.—Drab-coloured silk gown white quilted petticoat, white muslin apron and handkerchief, and black silk hood.

RUTH.

White muslin frock and scarf.

ARABELLA.

Blue satin body, white muslin skirt, and blue silk scarf.

THE HONEST THIEVES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn-Door.*

MRS. DAY.—(*Without, L.H.*)

Mrs. Day. Let the porter carry our bundles down to Mr. Day's house.

Enter MR. DAY, ARABELLA, RUTH, CAPTAIN MANLY, and COACHMAN, L.H.

Mrs. D. Out upon't, how dusty 'tis!—'tis a sad thing for people of the better sort, who are us'd to travel in a different style, to put up with a filthy stage-coach. I believe our places are paid for, coachman, are they not?

Coach. Yes, ma'am;—paid for at Oxford.

Mrs. D. Very well.—Something for you to drink.

Coach. Thank you, ma'am.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Mrs. D. Why, how now, Arabella!—what, sad! By my faith you need not;—say I told you so. My son Abel has been pining the whole month that you have been absent; and his honour, Mr. Day, your guardian, my husband, and Justice of the Peace, was quite impatient till we should fetch you home again. I know you'll like our son Abel; he's much improv'd of late; grown quite genteel, I assure you.

Arab. Then he is improv'd indeed! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. D. Now we talk of Abel, I wonder he, or my husband's chief clerk, Obadiah, is not here ready to attend me. (*Seeing Manly.*)—How is it with you, sir? Weary of your journey, I suppose?

Man. Her tongue will never tire.—(*Aside.*)—Yes, ma'am. so many in the coach has rather heated me.

Enter ABEL and OBADIAH, R.H

Mrs. D. Oh! are you come? Didn't you think it fit that I should find attendance ready for me when I alighted?

Ob. I ask your honour's pardon: I do profess I should have attended sooner, but that his young honour, Mr. Abel delay'd me.

Mrs. D. Well, son Abel, you must be obey'd—What, you are rejoic'd at the return of one I have in my eye, ha?

Abel. Yes, I have, by my father's desire, been thinking more about somebody than I'll speak of

Mrs. D. That's right. You must now endeavour to please the ladies, cast off Obadiah's formalities, show 'em your breeding boy, and let 'em see you are as well taught as fed. *(Appt)*

Abel. If you please, I wou'd speak a word in private.

(Goes up the Stage with Mrs. D. and Ob.)

Arab. (To Ruth.) That poor gentleman seems heartily tir'd of Mrs. Day's tongue

Ruth. Indeed he looks fatigu'd.

Arab. I like him much; he seems plain and honest.

Ruth. Plain enough in all conscience; but to please you, I'll speak to him.

Arab. No, pr'ythee, don't;—he'll think us rude.

Ruth. Then I shall think him an ass.—I hope you are better after your journey, sir?

Man. No, madam, I am rather worse.

Ruth. You don't like riding in a stage, perhaps?

Man. No, ma'am, nor talking after it. This young spawn is as bad as the old pike. *(Aside.)*

Ruth. Short, however, if not sweet.

Arab. Pr'ythee, peace!—Sir, we wish you all happiness.

Man. Ma'am, I thank you.—I like her well; but I hope she'll say no more, lest she should spoil my good opinion.

(Aside.)

Mrs. D. (Advancing.) Come, Arabella—'tis as I told you;—Abel has it.—Say no more. Take her by the hand, Abel: faith she may venture to take you for better for worse; lead her along.—Fare you well, sir.—*(To Manly.)*—Oh! Abel's a notable fellow!

[Exit, R.H.—Abel leads off Arabella, and Obadiah, Ruth, R.H.]

Man. There's something very interesting about that girl.

—Well, here I am in the ancient city of Gloucester, quartered for at least six months, if my creditors don't hunt me out of it. As our troop came some days since, private lodgings, I suppose, are scarce. *(Going, L.H.)*

Enter COLONEL CARELESS and STORY, L.H.

Care. Dear Manly, welcome to Gloucester.

Man. Dear Colonel! I did not think to have met you so suddenly. Ah! my old friend, Lieutenant Story, your servant.

Story. Your friend still, captain;—but no longer a lieutenant: I have quitted the service some time, I am married and settled here: and, faith, as times go, we'll do.

Man. I am glad of it.

Care. I hope, Manly, our creditors were not troublesome at our last quarters after I left you? *(Apart.)*

Man. They threaten'd us with the law; but I dare say a few pounds will quiet 'em for a month or so.

Care. And in that time we may get relief, by death or marriage. When did you arrive?

Man. Just now;—came in a stage-coach, wedg'd in with half a dozen there was a justice's wife, full of vulgar dignity, and her daughter; but a bastard, past doubt, for she bore no resemblance to her mother: their names are Day. There was another young lady with 'em, rather handsome; and sho, it seems, is intended for the justice's eldest son; a downright ass. He came here to meet his mother, and with him his father's drawing clerk—two such formal, awkward rascals you never saw;—ha! ha!

Story. The handsome lady you speak of is a rich heiress; they say, her father died abroad in the king's service, and left this Mr. Day her guardian, who, it seems, designs her for this his first-born booby.

Care. Why what a dull dog wer't thou, Manly, not to make love and rescue her!—Hey! whom have we here?

Enter TEAGUE, R.H. wrapt up in a blanket.

Who art thou, pray?

Tea. A poor Irishman, heaven save me, and save all your three faces!—Give me a thirteen.

Care. Thou wilt not lose any thing for want of asking.

Tea. Faith I can't afford it.

Care. Well, there's sixpence for thy confidence.

Tea. By my troth 'tis too little, make it a thirteen and I'll drink all your healths.

Man. How long hast thou been in England?

Tea. Ever since I came here, and longer too.

Care. What's thy business?

Tea. I have no business at all, at all; I'm a gentleman at large, and that's all I have done since I left my master.

Care. Why did'st leave him?

Tea. Because he died one day.

Care. Then it seems he left thee?

Tea. Yes, indeed,—he left poor Teague;—but he never serv'd me so before in all his life.

Care. Pr'ythee, who was thy master?

Tea. Sure he was the good Colonel Danger.

(*With affection.*)

Care. Colonel Danger! He was my dear and noble friend.

Tea. Yes, that he was; and poor Teague's too.

Care. Where did he die?

Tea. He died in bed, in the enemy's prison, t'other side the water there.

Care. And what dost thou mean to do!

Tea. I wou'd get a good master, if a good master wou'd get me. I can't tell what to do else;—I was here on my way to Bristol, to see to beg a passage to old Ireland: I went to the man who lives at that house, at the end of t'otlier house, beside the great house, who tells by the stars and the *planters* what good luck is for man; and he told me there was no star for a poor Irishman. By my soul, says I, there are as many stars in Ireland as in England, and more too. Now I'll go to Ireland, and if the stars be there still, I'll come back, and I'll beat his big pate, if he won't give Teague some good luck.

Care. Poor fellow, I pity him; he seems simple and honest. Well, Teague, what wou'd'st thou say, if I should take thee.

Tea. I'd say you cou'd not do a better thing, though you got a worse man.

Care. Thy master was my dear friend;—wer't thou with him when he died?

Tea. Upon my soul and I was: and I howl'd over him

after,—and I ask'd him why he wou'd die and leave poor Teague? But the devil a word he answer'd; and in faith I staid kissing his sweet face, till they took him from me. While my master was ill, we sold our cloaths to buy physick and other things to comfort his stomach; but och! he paid me again, for when he died, he left me all that he had in the world.

Care. Did he leave thee all that he had?

Tea. Faith and he did: he left me his love and his friendship, and that was his *all*; and then I wrapt myself up in this blanket, in which many's the time I roll'd him to keep him warm; and it does not fit me the worse for that and in this dress I turn'd out for my journey, without any victuals at all besides a little snuff.

Care. Well, well, serve and love me, as thou did'st thy master, and thou shalt live with me.

Tea. Faith and I will—Och! be such another master to poor Teague, and sure I'd serve you to the world's end, whether I wou'd or no.—(*To himself.*)—I'm hir'd!

Care. Now then to business;—we must visit these ladies you speak of, Manly:—Story, do you know the family?

Story. I know them by name: but Day would as soon let the devil loose with his family as a soldier.—but come to my house, where if you please, you may both lodge.

Tea. I'm hir'd! (*To himself.*)

Care. Courage, noble captain! Who knows but we may make our fortunes here in our new quarters, as well as Story!

Man. And shou'd we not, 'tis but living on Teague's cheap diet of snuff.

Tea. And of that you shall have your belly-full!

Care. Come, Teague, thou shalt lay by this mantle (in lavender if thou wilt) and mount the family livery; and should our fathers, Manly, still keep us from inheritance, and matrimony prove unpropitious, we'll hoist sail for a new world!

(*With rapture.*)

Tea. Ay, for *old* Ireland, master! Och! upon my soul, and I'd like to take you to my little estate there in Tipperary.

Care. Hast thou got an estate there?

Tea. Indeed and I have; but the land is of such a nature, if you had it for *nothing*, you'd scarce make your money of it.

Care. and Man. Ha! ha! ha! ha! [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Day's House.*

Enter MR. and MRS. DAY, R.H.

Mr. D. Welcome, welcome, sweet duck; thou hast brought home money, and money's worth—if we can but make sure of this heiress Arabella for our son Abel—

Mrs. D. If we can;—what, you are at your *ifs* again?—If I didn't rouse and support you, you would start at your own shadow.

Mr. D. I profess, duck, thou say'st true;—I should never have got Ruth and her estate into my clutches, but for thee.

Mrs. D. In that, too, you were at your *ifs*; and now, you see, she passes with every one for our own daughter.

Mr. D. Truly, I am much indebted to thy counsel, duck.

Mrs. D. Yes, and our neighbours perceive it; in truth they sometimes call me the justice. Well, then, Arabella must be Abel's wife out of hand: in this Ruth must assist, and Abel must endeavour to do his part also.

Mr. D. O! if I were as young and as comely as he is—

Mrs. D. You'd do wonders, to be sure: but Ruth shall instruct him, and speak a good word to Arabella. Here she comes.

Enter RUTH, R.H.

Mr. D. Ruth! It is my wife's desire—

Mrs. D. Well, if it be your wife's desire, she can tell it herself, I suppose.—My dear Ruth, my husband and I wish for a match between our Abel and Arabella;—now the boy is not forward enough, and I wish you, love, to instruct him how to insinuate himself, and put on little winning and deluding ways—use thy power, wench, and you shan't repent it.

Ruth. Ma'am I shall be happy to do my best.

Mrs. D. Go call Abel, my good girl

Ruth. I'll instruct him, and finely.

[*Aside, and Exit, R.H.*]

Mrs. D. By this husband, we shall secure to Abel a good fortune.—We must lose no time.—I saw the officer in the coach to-day cast a sheep's eye at Arabella: there is a new

troop too come to town;—they are dangerous men.—Sure I know what officers are!

Re-enter RUTH, with ABEL, R.H.

Mr. D. Son Abel, do you hear?

Mrs. D. Do hold your peace, and give me leave.—I have told you before, child, that Arabella would be a good wife for you

Abel. Why, truly, I think so too—but I can't say that I feel much love yet.

Mrs. D. All in good time,—Ruth here will instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself. Ah! boy, had'st thou thy mother's head!—Well, what can't be, can't be;—pray observe your sister's directions.

(Abel retires up the Stage.)

Mr. D. Be sure, boy—

Mrs. D. Who bid you speak? Surely I have told him myself; so get about your business.

[Exit, L.H. pushing out Mr. Day.]

Ruth. Now, then, brother Abel.

Abel. Now, then, sister Ruth. *(Advances.)*

Ruth. Have you a month's mind to this young lady?

Abel. I have not lov'd her more than a week yet.

Ruth. Oh! I beg your pardon.—but to begin:—you must alter your posture.—there, hold up your head as it becomes your dignity, and turn out your toes; they seem to have a great affection for each other; they don't like to part.—Your hands thus—one in your bosom, t'other a kimbo, to denote your consequence.

Abel. Must I walk trippingly, or with a grave step?

Ruth. Oh! gravely by all means, like a true lover.—Let's see.—*(He walks.)*—Vastly well! Suppose now I were your mistress, and met you by accident; then you must start to one side, like a frighten'd horse;—*(She starts.)*—and declare that you did not see her before, because you were so rapt up in love.—Now then

Abel. Aye, but I don't know what to say.

Ruth. Begin thus.—“Pardon, madam, the delightful reverie of all-delighting love, in which I was so wrapt up, that I did not see you;”—dropping on your knee.

(Kneeling.)

Abel. I fear I shall forget the words.

Ruth. Well, try once.

Abel. "Pardon, madam, the delightful levellee of all-delighting love, in which—(*Ruth prompts him thus far.*)—I was so wrapt up, that you could not see me dropping on your knee."

Ruth. Ha! ha! ha! better than I expected.—(*Aside.*)—Oh, you're perfect;—then she'll answer,—“I suppose, sir, your enquiring mind was sunk so deep into the profounds of cogitation, that, like other wise men, you needed a friend to help you out.” Now your reply.

Abel. No, indeed, I want no help at all.

Ruth. Oh fie, man! you must confess you need help, and ask her for her hand.

Abel. Aye, that brings it to the point.

Ruth. To be sure it does: besides, Arabella will never die for love of you (engaging as you are) if you are not gallant.

Abel. Why yes, I am engaging, and I can be gallant, if that be all

Ruth. No doubt;—now go seek your mistress, and remember your lesson;—keep your position, and the town's your own.

Abel. Nay, I care not for the town, if I can get Arabella.

[*Exit, L.H. Repeating the Speech.*]

Ruth. I could burst with laughing. what an ass it is;—ha! ha! ha!

Enter ARABELLA, R.H.

Oh! that thou hadst come the other way, and met my booby brother Abel.

Arab. Why?

Ruth. He's seeking you to make love—Oh! you'll be rarely courted!

Arab. Nay, Ruth, 'twere well enough for me to mock them; but consider Mr. and Mrs. Day are your parents.

Ruth. That I deny: wonder not! I begin thus freely to invite your confidence. 'Tis enough to tell you now, that I know Sir Basil Thoroughgood was my father, and at two years old, (the time my father died) this canting Day, then sole trustee, caught me and my estates.—Hereafter you shall know all; 'twere time we both look'd to our own affairs, Arabella.

Arab. Then let us love and assist each other.—Wou'd they marry me to this their first-born puppy?

Ruth. No doubt;—but we'll find those ere long shall see us righted. Oh! here's another of the goodly flock—step aside now
(*Arabella walks up the Stage.*)

Enter OBADIAH, R.H.

Ob. Mrs. Ruth, I am glad to see thee return'd, in truth I am; for a smile from thee, to Obadiah's heart, is the most exhilarating cordial.

Ruth. Except the cordial you take for the cholic, Mr. Obadiah.

Ob. Truly I am much afflicted that way, but thy little sparklers always revive me (*She laughs.*) Ah! thou art skittish and profane—Odso, I must hasten on business for his Worship; (*Crosses to L.H.*) when I look on thee Satan is busy within me—Oh! (*Checking his rapture*) but I will smite and keep the rebel down. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Ruth (*Arabella advances*) There is a sighing swain for you—but come, dear girl, we'll make our lovers our pasture—remember I am Ruth still, and their daughter. As I live, Abel returns!—for the joke sake walk towards him;—I'll not leave you. (*Retires.*)

Enter ABEL, L.H. as not seeing Arabella; they walk toward each other, and Abel starts, as Ruth taught him.

Arab. Hey! what's the meaning of this?

Abel. "Pardon, madam, the delightful levelee of all delighting love, in which I was so wrapped up, that you cou'd not see me dropping on your knee." (*Kneels.*)

Arab. Surely he's mad!

(*Aside.*)

Abel. Now you shou'd speak, forsooth.

Arab. What should I say, forsooth?

Abel. Just what you please forsooth.

Arab. This is Ruth's instruction. (*Aside.*) Pardon me, sir, but I did not see you.

Abel. No, 'tis I that was not to see you, and then you are to answer. (*Rises and goes to her.*)

Arab. Well, what should I answer?

Abel. Something about *me*, and other wise men and cogitations, and then you take my hand, and help me out.

Enter Mrs. DAY, L.H.

Mrs. D. Why, how now, son Abel! got so close to Miss Arabella! Oh! then, I smell a rat—nay look you, Ruth. (*Ruth advances.*) See how gay Abel is—do but mark his eyes—there—he looks a thousand darts at once? Ruth, how has he behaved, ha?

(*Apart to Ruth.*)

Ruth. Oh! beyond expectation—He'll need but little teaching. Humour his mother. (*Aside to Arabella.*)

Mrs. D. I thought thou would'st turn out thy mother's own son—that's right, Abel;—take her by the hand, and lead her in;—look at the soft deluder—oh! he has a winning way with him!

[*Exeunt Abel and Arabella with Mrs. Day—Ruth behind, laughing, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter COLONEL CARELESS, CAPT. MANLY, and STORY, L.H.

Care. Ha! ha! ha! nay, Manly, thou art caught—if I know the signs of love, Captain, thou art caught.

Story. And if Miss Arabella, old Day's ward, be the object of his passion, he might have taken a worse aim.

Man. Why, to confess the truth, I do feel a little interested, but I detest courtship.

Care. What, a soldier, and not love a siege!—Would'st have the women court thee? Prithee tell me, Story, has old Day's daughter a good fortune?

Story. Yes, if the old folks please, I believe she has little independent; and wealth is the deity her parents worship. They have great trust and power; but if I mistake not, as arrant rogues as ever made sanctity a cloak to avarice.

Care. Say you so? then I'll send her a billet-doux. Where the devil is that fellow Teague?

Enter TEAGUE, L.H. dress'd.

Tea. Sure I'm here, master.

Care. Oh! very well, I want you—you are not acquainted at the house, you say, Story?

Story. Not I—'twould degrade their dignity to admit a poor Lieutenant.

Care. I observe you speak in the plural number. Does her ladyship rank so high in Mr. Day's family?

Man. Oh! Commander-in-chief—I'll be sworn.

Story. Why I believe the "grey mare is the better horse."

Tea. And that's foolish!—(*Col. checks him.*) Oh! that's very foolish!—When I'm married—I'll take care "the grey horse shall be the better mare,"

Story. Ha! ha! ha! you must know this. Mrs. Day was formerly kitchen-maid to her husband's father, and, in days of yore, called Gullan, but now "she rules the roast" in the parlour as absolutely as she formerly did in the kitchen.

Care. I'll send Teague to her advanc'd honour, to beg I may have leave to wait on her ladyship.

Man. Teague will mistake, my life on't.

Tea. Indeed an I will not mistake the kitchen-maid.—Where must I go now to mistake the kitchen-maid?

Story. As I live, Colonel; here are the very ladies in question—I'll retire (*Retires.*)

Care. Maudy, you'll introduce me.

Enter ARABELLA and RUTH, R.H. TEAGUE stands by his Master, and makes his bow, &c.

Man. Fair ladies, your most obedient! My friend, Colonel Careless, a man of honour, and a true lover of your sex. (*Manly retires with Arabella.*)

Ruth. (*Curtsyng.*) Indeed, Colonel, are you such a military prodigy?

Care. As what, ma'am?

Ruth. A true lover

Care. When I look at you, madam, it is impossible I should be otherwise. (*Bows.*)

Tea. Sure an Irishman could not have said it better!— (*To himself.*)

Ruth. Oh! dear sir; our's is a jaunt of business, not compliment—so fare ye well.

(*Going, Teague and Colonel stop her.*)

Care. Nay, do not thus march off with flying colours.—Your friend, you see, is not in haste.

Ruth. Probably she has found more attraction.

Care. I wou'd you had found the same!

Ruth. Nay, don't be foolish—but let me ask you, is your friend a man of family, and fortune, Colonel?

Care. Oh! oh! then I see how it is. (*Aside.*) Of good

family, madam—little fortune, except in debts, considerable expectations, and in the road to preferment; much in the same predicament stands your humble servant—Then shall I be *your* friend?

Ruth. Why to say truth, Colonel, we, each of us, never stood more in need of a friend in all—O lud! what am I about to say—Arabella, come along, or I shall be in as bad a plight as yourself. (*Runs away, L.H. Col. stops her.*)

Care. Shall I swear I love you?

Tea. No, don't—take time to consider first.

(*Aside to Colonel.*)

Ruth. Don't swear; if you would have me believe it, shew it by deeds not oaths—In short, Colonel, if you *are* what you *seem*, I may, perhaps—

Care. What, my angel?

Ruth. Wish you were another man;—my friend is taking leave.

Care. When shall I see you again?

Ruth. Perhaps our friends have settled that—farewell.—

Arab. Sir I have trusted you as a man of honour.

Man. Madam, you shall not repent it. Adieu!

[*Exit Arab. and Ruth. L.H.*]

Care. Manly, has she appointed another interview, and promis'd to bring her friend with her? (*Eagerly.*)

Man. Upon my soul I forgot that.

Care. Oh! the devil! Do they both live together?

Man. Yes, Colonel.

Care. And in Day's house?

Man. Certainly.

Care. Teague! (*Story advances and talks to Manly.*)

Tea. You need not call Teague—sure he's at your elbow.

Care. I want thee to go on a message to Mrs. Day.

Tea. To the lady that was kitchen-maid to her father?

Care. Yes, and on thy life take no notice of that, but at almost every word give her—"your Ladyship"—and "your Honour"—for example, say—"My master presents his service to your *Ladyship*, and having some business with your *Honour*, begs to know when he may have leave to wait on your *Ladyship*?" (*Teague laughs, and turns his back.*) Blockhead, you must not turn your back.

Tea. Oh, no, I always turn my face to the ladies.—(*Bows*).—But was she her own father—that is—father-in-law's kitchen-maid?

Care. Why, what then?

Tea. Upon my shoul, then, I shall laugh upon her face, for all I wou'd not have a mind to do it.

Care. Poo! poo! you must set your countenance in form, and look serious, before you begin.

Tea. I must not think of a kettle then, or a pan, or the big boiling pot, or any thing that will put a mind into my head of a kitchen.

Care. Not for a thousand pounds; 'twou'd undo us all.

Tea. Well, then; that my mouth may'nt be laughing on one side or t'other, I'll keep it shut all the time I'm speaking.

Care. You'll find me at the inn.

Tea. (*Going, L.H. returns.*) Arrah, master, what is Mrs. Day's name?

Story. Ha! ha! ha!—oh I'll inform thee by the way, and that thou may'st not mistake, I'll shew thee the house also. [*Exeunt Careless and Manly, R.H.*]

Tea. Och! leave Teague alone for that—shew me the door, joy, and I'll find the house myself. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Day's House.*

Enter RUTH and ARABELLA, L.H.

Arab. Oh! his confession was like himself, noble; I dare be sworn my Captain's honest.

Ruth. That's more than I'll swear for my Colonel; but a good example may make him so. Were I not smitten, I would persuade myself to be in love, if it were only to bear thee company. Oh! that we could contrive to get our estates out of old Day's clutches!

Arab. Oh! that we could contrive to poison that fellow, Abel!

Ruth. Hush!

Enter MRS. DAY and ABEL, R.H.

Mrs. D. Well, Arabella, I hope you have considere what is for your own good; you may be worse offered.—

Abel, never stand *shilly shally*, tell her your mind.—*Ruth,* a word— (*They retire.*)

Abel. You see, now, that I am somebody, though you make nobody of me; I know how to prevail; therefore

pray say what am I to trust to, for my mother says I must not stand *shully shally*?

Ruth. You are hasty, sir.

Abel. Yes, it becomes me to be so, because I am the heir of the family.

Enter TEAGUE, L.H.

Arab. Whom have we here?

Tea. Well, now, what is your names, every one of you?

Ruth. (*Aside*) Upon my life, Arabella, 'tis the Irish servant of my Colonel.

Arab. Hush!

Tea. Well, can't some of you all say nothing, though you don't speak?

Mrs. D. Why, how now, sauce-box!—what, have you left your manners without? (*Takes off his hat.*) Go out and fetch 'em.

Tea. What should I fetch now?

Mrs. D. Do you know who you are speaking to, sirrah?

Tea. By my shoul an I don't — 'Tis little my own mother thought I should ever speak to the likes of you.

Abel. You had better not be saucy to her Honour.

(*Advances towards Teague.*)

Tea. Her Honour! and, I suppose, you are his *Worship*. I want to speak to one Mrs. Day.

Mrs. D. Well, impudence—I am Mrs. Day—What's your business?

Tea. Oh, are you there with yourself, Mrs. Day? I'll look well first—and I'll set my face to be serious, and in form—and now I'll tell her my message.—The good Colonel, my master, bid me ask your Ladyship—(*Turns and laughs.*)—By my soul the laugh will come upon my mouth in spite of me—ha! ha!—the pepper-castor!—

Mrs. D. Why you impudent fellow! were you sent here to abuse me?

Abel. Sir, if you offer to abuse my mother, Obadiah and I shall thump you.

Tea. (*Smiles.*) You'll do what?

Abel. Thump you, we shall, if you abuse her Honour.

Tea. Then, by my soul, I have a great mind to thump you with my *hammer*.

(*Strikes him, Abel runs behind his Mother.*)

Mrs. D. Why, varlet, d'y'e mean to insult me!—Get out of my house, fellow?

Tea. Won't I give you my message then from my master?

Mrs. D. Tell your master to bring his message himself, whoever he is.

Tea. By my soul, and he shall, for Teague.

Mrs. D. And not send a saucy *Irish brute* that can't speak a word of English.

Tea. An *Irish brute*! Is it for me that name? Why then the devil christen your Ladyship! and your Honour-ship! and Kitchen-ship to boot!—Sure that's plain English

[*Exit*, L.H.]

(*Ruth and Arabella enjoy her distress, in the back ground.*)

Mrs. D. Ah? (*Screams.*) Oh! that my husband had been here!—but he is never where he is wanted.—Kitchen-ship, indeed! and you to stand by like a sheep—Run after, and stop him. Call help as you go—Make haste, I say.

[*Ereunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT I

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Outside of Day's House.*

Enter MANLY, L.H. hastily.

Man Where the devil shall I shelter? Scarcely got into quarters but I must be disturbed by bailiffs.—curse 'em! here they come!—then to my heels. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Enter TWO BAILIFFS, hastily, L.H.

1st Bail. That's he—I should know him amongst a thousand. [*Ereunt*, R.H.]

Tea. (*Without*, L.H.) Hub bub boo! Run, master!—Run, mongrels!—Run, bull!—Run bailiffs!

Enter TEAGUE, L.H.

Tea. Oh! if Teague's prayer prevails, you'll tumble and break your necks, you Bum Baily rascals! Och, by the Powers they are down! they are down! one over t'other, and right in the kennel, as clean as dirt—Your first cousin, the devil, help you out o'that.—

Enter CARELESS, L.H. hastily.

Care. Teague! have you seen Captain Manly?

Tea. Indeed and I have; he has just escap'd from the bailiffs there.

Care. Has he escap'd?—Then all's well:—they were as near snapping me too. *(Going, R.H.)*

Tea. (Stopping him.) Arrah, then don't go that way; you'll surely be overtaken, for they're all before you.

Care. No—here comes another behind me; plague on 'em: they're on a full scent—What shall I do? Here is a door, and invitingly open—I'll in—Teague, scout abroad; if any thing happens, here you shall find me, observe the door, do you hear?

Tea. Sure—I'll know it again!—I'll write my name on it.

Care. That, I believe, is not in thy power. *[Exit. L.H.]*

Tea. Indeed and it is: I have pen and ink in my pocket. *(Makes a great cross with chalk.)* Sure enough that will stand for my name as well as any thing; and I have been too well us'd to a cross not to know it again.—My father spent all my estate before ever I had it; that was one cross. Then I was cross'd in love by Logan Lochlogan; that was another cross; and my life hereafter has been full of crosses ever since!

Enter THIRD BAILIFF, L.H.

3d Bail. Did you see a gentleman pass this way but now?

Tea. Indeed and I did—I'll hum this fellow. *(Aside.)* He went in yonder, to the Goose and Alderman: suppose you and I have a drink together there, without offence to either?

3d Bail. With all my heart, if you'll stand treat.

Tea. Indeed and I will.—I shou'd have a thirteen somewhere—*(Searching his pockets.)* By my soul, my money is like a wild colt, I must drive it up in a corner before I can catch it:—Och! I have it by the scruff o'the neck; so come along, honey. *[Exeunt, R.H.]*

SCENE II.—*Inside of Day's House.*

Enter RUTH, L.H. and OBADIAH, with writings.

Ruth. Having drank thy cordial, Obadiah, hasten about thy master's business.

Ob. I will, forsooth; but why wilt thou not smile upon thy admirer, and gladden him with the beams of kindness?

Ruth. Because, forsooth, I don't like it.

Ob. Thou know'st not the extent of my riches.

Ruth. If they are equal to your charms, they are beyond my hopes.

Ob. Um!—why the ladies have sometimes prais'd the symmetry of my features.—Nor dost thou know thy own riches; nor will I tell thee, unless I make thee bone of my bone. (*Aside.*)

Ruth. Are these the marriage-settlements between Abel and Arabella?

Ob. They are forsooth. When they are married—ha! my little merry maid—shall *we*—ha?—I can make thee a good jointure.

Ruth. Why, when *they are married*, perhaps we may.—Shall I ask your master's consent?

Ob. Not for the world.

Ruth. Well, well, go about the writings, and I'll think of it.

Ob. Wilt thou?—Then I will go.

With looks of love I do depart,

'Tis through mine eyes thou read'st my heart.

(*Going, L.H. Colonel Careless runs against him, and tumbles him back.*)

Ruth. Oh! heaven's! 'tis the Colonel! (*Aside.*) What have you done, sir? I hope you have not kill'd the man. How is it, poor Obadiah? (*They help him up.*)

Ob. Truly he came forcibly upon me, and I fear he hath bruised the intellectuals of my stomach. (*Gets up.*)

Ruth. Before you go to the lawyers, go in again, Obadiah—Take this key—go in again, and take another sup of the cordial.

Ob. I do believe it would be wise; and as thou desir'st it, I will apply another drop to the bruise of my stomach; the blow has increas'd my cholic exceedingly. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Ruth. Heavens! Colonel! How came you here? Who let you in? Did you knock at the door?

Care. No, my angel; the door stood open, as if it had a mind to say—I pray you, sir, come in? But where is the place I would not storm to get at—

Ruth. Hold! for love's sake, don't *storm* here!—Should Mr. or Mrs. Day see you, we are ruin'd.

Care. Then let us seize the present moment, and on the wings of Love fly far away.

Enter TEAGUE, L.H. in haste—RUTH retires.

Tea. Och! master, master, are you there then?—Sure enough you are. The good Captain Manly is overtaken again, so he is; and the rascally Bum Bailiffs have taken him to prison.

Care. Hush! for your life— (*Apart*)

Tea. The devil burn me if— (*Careless stops his mouth.*)
Och! if you won't hear of your friend when he is in gaol, then——

Care. Prithce be quiet, blockhead.

Tea. Och! pay me my wages, take your livery, and give Teague his blanket! By my soul, I'd go stark naked, with only that to cover me, before I'd serve a master that neglects his friend when he is in trouble (*Pulling off his coat.*)

Care. Blockhead! I'll attend him directly.

Tea. Och! very well then, could you not say so at first? Sure I can pardon a slip.

Ruth. You seem troubled, sir. May I know the business?

Care. Why, madam, to be *honest* with you——

Tea. That's right now, and like your self (*Apart*)

Care. Prithce, be quiet. Madam, my dear friend, your friend's admirer, is arrested, and in prison

Tea. Indeed and he is, at the tavern below, here.

Care. For the present, therefore, I must bid you farewell.

Ruth. Stay but a moment, perhaps I may serve your friend. (*Going, R.H.*)

Tea. (*Whispering the Col.*) If she's a housekeeper, ask her to go bail for the Captain.

Enter ARABELLA, R.H.

Ruth. Oh! Arabella! I was going to seek you.

Arab. What is the matter?

Ruth. Thy Captain is taken by bailiffs, and carried to prison, and his friend here almost distracted.

Arab. What do you tell me? Oh! that I could release him! I should rejoice to do it.

Ruth. The only means you have is to smile upon Abel,

and get *him* to bail him. Here he comes with Obadiah : wheedle him.

Enter ABEL and OBADIAH, R.H.

Arab. So, Mr. Abel, where have you been?—Could you find in your heart to keep thus out of my sight?

Abel. Important affairs kept me away from you, as Obadiah can witness—*bona fide*

Ob. I can, forsooth, myself being a material party.

Care. Plague on 'em, how slow they speak! (*Aside.*)

Tea. Speak faster, can't you—speak faster! (*Hastily.*)

Arab. Well, well, you shall go no more out of my sight. It is not your *bona fides* shall satisfy me: I have occasion to go a little way; you and Obadiah must go with me; nay, you shall not deny me any thing.

Abel. No, indeed, I ought not. Come along, Obadiah. You see how well she loves me!

(*Abel leads out Arabella, and the Colonel, Ruth, L.H.*)

Tea. Give me your hand, honey, and I'll lead you.

(*Leading out Obadiah, L.H.*)

SCENE III.—A Tavern.

MANLY discovered. Two BAILIFFS waiting.

Man. For your lenity I thank you; if my friend does not come within this half hour, I'll attend you to prison.—Will you take another glass?

1st Bail. Why, sir, we thank you.

Man. Brandy or Sherry? There are both.—Help yourselves. Oh! here comes my friend.—'Sdeath, Arabella too!

(*Bailiff's drink.*)

Enter CARELESS, ABEL, RUTH, ARABELLA, TEAGUE, and OBADIAH, R.H. Careless goes to Manly. They retire. Teague takes the bottle aside, with Obadiah who receives, and drinks a glass slyly.

Arab. (*To Abel.*) Nay, sir, you need not scruple; he is a kinsman of mine; you surely can't think I would let you suffer;—you that must be nearer than a kinsman to me.

Abel. But my mother is not acquainted with it.

Arab. Oh! if that be all, Ruth and I will hold you harmless; besides, we can't marry if my kinsman be in prison;

his presence will be necessary to sign our marriage deeds—Much depends on his consent—we must please him.

Abel. Oh! if that is the case; Obadiah, it seems proper that we shou'd set this gentleman at liberty. Tell 'em, therefore, that we will bail him. (*Ob. crosses to them.*)

Ob. I shall.—Gentlemen, this is Mr. Abel Day, the first-born of his Worship, Mr. Day; and I, by name Obadiah, am his Honour's chief clerk.

1st Bail. Well, sir, we know Mr. Day and Mr. Abel.

Abel. Yes, that's I—and I'll bail this gentleman.

1st Bail. Sir, if you please to step into the next room, we can have no objection.

Abel. Well, go you before; Obadiah, let 'em know who I am: I believe he dare not refuse my bail: it's as much as his place is worth to refuse my bail.

[*Exeunt, Abel, Obadiah, and Bailiffs, L.H.*]

Care. By my faith, Manly, they are noble girls!

Man. They have bereft me of all words. Prithee, make my acknowledgments.

Care. Miss Arabella, the Captain begs me to return you his sincerest thanks, and desires me to add, that he never felt greater felicity than in being obliged—(*Manly pulling his coat.*)—Prithee be quiet—to the only woman on earth he wou'd wish to be obliged to.

Arab. In doing what I have done, sir, I have obliged myself.

Man. Madam, I can only say, I love and thank you hereafter I hope my deeds will speak more.

Ruth. Well, let us not lose time. We have a scheme on foot—should we bring it to bear, we may, perhaps, need your assistance.

Care. Madam, you shall command us.

Ruth. If you *can*, keep Obadiah here; he may else be in the way.

Care. Will the rogue drink?

Ruth. I suspect so. He is fond of cordials, but he's too cautious to be caught at home.

Care. Teague, could'st not thou entertain Obadiah in the next room, till he were a little tipsy, or so?

Tea. Indeed an' I cou'd. He'll take it down like new milk; he gave me an earnest but now: sure I can make him and myself too drunk for the honour of Ireland.

Man. Then take the bottles with thee.

Tea (*Takes the bottles.*) One is half *full*, and t'other half *empty*. I'll put them together, and then Master Obadiah and I will empty two bottles at once. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Care. Here comes Jupiter's Mercury, the expeditious Mr. Abel.

Ruth. Mr. Teague, I see, stops Obadiah

Arab. So much the better for us

Enter ABEL, L.H.

Abel. I have, according to your desire, releas'd your kinsman. I love to be charitable sometimes but where is Obadiah? Oba——

Ara. (*Stops his mouth.*) What signifies Obadiah, while I am with you? (*As angry.*) Odds my life, I shall be jealous of you! give me your hand, and don't ask after that stupid fellow again in my presence, I beseech you.

(*Abel leads her.*)

Abel. You may come to my wedding, if you please, sir, you and your friend, for all you have been beholden to my authority. [*Exit, leading Arabella, Ruth follows, R.H.*]

Man. I'd rather I and my friend were going to thy funeral

Care. Methinks there is a strange mystery about these girls; yet in the main they are candid too.

Man. On my life, sincerity itself!—They are all heart.

Care. Would'st marry Arabella, Manly?

Man. Aye, though she had not a shilling.

Care. She loves thee, that's certain I wou'd mine were attach'd, and her fortune independent of the old curmudgeon, Justice Day.—Hark! hark!—see where Teague with laurel comes; and the vanquished Obadiah, with nothing fix'd about him but his eyes.

Enter TEAGUE and OBADIAH, L.H. singing.

Man. I fancy Teague has given him more brandy than wine.

Tea. Well, now upon my soul, little Obadiah sings as well as he drinks. Come then, we'll sing an Irish song.

Ob. Aye, an Irish song and more Sherry.

Tea. Och! faith, joy, you shan't want for a sup of the creature. Och! beautiful! (*Obadiah drinks.*) Now then for an Irish song.—(*Sings.*—*Between each verse he lets Obadiah drink out of the bottle. Manly and Careless retire.*)

SONG.—TEAGUE

*Oh! when I was christen'd 'twas on a fair day,
 And my own loving mother call'd me her dear joy.
 And that I w when she always wou'd say—
 A smiling, beguiling, dutiful, beautiful, &c. &c.
 O boderation, her own little boy!*

*But when I grew up I was always in lore,
 Variety's pleasing, and never can cloy
 So true to ten thousand I constantly prove—
 A sighing, dying, kneeling, stealing, &c. &c.
 O boderation, a fond Irish boy!*

*For war, love, or drinking, myself am the lad,
 Oh the wide world itself I'd go near to destroy;
 But a sup of the creature soon makes my heart glad,
 And then I'm a laughing, quaffing, splashing, dashing,
 &c. &c.—
 O boderation, a tight Irish boy!*

(The Song being ended, Obadiah and Teague dance, and sing—"La ral la liddy, diddy," &c.)

Ob. Nice song!—but I can't do these material matters—
 Nice song, nice Sherry. More Sherry!

Tea. Och! faith and you shall honey! (*Obadiah drinks*)
 And since you're mindful of your *nose*, pray don't neglect
 your *nose*.—We'll snuff together for the honour of Ireland.
 (*Teague holds his snuff, as Obadiah tries to put his finger
 and thumb into it, he moves it, first to one side, then t'other.*)
 By my soul, you are not the first man that has miss'd his
 mark all on one side; here, lay it upon your hand—there,
 put one of your noses to it now (*Obadiah takes it*) Oh!
 Mr. Obid, will make a brave Irishman, that he will; sure
 you'll put this up you're t'other nose now! (*Takes it as before.*)

Ob. I'll snuff for old Ireland.—More Sherry! Now you
 sing English, and I'll sing Irish.

Tea. Right, joy, like man and wife, we'll join *English*
 and *Irish* together; and the devil fire him who disturbs the
 harmony of such a wedding! (*They sing and dance
 Obadiah tumbles down.*) Oh! Mr. Obid, Mr. Obid!—you
 down!—you are down!—upon my soul I believe he is

Care. Dead ! (*Careless and Manly advance, R.H.*)

Tea. Yes—dead drunk—Och ! poor Obid is gone !—and I'll howl over him as we do in Ireland.—(*Howls.*)—Och ! poor Obid, and are you gone, my jewel ! Och ! oh ! I'll try if he's dead indeed—(*Puts the bottle to his mouth*)—The bottle is almost too small for his pretty mouth—Oh ! he gulps ! he gulps ! like a big fish !

(*Obadiah makes a gurgling noise.*)

Care Oh come, the rogue's alive

Ob. Ruth's a nice wench ; I'll have her.

Care. Will you, faith ?

Ob. More Sherry !—She old Day's daughter !—I know better.

Care. Dost hear that, Manly ? The rascal is leaky in his cups.

Ob She's rich—I'll blow you up, old Day—I'll marry her.

Tea Upon my soul, and you'll make a sweet pretty bridegroom !

Care Teague, here's a shilling—get a chair, and carry him to his master's, and should you meet the ladies, say they will find us at Lieutenant Story's.

Tea. Give me the thirteen, and I'll give him an Irish sedan

Care Pruthee, how's that !

Tea. Let me just get between the poles, and I'll shew you—there—(*Teague gets between Obadiah's legs*)

Ob. More Sherry ! (*Teague draws him off by the heels.*) (*Exeunt, R.H.*)

SCENE IV.—*Day's House.*

Enter Mr and Mrs. DAY, L.H.

Mrs. D Come, dispatch ! dispatch ! I say !—dispatch the marriage whilst she is thus taken with our Abel.

Mr. D. I have sent Obadiah with the writings to the lawyer, to secure to Abel the bulk of Arabella's estates.

Mrs. D. Have you the other writings ready ?

Mr. D. I have, duck—I have.—They are in my chest, in the next room, with those of Ruth's. With your leave, duck, we will just look 'em over.

(*Lays out keys and pocket-book on the table.*)

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Mrs. D. Well, what now, that you come in such haste?

Ser. Please your honour, your good neighbour, Zachariah Stodfast, is departing this life; and as he has made your honour his executor, he wishes to speak to you before he dies.

Mr. D. Odso, Odso! then the good man will leave us.

Ser. Yes, sir, that he will before you get there, if you are not quick. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Mr. D. Let us hasten then, duck; good men should not be neglected—Where is that fellow, Obadiah, to attend us?

Mrs. D. (Calls aloud.) Why, Obadiah, I say!—But come, husband; never mind, come along.—we'll take Abel in his place. Hasten, man—hasten, and don't lose time.

[Pushes him, and exeunt in haste, L.H.]

RUTH peeps in, R.H. and ARABELLA after her.

Ruth. Hey! what game's on foot now? The city is up; they are all off on a full scent!

Arab. But now, Ruth, what is this scheme of your's?

Ruth. Why, I mean to tell old Day boldly, that he has impos'd on us; that I know I'm not his daughter; insist upon inspecting our father's wills, taking our affairs into our own hands, and at once act for ourselves, or get our officers to act for us.

Arab. Bravely resolv'd—But, heav'ns!—What's here?

(Seeing keys, &c.)

Ruth. As I live, it is Day's bunch of keys, which he always keeps so closely, and here too is his pocket-book.—Now, Arabella, if thou hast any courage, now's the time

Arab. For what?

Ruth. To fly out of Egypt—to free ourselves from roguery and bondage. If I miss it, hang me!

Arab. But whither shall we go?

Ruth. To one that was a friend of my father: he'll shelter us, fear not. Stay—do you stand centinel here, while I unlock his iron chest in the next room.

(Goes in at a door in the middle, and unlocks a chest inside, and takes out bundles of papers.)

Arab. I warrant thee—make haste, and fear not—should

any one approach, I'll give notice.

(*Noise within as opening the chest.*)

Ruth I have 'em—I have 'em. Here they are—two precious parcels—here's both our names on 'em. Take e'm.

(*They are going.*)

TEAGUE enters, L.H. with OBADIAH on his back.

Oh! heavens!

Tea. Long life to you, madam! you have got your burthen there, and I have got mine here. My master and his friend are at Lieutenant Story's, and they want to speak to both of you.

Arab. and Ruth. Shew us to them

Tea. Faith and I will. I'll just lay down this great big bundle of iniquity

(*Lays him down.*)

Ob. Some small beer, good Mr Teague?

Tea. The devil a drop you get of me, Mr Obad!—Do you think I have nothing to do but to be filling your unconscionable bowels, and be d—mn'd to you? So there you are, and a dainty fine present too for your mistress. Be pleas'd to make my compliments to her Kitchenship!—and now, ladies—

(*Going, L.H.*)

Ruth Stop, stop—we must go the back way, Mr. Teague, for fear of meeting the Days.

Tea Oh! very well—come along then, ladies, and I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt, Teague first, and then Arab. and Ruth, R.H.*]

Enter Mr. and Mrs. DAY and ABEL, L.H.

Mr. D. Truly, he made a good end and, departed, as it were, into a sleep.

Mrs. D. Ah! poor man, his wife took on grievously!—(*Weeps.*) I don't think she'll marry again this half-year.—Oh! 'twas vastly solemn!

• *Ob.* Small-beer!

Mrs. D. Oh Lord! What's that?

• *Ob.* Small-beer!

Mrs. D. Obadiah! and drunk, as I hope for mercy!

Mr. D. Oh, fie upon't!—fie upon't!—Who could have believed this? Where have you been, sirrah?

Ob. (Bawling) Small-beer !

Mr. D. Oh ! terrible ! Shame brought within our walls !
I'll lock up my neighbour's will, and then I'll reprove him—
How—what—I can't feel my keys—(*Shakes his pockets*)
No—nor hear 'em jingle Have you seen my keys, duck !
(*Exceedingly alarm'd.*)

Mrs. D. I see your keys ! See a fool's head of your own.
Why don't you see if you have left them in the chest ?

Mr. D. Well, I will, duck—I will. [*Exit, M.D.*]

Mrs. D. Abel, take up this filthy beast, and carry him to bed.

Abel. Truly he is far gone—(*Lifting him*)—Obadiah !

Ob. Some small-beer ! Where's Mr 'Teague !

Re-enter Mr DAY, M.D *Abel lets Obadiah down again.*

Mr. D. Oh ! undone ! undone ! We are robb'd ! the chest is left open, and all my writings and papers stolen !—Thieves !—Ruth ! Ruth !

Mrs. D. (Bawling.) Why, Ruth, I say !—Thieves !—thieves !—thieves !

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Where's Ruth and Arabella ?

Ser. I have not seen 'em for some time, madam.

Mr. D. They have robb'd me ; they have taken away the writings of their estates ! Oh ! undone ! undone !

[*Exit Servant, L.H.*]

Mrs. D. This comes in staying for you, you stupid dolt, (*Strikes Abel.*) and you, too, you provoking varlet—will you wake ? (*Pulls Obadiah's ear.*) What have you to say for yourself ?

Ob. (Aloud.) Small-beer !

Mr. D. Let us find the girls, duck : they are the thieves, depend on't.

Mrs. D. Yes, and you must leave your keys to tempt 'em ; why don't you raise a hue and cry ?—send Abel for constables. Why don't you stir ?—(*Pushes Day off, L.H.*) We'll overtake 'em, I warrant you. [*Exit after Day.*]

Abel. Come, good Obadiah, I'll raise you on your feet.—(*Lifts him.*)—Come, there, I'll help you.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE V.—*Story's House.*

Enter MANLY, ARABELLA, CARELESS, RUTH, and TRAGUE,
R.H.

Arab. I find Day has no longer any lawful controul over *ne* or *mine*; and for protection against him I confide in you.

Man. Do, and fear not.

Care. And is it possible? *Ruth* not Day's daughter, but *Anne*, daughter and heiress to Sir Basil Thoroughgood?

Ruth. 'Tis true indeed, as the papers left in Mr. Story's care have clearly explain'd.

Mrs. D. (*Without, L.H.*) But we know they are here.

Care. Zounds! the enemy advances.

Ruth. Then let us receive the charge firmly—give me my ammunition, girl (*Takes writings and pocket-book from Arabella.*) Aye, now the day breaks.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. DAY and ABEL, L.H.

Tea. I wish all their necks were broke!

Mrs. D. Ah! ah! my fine runaways, have we found you? In the hands of your fellows too! However, return what you have stolen, and both you and Arabella—and you, ungracious Ruth—

Ruth. No longer Ruth, but Anne, if you please.

Mrs. D. Anne, indeed! and who gave you that name?

Ruth. My godfathers and godmothers. Go on, madam, I can answer a leaf or two further

Tea. Och! Mrs. Mustardpot, have you found a Rowland for your Oliver at last! (*Aside.*)

Man. You'll find, madam, they have stolen nothing but their own; they were *Honest Thieves*, I assure you.

Ruth. There, Mr. Day, are all we took of *your's*—(*Gives book and papers.*) having reclaim'd our rights, and put them and ourselves under the protection of these gentlemen.

Mrs. D. Indeed, Mrs. Prate-a-pace!

Care. Softly, good Gillian Day—keep your dignity, and don't call names.

Tea. Oh! If you don't know manners, I'll be after shewing you to the kitchen!

Mrs. D. I shall choak with vexation!

Mr. D. We had better withdraw, duck. (*Apart.*)

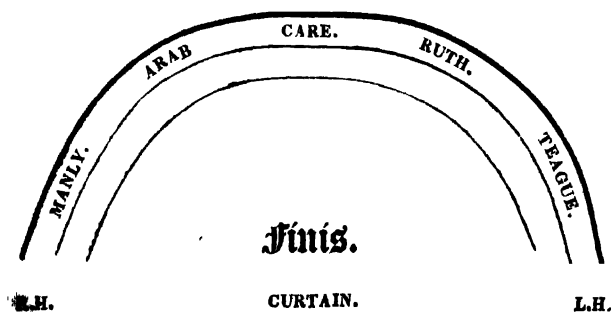
Mrs. D. Duck me—no ducks; but get along—do!—
(*Pushes him off, L.H.*)—Yes, and you too, Stupid the Second.—(*Pushes Abel off, L.H.*)—Ah! you are a precious couple!
[*Exit, L.H.*]

Tea. Indeed and you are a precious couple, all three of you!

Care They are rightly serv'd; and now, my charming Anne, since you and your friend have honour'd us with your confidence, we will not ask more till you have prov'd us worthy. In the mean time, Teague, we thank thee, and will endeavour to reward thy honesty.

Tea. Och! master, say no more about that. sure, if we have luck enough to please our good friends, a smile from their sweet lips is to poor Teague the best reward of all.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.





MR. RUSSELL,

AS JERRY SNAKE.

Engraved by the Wright from an original drawing by Thugman

Oxberry's Edition.

THE
MAYOR OF GARRATT.

A FARCE;

By Samuel Foote.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
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AND C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL.

1820.

**From the Press of W. Oxberry and Co.
8, White-Hart Yard.**

Remarks,

MAYOR OF GARRATT.

Fonte was the Hogarth of the drama; his subjects are generally from common life, or if he occasionally travels into a higher sphere, it is only to detect and caricature its follies. The ridiculous of human nature seems ever to have been present to him, and he brings out the result in all the glow and life of reality. To such genius the highest praise is due; it should be carefully distinguished from that inferior kind of talent which excites laughter not by the follies but the excellencies of humanity, not by a true picture of absurdities, but by a distorted portrait of beauty. The one is the wit of ideas, the other of terms; the one is deeply founded in nature, the other is a mere art, a play with words, which, whatever its merits may be, has no right to the place it holds. Distinct as the classes seem, they are too often blended and mistaken.

Though the Mayor of Garratt is very local, it does not yet seem to have lost any of its interest; it is true that we are no longer a nation of volunteers; the clerk is contented to brandish his quill, or if he flies from the desk, it is to play the gentleman and the lounge; the doctor kills only in one capacity; and the attorney fights only with the weapons of the law; Major Sturgeon, therefore, no longer interests us as a volunteer, it is the portrait of one deceased, and with whom the present generation has no acquaintance; but still a great portion of the character retains its original freshness; his blustering cowardice, the affectation that puts on a character foreign to his life and habits, and which sits on him as Goliath's helmet would upon a child, these are imperishable qualities; the dress of the portrait is a little out of fashion, but the face is familiar; nothing can be truer than the Major's consciousness of character; a soldier wears his sword as a thing of habit, without betraying a thought upon it; the novice shews he is a novice by a perpetual attention to the novelties of his character.

Jerry Sneak, the hen-pecked husband, is a picture that will always be familiar to every people, unless the world

should cease to commit matrimony, or be visited by a second golden age. The insolence of his wife forms a natural relief that throws out his weakness in the most brilliant colours. She is drawn with admirable truth and precision.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruin are the greatest blots in the piece, not considered as individuals, for they are very tolerable sketches, but as injurious to the general design. They are the exact reverses of Jerry and his mate; so exact that it is something more than marvellous such beings so opposed, should be brought together; we feel that chance would hardly have done this, and it makes the whole out of nature. Nor does this violent contrast answer any purpose; Mr and Mrs. Sneak were sufficient to develop each other's character. This is a defect too frequently to be found in the drama of every nation.

Master Heeltap is admirable, he seems to be fresh from the public house of some village, and it may be safely doubted whether any system of general education will do away with such pieces of clever ignorance; the porter is fresh upon his lips, and he breathes tobacco. It is a part of refinement not to understand, or at least not to relish such characters; to know common orders of life is to be common; to get drunk with porter, is to be vulgar; to get drunk with claret, is to be a gentleman; the sin is nothing, but the liquor is material. The comparison might be extended farther, to the more noble vice of adultery, but it is not needed.

It is not improbable that this excellent, perhaps unrivalled farce, may one day be forgotten; we are happily refining to a point, where nothing in deed is vicious; but the slightest indelicacy of speech is an evil to be ejected from society.

Mr. Samuel Foote, was born at Truro, in Cornwall, but in what year is not certain. His father was a commissioner of the Prize Office and Fine Contract. His mother was heiress of the Dineley and Goodere families. He received his education at Worcester College, Oxford. From the University he was removed to the Temple, being designed for the study of the law; but he chose rather to employ his talents in a sphere of action to which they seemed better adapted, viz. on the stage. His first appearance was in the part of Othello. He soon discovered that his *forte* did not lie in tragedy, and before struck out into a new and untrodden path, by

taking upon him the double character of author and performer; and opened the Little Theatre in the Haymarket with a Dramatic piece, of his own writing, called the *Diversions of the Morning*; which consisted of nothing more than the introduction of several well-known characters in real life, whose manner of conversation and expression this author had very happily hit in the diction of the drama, and still more happily represented on the stage by an exact and most amazing imitation, not only of the manner and tone of voice, but even of the very persons, of those whom he intended to *take off*. This piece experienced a run of forty mornings, to crowded and splendid audiences. He continued for several years to entertain the public, by selecting for their use such characters as were best calculated to excite an innocent laugh.

In February 1766, he had the misfortune to fall from his horse, while at Lord Mexborough's seat in the country, on a visit, when the Duke of York also was there. By this accident he lost his leg; but it is generally supposed that it facilitated his application for a patent, which he obtained on the 9th of July in the same year. He died at Dover, on the 20th of October, 1777. And was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His Dramatic works are,—*The Auction of Pictures*, D. Piece, 1748. N.P.—*Taste*, C. 8vo. 1752.—*The Englishman in Paris*, C. 8vo. 1753.—*The Knights*, C. 8vo. 1754.—*The Englishman Returned from Paris*, C. 8vo. 1756.—*The Author*, C. 8vo. 1757.—*The Minor*, C. 8vo. 1760.—*The Orators*, C. 8vo. 1762.—*The Lyar*, C. 1762; Printed 8vo. 1764.—*The Mayor of Garratt*, C. 8vo. 1764.—*The Patron*, C. 8vo. 1764.—*The Commissary*, C. 8vo. 1765.—*Prelude on opening the Theatre*, 1767; Printed in the Monthly Mirror, Vol. xvii.—*The Lame Lover*, C. 8vo. 1770.—*Pety in Pattens*, Sent. C. 1773. N.P.—*The Bankrupt*, C. 8vo. 1776.—*The Devil upon Two Sticks*, C. 1768; Printed 8vo. 1778.—*The Maid of Bath*, C. 1771; Printed 8vo. 1778.—*The Nabob*, C. 1772; Printed 8vo. 1778.—*The Cozeners*, C. 1774; Printed 8vo. 1778.—*The Capuchin*, C. 1776; Printed 8vo. 1778.—*A Trip to Calais*, C. 8vo. 1778.—*Diversions of the Morning*, D. Piece. 1747, 1758; 12mo. 1795.—*Lindamira*, Burlesque. 8vo 1805.—*The Slanderer*, C. Unfinished. Left in M.S.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is generally one hour and three quarters.

Stage Directions.

By	R.H.	.	.	is meant	.	Right Hand
	L.H.	Left Hand.
	S.E.	Second Entrance.
	U.E.	Upper Entrance.
	M.D.	Middle Door.
	D.F.	Door in Flat
	R.H.D.	Right Hand Door.
	L.H.D.	Left Hand Door.

Costume.

SIR JACOB JOLLUP.

Brown coat, waistcoat and breeches.

MAJOR STURGEON.

Scarlet regimental coat, and flowered waistcoat, scarlet breeches, black boots, and gold laced hat.

JERRY SNEAK.

Crimson coat, bordered white waistcoat, and black breeches.

CRISPIN HEELTAP.

Brown jacket and cap, red breeches.

BRUIN.

Brown coat, waistcoat and breeches.

SNUFFLE.

Black coat and breeches, flowered waistcoat

MRS. SNEAK.

Blue sarsnet gown trimmed with crimson ribbon, crimson silk scarf.

MRS. BRUIN.

White muslin gown, and coloured scarf.

Persons Represented.

As Acted at Drury Lane, 1764.

<i>Major Sturgeon</i>	Mr. Foote,
<i>Sir Jacob Jollup</i>	Mr. Baddeley.
<i>Jerry Sneak</i>	Mr. Weston.
<i>Bruin</i>	Mr. Moody.
<i>Roger</i>	Mr. Clough.
<i>Mob.</i>	{ Messrs. Fox, Mar,
	Watkins, &c.
<i>Snuffle</i>	Mr. Vaughan.
<i>Crispin Heeltap</i>	Mr. Bransby.
<i>Mrs. Bruin</i>	Mrs. Lee.
<i>Mrs. Sneak</i>	Mrs. Clive

	<i>Drury Lane.</i> 1820.	<i>Covent Garden.</i> 1792.
<i>Major Sturgeon</i>	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. Wilson.
<i>Sir Jacob Jollup</i>	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Powell.
<i>Jerry Sneak</i>	Mr. Russell.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Bruin</i>	Mr. G. Smith.	Mr. Cubitt.
<i>Roger</i>	Mr. Moreton.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Mob.</i>	{ Messrs. Hudson,	{ Messrs. Ledger,
	Moss, Read, &c.	&c. &c.
<i>Snuffle</i>	Mr. Keeley.	
<i>Crispin Heeltap</i>	Mr. Gattie.	
<i>Mrs. Bruin</i>	Mrs. Scott.	Mrs. Cross.
<i>Mrs. Sneak</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. Matlocks.

THE
MAYOR OF GARRATT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sir Jacob Jollup's House at Garratt.*

Enter SIR JACOB JOLLUP L.H.

Sir J. Roger.

Enter ROGER, L.H.

Roger. Anan, sir!

Sir J. Sir, sirrah! and why not sir Jacob, you rascal? is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubb'd me a knight for you to make me a mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Roger. Nic Goose, the tailor, from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Roger. Safe, sir Jacob.

Sir J. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Then give me the key; the mob will soon be upon

us ; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall ?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard ; and, d'y'e hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Roger. I will, sir Jacob.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Sir J. So, now I believe things are pretty secure.—But I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they—
(*A Knocking at the Gate.*) Who is that, Roger ?

Roger. (*Without.*) Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

Sir J. Gad's my life ! and major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON, L.H.

I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, major Sturgeon.

Major S. Why, what has been the matter, sir Jacob ?

Sir J. There has, major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

Major S. Insolent companion ! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

Sir J. No, no, he wanted the major more than the magistrate : a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose.—Well, major, our wars are done ; the rattling drum and squeaking fife now wound our ears no more.

Major S. True, sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied ; so the French may sleep in security.

Sir J. But, major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms ?

Major S. A little awkward in the beginning, sir Jacob the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes ; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things : why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir J. No !

Major S. No. There is more made of these matters than

they merit. For the general good indeed I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self,—and yet we have had some desperate duty, sir Jacob.

Sir J. No doubt.

Major S. Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating! —Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow; that day's work carried off major Molossas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir J. How came that about?

Major S. Why, it was partly the major's own fault; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir J. Spirit;—zeal for the service.

Major S. Doubtless. But to proceed: in order to get our men in good spirits, we were quartered at Thistleworth the evening before. At day-break our regiment formed at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The major made a fine disposition: on we marched, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig-sty, that we might take the gallows in flank, and at all events secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen from Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir J. Terrible!

Major S. The major's horse took to his heels; away he scour'd o'er the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into his flank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the major a dowse in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Sir J. Dreadful!

Major S. Whether from the fall or the fright, the major mov'd off in a month. Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir J. As how?

Major S. Why, as captain Cucumber, lieutenant Patty-man, ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-green stage, we were stopp'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a single footpad.

Sir J. An unfortunate day indeed!

Major S. But, in some measure to make me amends, I got the major's commission.

Sir J. You did?

Major S. O, yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwise we always succeeded of course no jumping over heads, no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir J. Quiet and peaceable.

Major S. As lambs, sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between captain Sheers and the colonel, concerning a game at all-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir J. Why, that was mere mutiny; the captain ought to have been broke.

Major S. He was; for the colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom; and I don't think poor captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

Sir J. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas?

Major S. In part only. no, sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was train'd up to arms from his youth; at sixteen, he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen, got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to sir Jeffrey Grubb, knight, alderman, and colonel of the yellow.

Sir J. A rapid rise!

Major S. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines; so after shop was shut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Your progress was great.

Major S. Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month I could fire without winking or blinking.

• *Sir J.* A perfect Hannibal!

Major S. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions. Let me tell you, sir Jacob, it was lucky that monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir J. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

Major S. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting pro arvis and focus.

Sir J. Pray, now, major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

Major S. Why, sir Jacob, it does not become me to say; but, lack-a-day, they have never seen any service.—Holiday soldiers! Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord-mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir J. Indeed!

Major S. No! soldiers for sunshine, cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the jenny sequoi that—Oh, could you but see me salute! You have never a spontoon in the house?

Sir J. No; but we could get you a shove-pike.

Major S. No matter. Well, sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir J. Oh, oh, now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them come, own now, major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry!

Major S. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir J. True, true, major.

Major S. But that is now all over with me. "Farewell to the plumed steeds and neighing troops," as the black man says in the play; like the Roman censor, I shall retire to my Sabine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir J. Under the shade of your laurels.

Major S. True; I have done with the major, and now return to the magistrate; cedunt arma togge.

Mob (Withcut.) Huzza!

Re-enter ROGER, L.H.

Sir J. What's the matter now, Roger?

Roger. The electors desire to know if your worship has any body to recommend?

Sir J. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Roger. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heeltap, the cobbler, being returning officer?

Sir J. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober. Is he there?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob, Make way there; stand further off from the gate: here is madam Sneak in a chaise along with her husband.

Major S. 'Gadso, you will permit me to convoy her in.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Sir J. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains taking a Billingsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of its element; the soldier has quite demolish'd the citizen.

Re-enter MAJOR STURGEON, L.H. leading in M^rs. SNEAK.

Mrs. S. Dear major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a prefusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad.—Jerry, Jerry, Sneak!—Your blessing, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. S. Why Jerry Sneak! I say.

Enter JERRY SNEAK, L.H. with a Band-box and a bundle under his Arm, and Cardinal, &c.

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs. S. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse. Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

Sneak. Yes, chuck,

Mrs. S. Then give me my fan. (*Jerry drops the Things in searching his Pocket for the Fan.*)

Mrs. S. Did ever mortal see such—I declare, I am quite ashamed to be seen with him abroad : go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy. (*Crosses to Centre.*) Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir J. I am glad to see you, son Sneak : but where is your brother Bruin and his wife ?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father sir Jacob ; he did but just step into the Alice to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir J. Very well, son Sneak [*Exit Sneak, R.H.*]

Mrs. S. Son ! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

Sir J. I hope all for the best why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister ; one house could never have contain'd you. Now, I thought this meek mate.—

Mrs. S. Meek ! a mushroom ! a milksop !

Sir J. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man ; take care you don't make him a monster.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Mrs. S. Monster ? Why, major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse. Had my kind stars indeed allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself in a bebecomingly manner.

Major S. Unquestionably, madam.

Mrs. S. Nor would the major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Major S. I should have been too happy.

Mrs. S. Indeed, sir, I reverence the army ; they are all so brave, so polite, so every thing a woman can wish.

Major S. Oh, madam—

Mrs. S. So elegant, so genteel, so obliging : and then the rank ; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a major ?

Major S. No man with impunity ; that I take the freedom to say, madam.

Mrs. S. I know it, good sir ; Oh ! I am no stranger to what I have miss'd.

Major S. Oh, madam !—Let me die but she has infinite merit. (*Aside.*)

THE MAYOR

Mrs. S. Then to be join'd to a sneaking slovenly cit ; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker !

Major S. Melancholy !

Mrs. S. To be jostled and cramm'd with the crowd ; no respect, no place, no precedence ; to be chok'd with the smoke of the city ; no country jaunts but to Islington ; no balls but to Pewterer's-hall.

Major S. Intolierable !

Mrs. S. I see, sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Major S. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs. S. Gallant gentleman !

Major S. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. S. Intrepid major !

Major S. Divine Mrs. Sneak !

Mrs. S. Obliging commander !

Major S. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. S. Sir !

Major S. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand ?

Mrs. S. You have a right to all we can grant. !

Major S. Courteous, condescending, complying,—Hum !
—Ha !
(*Kisses her Hand.*)

Re-enter JERRY SNEAK, R.H.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner ; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs. S. I wish they had all been sous'd in the Thames.—
A prying, impertinent puppy ! (*Aside to Major.*)

Major S. Next time I will clap a sentinel to secure the door. (*Aside to Mrs. S.*)

Mrs. S. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment ; my dress demands a little repair.

Major S. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs. S. Ladyship ! he is the very broglio and bellisle of the army !

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove ?

Mrs. S. No, dolt ; what, would you leave the major alone ? Is that your manners you mongrel ?

Major S. Oh, madam, I can never be alone ; your sweet idera will be my constant companion

Mrs. S. Mark that.

Sneak. Yes.

Mrs. S. I am sorry sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Major S. Madam—

Mrs. S. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Major S. Oh, madam—

Mrs. S. But as soon as my dress is restored, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Major S. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs. S. Courteous commander!

Major S. Paragon of women!

Mrs. S. Adieu!

Major S. Adieu! Tol lol.

[*Crosses to L.H.—Exit Mrs. Sneak, R.H.*]

Sneak. Notwithstanding, sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Major S. I doubt not, master Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday night to our club, at the Nag's head in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith; there's Jenny Perkins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honest master Muzzle, the midwife—

Major S. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the choice spirits from Comus's court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny. I have learnt myself to sing, but I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says as how I bawl worser than the broom-man.

SONG.

*When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad,
My grandfather I did lose O.
I'll bet you a cann, you have heard of the man,
His name it was Robinson Crusoe.*

*Chorus. O Robinson Crusoe!
O Robinson Crusoe!
Tink a tink, tang, tink a ting tang,
O poor Robinson Crusoe.*

*Perhaps you've read in a book, of a voyage he took,
And how the whirlwind blew so,
That the ship with a shock, drove plump on a rock,
Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.*

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

*Poor soul, none but he remain'd on sea,
Ah fate, fate how could you do so!
Till ashore he was thrown, on an island unknown.
O poor Robinson Crusoe.*

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

*He wanted to eat, and he sought for some meat.
But the cattle away from him flew so,
That but for his gun, he'd been surely und me,
O poor Robinson Crusoe.*

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

*But he'd sar'd from aboard an old gun and a'n ord.
And another odd matter or two, so,
That by dint of his thrift, he manag'd to shift;
Well done Robinson Crusoe.*

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

*And he happen'd to save from the merciless war.
A poor parrot, I assure you 'tis true, so,
That when he came home from a merciless roam,
She cried out "poor Robinson Crusoe."*

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c

*He got all the wood that ever he could,
And stuck it together with glue, so,
That he made him a hut, wherein he did put
The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.*

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

*He us'd to wear a cap, and a coat with long nap,
 With a beard as long as a Jew, so,—
 That by all that is civil! he look'd like a devil,
 More than poor Robinson Crusoe.*

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

*And then his man Friday kept his hut neat and tidy,
 To be sure 'twas his business to do so;
 And, friendly together, less like servant than brother,
 Liv'd Friday and Robinson Crusoe.*

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

*At last an English sail came near within hail,
 Then he took to his little canoe, so,
 That on reaching the ship, they gave him a trip,
 Back to the country of Robinson Crusoe.*

Cho. O poor Robinson, &c.

Major S. You must not think of disobliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does I never contradicts her, not I.

Major S. That's right she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power! And don't you think she is very pretty withal?

Major S. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, wery like Wenus.—Mayhap you have known her some time?

Major S. Long.

Sneak. Belike before she was married?

Major S. I did, master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand; for we ben't quite so familiar as that.—But then indeed we han't been married a year.

Major S. The mere honeymoon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

Brun. (*Without.* L.H.) Come along, Jane; why you are pursy and lazy, you jade—

Enter BRUIN and MRS. BRUIN, L.H. his Wife with his great Coat and Fishing-rod.

Bruin. Come along! Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant unknown. (*To Major.*)

Re-enter ROGER, R.H.

Roger. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the major.

Major S. I will wait on the lady immediately

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. [*Exit Major, R.H.*] A good morrow to you, brother Bruin, you have had a warm walk across the fields.

Mrs. B. Good lord, I am all over dirt.

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the stage: but you are a lazy lie-a-bed—

Mrs. B. There's Mr Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

Bruin. And so he may, but I know better what to do with my money.

Mrs. B. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. B. And pray who is more fitterer to be trusted?

Bruin. Hey-day? Why, the wench is bewitch'd! come, come, let's have none of your palaver here:—take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But first see if he has broke none of the pipes—And, d'ye hear, Jane, be sure to lay the fishing-rod safe. [*Exit Mrs. Bruin, L.H.*]

Sneak. Odds me, how finely she's manag'd! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think so? She is a sweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil. O Lord, I lead the life of a dog—Why, she allows me but two shillings a-week for my pocket

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays all: and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would souse them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durst not. And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of the turkeys, and the damn'd fat flaps of shoulders of mutton. I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust since we have been unarried. You see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin; God, I would so curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift!

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to—

Mrs. S. (Without, R.H.) Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. 'Gads my life, sure as a gun that's her voice: lookye, brother, I don't choose to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. S. (Without, R.H.) Jerry! Jerry!

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wish—

Mrs. S. (Without, R.H.) Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as fast as I can. Good Lord what a sad life do I lead!

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Bruin. Ex quovis linguo; who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear.

Enter SIR JACOB, R.H.

Sir J. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man ; we have but just time for a snack ; the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean-spirited—Damn it, before I would submit to such a—

Sir J. Come, come, man ; don't be so crusty.

Bruin. I follow, sir Jacob. Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine.—Jerry ! Jerry ! —Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*SIR JACOB JOLLUP, MAJOR STURGEON, BRUIN, MRS. BRUIN, JERRY SNEAK, and MRS. SNEAK*, discovered on *Sir Jacob's Garden Wall*.

Enter MOB, L.H. with HEELTAP at their Head ; some crying "a Goose," others "a Mug," others "a Primmer."

Heel. Silence, there ; silence !

1 *Mob.* Hear neighbour Heeltap.

2 *Mob.* Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3 *Mob.* Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin . he will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel. Why then, silence ! I say.

All. Silence.

Heel. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1 *Mob.* Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All. No, no, no.

Heel. Silence then, and keep the peace : what, is there no respect paid to authority ? Am not I the returning officer ?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by sir Jacob ?

All. True, true.

Heel. Well then, be silent and civil; stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters. Where's Simon Snuffle the sexton?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel. Let him come forward; we appoint him our secretary: for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3 *Mob.* Room for master Snuffle.

Heel. Here, stand by me: and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but first, your reverence to the lord of the manor: a long life and a merry one to our landlord, sir Jacob! Huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin?

Heel. Servant, master Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them. Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. (*Reads.*) *To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient corporation of Garratt: gentlemen, your votes and interest are humbly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said office, he being—*

Heel. This goose is but a kind of gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel. Who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman tailor from Putney.

Heel. A journeyman tailor! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burden for the back of a porter; and can you think that this cross-legg'd cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

1 *Mob.* No goose! no goose!

2 *Mob.* A goose!

Heel. Hold your hussing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. (*Reads.*) *Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug.*

1 *Mob.* A mug! a mug!

Heel. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of

the tankard : but fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this master Mug before we swallow him ; and, unless I am mistaken you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1 *Mob.* A mug ! a mug !

2 *Mob.* Hear him ; hear master Heeltap.

1 *Mob.* A mug ! a mug !

Heel. Harkye, you fellow with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question : bring him forward. Pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler ?

3 *Mob.* I believe he may.

Heel. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve ?

3 *Mob.* I believe he may.

Heel. Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve ?

3 *Mob.* I don't know.

Heel. You lie, sirrah : an't it a groat ?

3 *Mob.* I believe it may.

Heel. Oh, may be so. Now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal ; this same Mug, because, d'yc see, state 'affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale ; this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No Mug ! no Mug !

Heel. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the schoolmaster.

Heel. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man : let me tell you, master Primmer is the man for my money ; a man of learning, that can lay down the law : why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson ; and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia. 'Ecod, George Gage the exciseman is nothing at all to un.

4 *Mob.* A Primmer.

Heel. Ay, if the folks above did but know him. Why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2 *Mob.* Indeed !

Heel. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3 *Mob.* Indeed !

Heel. "For," says Peter, says he, "if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

I Mob. Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel. He is, master Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterers'-hall, 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel. Like enough.

Sneak. Odds me, brother Bruin, can you tell me what is become of my wife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden. I will go and take a peep at what they are doing.

[*Exit from the Wall, L.H.*

Mob. (Without.) Huzza!

Heel. Gad-so! the candidates are coming.

[*Exeunt Mob, &c. L.H.*

Re-ente. SIR JACOB JOLLUP, BRUIN, and MRS. BRUIN,
through the Garden Gate, L.H.

Sir J. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye re-ish the corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, sir Jacob, my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. B. No?

Sir J. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over fond of your May-games: besides corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, sir Jacob.

Sir J. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant; but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. B. Well now, I protest I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are easily pleas'd.

Mrs. B. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave, I can tell you; for this is the last you shall see. So away with you. [*Exit Mrs. Bruin, L.H.*

Sir J. Fie, Mr. Bruin, how can you be such a bear? Is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What, I suppose you would have me such a snivelling sot as your son-in-law, Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to—

Re-enter JERRY SNEAK, in a violent hurry, at the Garden Gate, L.H.

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my wife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minikins; but the deuce a Major or madam could I see at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house——

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you the door was lock'd, and then I look'd through the key-hole and there,—Lord! ha' mercy upon us! (*Whispers.*) as sure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durst not. What, would you have me set my vit to a soldier? I warrant the major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings! You see, sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence. You may call me a bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast.

(*Mob Huzzas, L.H.*)

Sir J. Hey-day! What, is the election over already?

Enter CRISPIN HEELTAP, &c. L.H.

Heel. Where is master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! Good lord, who would have thought it? But how came master Primmer to lose it?

Heel. Why, Phil Fleam had told the electors, that master

• *Primmer* was an Irishman ; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

• *Sneak*. So then I have it for certain : huzza ! Now, brother *Bruin*, you shall see how I'll manage my madam. 'Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority ; she shan't think
• *bullock* and domineer over me.

Mrs. S. (*Without.*) Jerry ! Jerry !

Bruin. Now for it, *Sneak* ; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother *Bruin* ?

• *Bruin*. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. 'Then now for it ; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Enter MRS. SNEAK, through the Garden Gate, L.H.

Mrs. S. Where is the puppy ?

Sneak. Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

Mrs. S. So, sot, what is this true that I hear ?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tan't . I don't choose to trust my affairs with a voman.—Is that right, brother *Bruin* ?

(*Apart.*)

Bruin. Fine ! don't bate her an inch.

(*Apart.*)

Sneak. Stand by me.

(*Apart.*)

Mrs. S. Hey-day ! I am amaz'd ! Why, what is the meaning of this ?

Sneak. The meaning is plain ; that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.*

Mrs. S. Why, the fellow is surely bewitch'd.

• *Sneak*. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost ; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind : vhat, I am the husband, I hope ?

Bruin. That's right ; ather again. (*Apart.*)

• *Sneak*. Yes, and you shan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done ; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and wisit my friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to vhat wittles I like ; and I'll have a bit of the brown, d—n me.

• *Bruin*. Bravo, brother *Sneak*, the day's your own.

(*Apart.*)

* At the beginning of every speech he addresses to his wife, he advances towards her, and at the end retreats behind *Bruin*.

Sneak. An't it? Why, I did not think it was in me. Shall I tell her all I know? (*Apart.*)

Bruin. Every thing. You see she is struck dumb. (*Apart.*)

Sneak. As an oyster. (*Apart.*) Besides, madam, I have something further to tell you: 'ecod, if some folks go into gardens with Majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. S. Why, doodle! jackanapes! harkye, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names. Am I? why, my wife, and I am your master.

Mrs. S. My master! you paltry, puddling puppy! you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. S. Have I, sirrah, demean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee? Have I not made myself a by-word to all my acquaintance? Don't all the world cry Lord, who would have thought it? Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak; to take up at last with such a noodle as he!

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs. S. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows I could have pick'd and choos'd where I would. Did not I refuse 'squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? Did not counsellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? Did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford. make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

Sneak. Nav, brother Bruin, she has had werry good prof'ers, that is certain. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. S. My last legs!—but I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fie, sister Sneak. (*Holds her.*)

Sneak. Hold her fast. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. S. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, is it you that have stirred up these coals then? He is set on by you to abuse me.

Bruin. Not I, I would only have a man behave like a

Mrs. S. What, and you are to teach him, I warrant.—
But here comes the Major.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON, L.H.

Off. major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them:—but all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin: what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?
(*Apart.*)

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Major S. Lookye, master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial——

(*Goes up to Bruin.*)

Bruin. What then?

Major S. Then! why then you would be broke.

(*Retreats.*)

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Major S. What! read the articles of war. But these things are out of your spear: points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my wife in the garden?

Major S. Now, sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth. all suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason. I heard of your tricks at the King of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about, I did. Father sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Major S. Stop whilst you are safe, master Sneak: for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past—but for you——
(*To Bruin.*)

Bruin. Well.

Major S. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why, looke, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of

my way ; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts—— *(Jerry and Bruin Strip.)*

Major S. Box ! box !—Blades ! bullets ! Bagshot !

Mrs. S. Not for the world, my dear major ! oh, risk not so precious a life. Ungrateful wretches ! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done ? After all his marches, his sousing, his sweatings, his swimmings, must his dear blood be spilt by a broker ?

Major S. Be satisfied, sweet Mrs. Sneak ; these little fracas we soldiers are subject to ; trifles, bagatails, Mrs. Sneak. But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant. *(To Bruin.)*

(Sneak and Bruin put on their Coats.)

Mrs. S. Major ! sir Jacob ! what, are you all leagu'd against his dear life ?—A man ! yes, a very manly action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife : if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh lord, I can hold out no longer ! why, brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping My life, my lovy, don't weep : did I ever think I should have made my Molly to weep ? *(Goes up to her.)*

Mrs. S. Last legs, you lubberly— *(Beats him.)*

Sir J. Oh, fie, Molly !

Mrs. S. What, are you leagu'd against me, sir Jacob ?

Sir J. Pr'ythee don't expose yourself before the whole parish. But what has been the occasion of this ?

Mrs. S. Why, has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair ? Mayor of Garratt indeed ! 'ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfament ?

Mrs. S. Did you ever hear such an oaf ? Why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest. Lookye, Jerry, mind what I say ; go get 'em to choose somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do, father sir Jacob ?

Sir J. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light ; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me : but

come, we'll settle the business at once. I'll get Crispin Heel-tap to be his locum tenens.

• *Sneak*. Do, Crispin, do be my locum tenens.

Heel. Master Sneak, to oblige you I will be locum tenens.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

• *Sneak*. Forget and forgive, Major.

Major S. Freely.

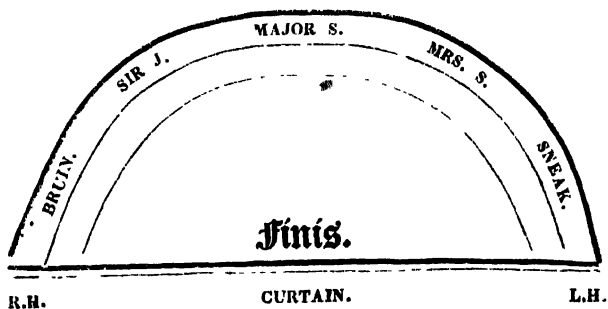
Nor be it said, that after all my toil,

I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

• *To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield,—*

Sir J. As harmless in the chamber as the field.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



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Remarks.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

This Farce is of a school totally opposite to that of the present day ; its interest arises from character and sprightly dialogue, rather than from plot ; of that indeed it possesses little, and perhaps it might better be called a comic sketch than a farce, for it bears a very close resemblance to comedy ; it is almost the only English production that in its purity and simplicity reminds us of Moliere. Strong character and lively dialogue are its great merits, yet still it is no more than a sketch ; it seems to be a part broken off from a whole, not a whole in itself ; it has a beginning but no end.

In Drugget and Sir Charles we have a highly finished caricature of the two extremes of social life ; their utter discordancy of character, their indifference to each other's feelings, softened by no one tie of sympathy, are very faithful pictures of what is daily presented to our eye ;— a wholesome medicine for human vanity, if indeed any thing short of the actual cautery could bring health to so inveterate a disease.

The want of variety forms the chief objection to this piece ; the under plot is so very trifling, that the entire fable may be said to consist in the reiterated quarrels and reconciliations of Sir Charles and Lady Racket. The broad good-humoured face of old Drugget stands out boldly on the canvass, but though it adds much to the dialogue it has little influence on the plot.

We are not, however, certain that either the praise or censure, attached to this piece, belongs to its nominal author. Murphy was so confirmed a plagiarist, that the blows aimed at his head generally strike another. He was indeed a judicious thief, but no less a thief, and while modern authors are handled so roughly by the critical police, it seems no

more than justice to extend a little of the same rigour to their predecessors. No less than thirty papers, and as many magazines are daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, employed in the judgment, or more properly, *punishment* of modern writers, for to say the truth their judgment is not worth much; they are, in fact, very excellent imitators of Rhadamanthus, who as Virgil declares,

Castigatque auditque dolos, subigitque fateri.

That is, First he punishes, and then he hears.

No literary theft escapes the lynx-eyes of Scotch and Irish criticism; but, ifs, and whens, are forcibly taken from the plagiarist and restored to the lawful owner, so that a reasonable man may hope soon to hear that the common letters of the alphabet belong wholly and solely to their ancestors, and that any use of the same will be considered as a theft, to be punished accordingly.

Arthur Murphy, was born near Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, December 27, 1730. His father was a merchant in Dublin; and his mother, whose maiden name was French, was the daughter of Arthur French, of Tyrone, in the county of Galway. When young, our author was brought to London by his mother; whence he was sent to an aunt (Mrs. Plunket,) then residing at Boulogne, who entered her nephew at the College of St. Omers, in 1740. Here he remained near seven years, and on his return spent two years in the counting-house of Mr Hanold, an eminent merchant in Cork. Leaving this place in consequence of a theatrical dispute, in which he had taken too active a part, and disgusted with trade, he commenced author. In 1752 he published *The Gray's Inn Journal*, which continued until October, 1754. He appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, in the character of *Othello*, October 18, 1754. He soon found that he was not likely to add to his fame in a situation where excellence is very seldom to be met with. At the end of the first year he removed to Drury Lane, where he remained only until the season closed, at the conclusion of which he renounced the Theatres as an actor, and resumed his former employment of a writer. The violence of parties at this juncture running very high he undertook the defence

of the unpopular side, and began a periodical paper, November 6, 1756, called *The Test*; which was answered by the late Owen Ruffhead, Esq. in another, under the title of *The Contest*. He next determined to study the law; but on his first application to the societies of both the Temples and Gray's Inn, he was refused admission on the illiberal ground of his having acted on the stage. He was, however, received as a member of Lincoln's Inn, and in due time called to the bar. He was employed to write against the famous *North Briton*, and for a considerable time published a weekly paper called the *Auditor*. He was many years a commissioner of bankrupts, in which office he continued to his death, which happened at Knightsbridge, the 18th of June, 1805. Besides many other performances, he produced the following Dramatic Pieces:—

The Apprentice, F. 8vo. 1756.—*The Spouters*, C. F. 8vo. 1756.—*The Englishman From Paris*, F. 1756. N. P.—*The Upholsterer*, F. 8vo. 1758.—*The Orphan of China*, T. 8vo. 1759.—*The Deserted Island*, D. P. 8vo. 1760.—*The Way to Keep Him*, C. 8vo. 1760.—*The Way to Keep Him*, C. Enlarged. 8vo. 1761.—*All in the Wrong*, C. 8vo. 1761.—*The Old Maid*, C. 8vo. 1761.—*The Citizen*, F. 8vo. 1763; (First acted as a Comedy, in 1761.)—*No one's Enemy but his Own*, C. 8vo. 1764.—*What we must all Come To*, C. 8vo, 1764.—*The School for Guardians*, C. 8vo. 1767.—*Zenobia*, T. 8vo. 1768.—*The Grecian Daughter*, T. 8vo. 1772.—*Alzuma*, T. 8vo. 1773.—*Three Weeks After Marriage*, C. 8vo. 1776.—*News From Parnassus*, Prelude. 1776; 8vo. 1786.—*Know Your Own Mind*, C. 8vo. 1778.—*The Choice*, C. 1764; 8vo. 1786.—*The Rival Sisters*, T. 8vo. 1786.—*Arminius*, T. 8vo. 1798.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is generally one hour and a half.

Stage Directions.

By	R.H.	.	.	is meant	.	Right Hand.
	L.H.	Left Hand.
	S.E.	Second Entrance.
	U.E.	Upper Entrance.
	M.D.	Middle Door.
	D.F.	Door in Flat.
	R.H.D.	Right Hand Door.
	L.H.D.	Left Hand Door.

Costume.

SIR CHARLES RACKET.

Blue coat, white waistcoat and breeches.

DRUGGET.

Brown coat, flowered silk waistcoat, black velvet breeches.

WOODLEY.

Blue coat, white waistcoat and buff breeches.

LOVELACE.

In the extreme of fashion.

LADY RACKET.

White satin dress, trimmed with silver.

Mrs. DRUGGET,

Brown silk gown, white satin quilted petticoat, muslin apron and handkerchief.

NANCY.

White muslin frock.

DIMITY.

A Smart coloured gown, white leno apron.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Sir Charles Racket,</i>	. Mr. Elliston.	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Drugget,</i> Mr. Dowton.	Mr. Quick.
<i>Woodley</i> - Mr. Vining.	Mr. Macready.
<i>Lovelace</i> Mr Fisher	Mr. Powell.
<i>Lady Racket</i> .	. Mrs. Edwin.	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Mrs. Drugget,</i>	. Mrs. Harlow.	Mrs. Pitt.
<i>Nancy,</i> . .	. Mrs. Hughes.	Mrs. T. Kennedy.
<i>Dimity,</i> . .	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Harlow.

Servants, &c.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

Enter WOODLEY and DIMITY, L.H.

Dim. Pho! Pho!—no such thing—I tell you, Mr. Woodley, you are a mere novice in these affairs.

Wood. Nay, but listen to reason, Mrs. Dimity;—has not your master, Mr. Drugget, invited me down to his country seat, in order to give me his daughter Nancy in marriage; and with what pretence can he now break off?

Dim. What pretence!—you put a body out of all patience—But go on your own way, sir; my advice is all lost upon you.

Wood. You do me injustice, Mrs. Dimity—your advice has governed my whole conduct.—Have not I fixed an interest in the young lady's heart?

Dim. An interest in a fiddlestick!—you ought to have made love to the father and mother:—what, do you think the way to get a wife, at this time of day, is by speaking fine things to the lady you have a fancy for?—That was the practice, indeed; but things are alter'd now;—you must address the old people, sir; and never trouble your head about your mistress.—None of your letters, and verses, and soft looks, and fine speeches,—“Have compassion, thou angelic creature, on a poor dying”—Pshaw! Stuff! nonsense! all out of fashion:—go your ways to the old curmudgeon; humour

his whims—"I shall esteem it an honour, sir, to be allied to a gentleman of your rank and taste."—"Upon my word, he's a pretty young gentleman."—Then wheel about to the mother. "Your daughter, ma'am, is the very model of you, and I shall adore her for your sake."—Here, come, hither, Nancy, take this gentleman for better or worse. La, mamma, I can never consent."—"I should not have thought of your consent—the consent of your relations is enough. why, how now, hussy!" So away you go to church, the knot is tied, an agreeable honey-moon follows, the charm is then dissolv'd; you go to all the clubs in St. James's-street your lady goes to the Coterie; and, in a little time you both go to Doctor's Commons! and, if faults on both sides prevent a divorce, you'll quarrel like contrary elements all the rest of your lives: that's the way of the world now

Wood. But you know, my dear Dimity, the old couple have received every mark of attention from me.

Dim. Attention! to be sure you did not fall asleep in their company; but what then? You should have entered into their characters, play'd with their humours, and sacrificed to their absurdities.

Wood. But if my temper is too frank—

Dim. Frank, indeed! yes, you have been frank enough to ruin yourself.—Have you not to do with a rich old shop-keeper, retired from business with an hundred thousand pounds in his pocket, to enjoy the dust of the London road, which he calls living in the country—and yet you must find fault with his situation!—What! if he has made a ridiculous gincrack of his house and gardens, you know his heart is set upon it; and could not you commend his taste? But you must be too frank?—"Those walks and alleys are too regular,—those evergreens should not be cut into such fantastic shapes,"—and thus you advise a poor old mechanic, who delights in every thing that's monstrous, to follow nature—Oh, you are likely to be a successful lover!

Wood. But why should I not save a father-in-law from being a laughing stock?

Dim. Make him your father-in-law first.—

Wood.—Why, he can't open his windows for the dust,—he stands all day looking through a pane of glass, at the carts and stage coaches as they pass by; and he calls that living in the fresh air, and enjoying his own thoughts.

Dim. And could not you let him go on his own way? You have ruin'd yourself by talking sense to him; and all your nonsense to the daughter won't make amends for it. And then the mother; how have you play'd your cards in that quarter?—She wants a tinsel man of fashion for her second daughter—“Don't you see (says she) how happy my eldest girl is made by marrying Sir Charles Racket? She has been married three entire weeks, and not so much as one angry word has pass'd between them—Nancy shall have a man of quality too!”

Wood. And yet I know Sir Charles Racket perfectly well.

Dim. Yes, so do I; and I know he'll make his lady wretched at last—But what then? You should have humoured the old folks,—you should have been a talking empty fop, to the good old lady; and to the old gentleman, an admirer of his taste in gardening. But you have lost him—he is grown fond of his beau Lovelace, who is here in the house with him: the coxcomb ingratiates himself by flattery, and you are undone by frankness.

Wood. And yet, Dimity, I won't despair.

Dim. And yet you have reason to despair; a million of reasons—To-morrow is fixed for the wedding-day; Sir Charles and his lady are to be here this very night—they are engaged indeed at a great rout in town, but they take a bed here, notwithstanding.—The family is sitting up for them Mr. Drugget will keep you all up in the next room there, till they arrive—and to-morrow the business is over—and yet you don't despair!—hush—hold your tongue; here comes Lovelace.—Step in, and I'll advise something, I warrant you.—[*Exit Woodley. M.D.*]—The old folks shall not have their own way;—'tis enough to vex a body, to see an old father and mother marrying their daughter as they please, in spite of all I can do. [*Exit, M.D.*]

Enter DRUGGET and LOVELACE, L.H.

Drug. And so you like my house and gardens, Mr. Lovelace?

Love. Oh! perfectly, sir; they gratify my taste of all things. One sees villas where nature reigns in a wild kind

of simplicity; but then they have no appearance of art,—no art at all.

Drug. Very true, rightly distinguish'd;—now mine is all art; no wild nature here; I did it myself.

Love. What! had you none of the great proficients in gardening to assist you?

Drug. Lack-a-day! no,—ha! ha! I understand these things:—I love my garden. The front of my house, Mr. Lovelace, is not that very pretty?

Love. Elegant to a degree!

Drug. Don't you like the sun-dial, plac'd just by my dining-room windows?

Love. A perfect beauty!

Drug. I knew you'd like it;—and the motto is so well adapted,—*Tempus edax and index rerum*. And I know the meaning of it:—Time eateth and discovereth all things,—ha! ha! pretty, Mr. Lovelace!—I have seen people so stare at it as they pass by,—ha! ha!

Love. Why now, I don't believe there's a nobleman in the kingdom has such a thing.

Drug. Oh no;—they have got into a false taste. I bought that bit of ground the other side of the road,—and it looks very pretty.—I made a duck-pond there, for the sake of the prospect.

Love. Charmingly imagin'd!

Drug. My leaden images are well—

Love. They exceed ancient statuary.

Drug. I love to be surpris'd at the turning of a walk with an inanimate figure, that looks you full in the face, and can say nothing to you, while one is enjoying one's own thoughts—ha! ha!—Mr. Lovelace, I'll point out a beauty to you.—Just by the haw-haw, at the end of my ground, there is a fine Dutch figure with a scythe in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth;—that's a jewel, Mr. Lovelace.

Love. That escap'd me: a thousand thanks for pointing it out.—I observe you have two very fine yew-trees before the house.

Drug. Lack-a-day, sir, they look uncouth;—I have a design about them:—I intend,—ha! ha! it will be very pretty, Mr. Lovelace, I intend to have them cut into the shape of the two giants at Guildhall—ha! ha!

Love. Nobody understands these things like you, Mr. Drugget.

Drug. Lack-a-day ! it's all my delight now ;—this is what I have been working for. I have a great improvement to make still,—I propose to have my evergreens cut into fortifications ; and then I shall have the Moro Castle, and the Havanna ; and then near it shall be ships of myrtle, sailing upon seas of box to attack the town : won't that make my place look very rural, Mr. Lovelace ?

Love. Why, you have the most fertile invention, Mr. Drugget—

Drug. Ha ! ha ! this is what I have been working for. I love my garden,—but I must beg your pardon for a few moments ;—I must step and speak with a famous nursery-man, who is come to offer me some choice things.—Do go and join the company, Mr. Lovelace,—my daughter Racket and Sir Charles will be here presently ;—I shan't go to bed till I see 'em—ha ! ha !—My place is prettily variegated,—this is what I have been working for ;—I fined for sheriff to enjoy these things—ha ! ha ! [Exit, R.H.]

Love. Poor Mr. Drugget ! Mynheer Van Thunderten-trunck, in his little box at the side of a dyke, has as much taste and elegance.—However, if I can but carry off his daughter, if I can but rob his garden of that flower—why I then shall say, “ This is what I have been working for.”

Enter DIMITY, M.D.

Dim. Do lend us your assistance, Mr. Lovelace ;—you're a sweet gentleman, and love a good natur'd action.

Love. Why how now ! what's the matter ?

Dim. My master is going to cut the two yew-trees into the shape of two devils, I believe ; and my poor mistress is breaking her heart for it.—Do, run and advise him against it ;—she is your friend, you know she is, sir.

Love. Oh, if that's all,—I'll make that matter easy directly.

Dim. My mistress will be for ever oblig'd to you ; and you'll marry her daughter in the morning.

Love. Oh, my rhetoric shall dissuade him.

Dim. And, sir, put him against dealing with that nursery-man ; Mrs. Drugget hates him.

Love. Does she ?

Dim. Mortally.

Love. Say no more, the business is done. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Dim. If he says one word, old Drugget will never forgive him.—My brain was at its last shift ; but if this plot takes—
So, here comes our Nancy.

Enter NANCY, L.H.

Nancy. Well, Dimity, what's to become of me ?

Dim. My stars ! what makes you up, Miss ?—I thought you were gone to bed !

Nancy. What should I go to bed for ? Only to tumble and toss, and fret, and be uneasy—they are going to marry me, and I am frightened out of my wits.

Dim. Why then, you're the only young lady within fifty miles round, that would be frighten'd at such a thing.

Nancy. Ah ! if they would let me choose for myself.

Dim. Don't you like Mr. Lovelace ?

Nancy. My mamma does, but I don't ! I don't mind his being a man of fashion, not I.

Dim. And, pray, can you do better than follow the fashion ?

Nancy. Ah ! I know there's a fashion for new bonnets, and a fashion for dressing the hair ;—but I never heard of a fashion for the heart.

Dim. Why then, my dear, the heart mostly follows the fashion now.

Nancy. Does it !—pray who sets the fashion of the heart ?

Dim. All the fine ladies in London, o' my conscience.

Nancy. And what's the last new fashion, pray ?

Dim. Why, to marry any fop that has a few deceitful agreeable appearances about him ; something of a pert phrase, a good operator for the teeth, and a tolerable taylor.

Nancy. And do they marry without loving ?

Dim. Oh ! marrying for love has been a great while out of fashion.

Nancy. Why, then I'll wait till that fashion comes up again.

Dim. And then, Mr. Lovelace, I reckon—

Nancy. Pshaw ! I don't like him : he talks to me as if he was the most miserable man in the world, and the confi-

'dent thing looks so pleas'd with himself all the while.—I want to marry for love, and not for card-playing—I should not be able to bear the life my sister leads with Sir Charles Racket—and I'll forfeit my new cap, if they don't quarrel soon.

Dim. Oh fie! no! they won't quarrel yet a while.—A quarrel in three weeks after marriage, would he somewhat of the quickest—By and by we shall hear of their whims and their humours—Well, but if you don't like Mr. Lovelace, what say you to Mr. Woodley?

Nancy. Ah! I don't know what to say.

Enter WOODLEY, M.D

Wood. My sweetest angel! I have heard all, and my heart overflows with love and gratitude.

Nancy. Ah! but I did not know you was listening. You should not have betrayed me so, Dimity: I shall be angry with you.

Dim. Well, I'll take my chance for that.—Run both into my room, and say all your pretty things to one another there, for here comes the old gentleman—make haste away.

[*Exeunt* Woodley and Nancy, M.D.

Enter DRUGGET, R.H.

Drug. A forward presuming coxcomb!—Dimity, do you step to Mrs. Drugget, and send her hither.

Dim. Yes, sir;—It works upon him, I see. [*Exit*, L.II.

Drug. The yew-trees ought not to be cut, because they'll help to keep off the dust, and I am too near the road already—a sorry ignorant fop!—When I am in so fine a situation, and can see every carriage that goes by.—And then to abuse the nursery-man's rarities!—A finer sucking pig in lavender, with sage growing in his belly, was never seen!—And yet he wants me not to have it—But have it I will.—There's a fine tree of knowledge, too, with Adam and Eve in juniper; Eve's nose is not quite grown, but it is thought in the spring will be very forward—I'll have that too, with the serpent in ground ivy—two poets in wormwood—I'll have them both. Ay; and there's a Lord Mayor's feast in honey suckle; and the whole Court of Aldermen in horn-

beam: they all shall be in my garden, with the Dragon of Wantley, in box—all—all—I'll have 'em all, let my wife and Mr. Lovelace, say what they will—

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET, L.H.

Mrs. D. Did you send for me, lovey?

Drug. The yew-trees shall be cut into the giants of Guildhall, whether you will or not.

Mrs. D. Sure my own dear will do as he pleases.

Drug. And the pond, though you praise the green banks, shall be wall'd round, and I'll have a little fat boy in marble spouting up water in the middle.

Mrs. D. My sweet, who hinders you?

Drug. Yes, and I'll buy the nursery-man's whole catalogue;—Do you think, after retiring to live all the way here, almost four miles from London, that I won't do as I please in my own garden?

Mrs. D. My dear, but why are you in' such a passion?

Drug. I'll have the lavender pig, and the Adam and Eve, and the Dragon of Wantley, and all of 'em—and there shan't be a more romantic spot on the London road than mine.

Mrs. D. I'm sure it's as pretty as hands can make it.

Drug. I did it all myself, and I'll do more—And Mr. Lovelace shan't have my daughter.

Mrs. D. No! what's the matter now, Mr. Drugget?

Drug. He shall learn better manners than to abuse my house and gardens.—You put him in the head of it, but I'll disappoint you both—And so you may go and tell Mr. Lovelace that the match is quite off.

Mrs. D. I can't comprehend all this, not I,—but I'll tell him so, if you please, my dear—I am willing to give myself pain, if it will give you pleasure: must I give myself pain?—Don't ask me, pray don't;—I don't like pain.

Drug. I am resolv'd, and it shall be so.

Mrs. D. Let it be so then. (*Cries.*) Oh! oh! cruel man! I shall break my heart if the match is broke off;—if it is not concluded to-morrow, send for an undertaker, and bury me the next day.

Drug. How! I don't want that neither—

Mrs. D. Oh! oh!—

Drug. I am your lord and master, my dear, but not your executioner—Before George, it must never be said that my wife died of too much compliance—Cheer up, my love—and this affair shall be settled as soon as Sir Charles and Lady Racket arrive.

Mrs. D. You bring me to life again—You know, my sweet, what an happy couple Sir Charles and his lady are—Why should not we make our Nancy as happy?

Enter DIMITY, R.H.

Dim. Sir Charles and his lady, ma'am.

Mrs. D. Oh! charming! I'm transported with joy!—Where are they; I long to see 'em? [*Exit, R.H.*]

Dim. Well, sir; the happy couple are arriv'd.

Drug. Yes, they do live happy indeed.

Dim. But how long will it last!

Drug. How long! don't forbode any ill, you jade!—don't I say—it will last during their lives, I hope.

Dim. Well, mark the end of it—Sir Charles, I know, is gay and good humour'd—but he can't bear the least contradiction, no, not in the merest trifle.

Drug. Hold your tongue—hold your tongue.

Dim. Yes, sir, I have done:—and yet there is in the composition of Sir Charles a certain humour, which, like the flying gout, gives no disturbance to the family till it settles in the head;—When once it fixes there, mercy on every body about him! but here he comes! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter SIR CHARLES, R.H.

Sir Cha. My dear sir, I kiss your hand—but why stand on ceremony? To find you up thus late, mortifies me beyond expression.

Drug. 'Tis but once in a way, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. My obligations to you are inexpressible; you have given me the most amiable of girls; our tempers accord like unisons in music.

Drug. Ah! that's what makes me happy in my old days; my children and my garden are all my care.

Sir Cha. And my friend Lovelace—he is to have our sister Nancy, I find.

Drug. Why, my wife is so minded.

Sir Cha. Oh! by all means, let her be made happy—A very pretty fellow, Lovelace—And as to that Mr.—Woodley, I think you call him—he is but a plain, underbred, ill-fashioned sort of a—nobody knows him!—he is not one of us.—Oh, by all means marry her to one of us. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Drug. I believe it must be so.—Would you take any refreshment?

Sir Cha. Nothing in nature,—it is time to retire.

Drug. Well, well! good night then, Sir Charles—Ha! here comes my daughter.—Good night, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Bon repos.

Drug. (*Going out, R.H.*) My Lady Racket, I'm glad to hear how happy you are; I won't detain you now—there's your good man waiting for you—good night, my girl.

Sir Cha. I must humour this old putt, in order to be remembered in his will.

Enter Lady RACKET, R.H.

Lady R. O la!—I'm quite fatigu'd;—I can hardly move;—why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

Sir Cha. There; take my arm—"Was ever thing so pretty made to walk."

Lady R. But I won't be laugh'd at—I don't love you.

Sir Cha. Don't you?

Lady R. No—dear me! this glove! why don't you help me off with my glove? pshaw! You aukward thing, let it alone; you an't fit to be about me; I might as well not be married, for any use you are of—reach me a chair—you have no compassion for me—I am so glad to sit down—why do you drag me to routs?—You know I hate them!

Sir Cha. Oh! there's no existing, no breathing, unless one does as other people of fashion do.

Lady R. But I'm out of humour; I lost all my money.

Sir Cha. How much?

Lady R. Three hundred.

Sir Cha. Never fret for that—I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happiness.

Lady R. Don't you ;—not value three hundred pounds to pleasure me?

Sir Cha. You know I don't.

Lady R. Ah! you fond fool—But I hate gaming—It almost metamorphoses a woman into a fury—Do you know that I was frightened at myself several times to-night—I had a huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

Sir Cha. Had ye?

Lady R. I caught myself at it—and so I bit my lips—and then I was cram'd up in a corner of the room with such a strange party at a whist table, looking at black and red spots—did you mind them?

Sir Cha. You know I was busy elsewhere.

Lady R. There was that strange unaccountable woman, Mrs. Nightshade.—She behaved so strangely to her husband, a poor, inoffensive, good-natur'd, good sort of a good for nothing man,—but she so teaz'd him,—“How could you play that card?—Ah, you've a head, and so has a pin—You're a numscull, you know you are—Ma'am, he has the poorest head in the world, he does not know what he is about, you know you don't—Ah fy'e! I am asham'd of you!”

Sir Cha. She has serv'd to divert you, I see.

Lady R. And then, to crown all—there was my Lady Clackit, who runs on with an eternal volubility of nothing, out of all season, time, and place—In the very midst of the game she begins—“Lard, ma'am, I was apprehensive I should not be able to wait on your la'ship—my poor little dog, Pompey—the sweetest thing in the world—a spade led!—there's the knave—I was fetching a walk, me'm, the other morning in the Park—a fine frosty morning it was—I love frosty weather of all things—let me look at the last trick—and so, me'm, little Pompey—and if your la'ship was to see the dear creature pinch'd with the frost, and mincing his steps along the Mall—with his pretty little innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play—and so me'm, while I was talking to Captain Flimsey—Your la'ship knows Captain Flimsey—Nothing but rubbish in my hand—I can't help it—and so, me'm, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor little Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but, but who can resist five at once?—And so Pompey barked for assistance—the hurt he received was upon his chest—the doctor would not advise him to venture out till

the wound was heal'd, for fear of an inflammation—Pray what's trumps?

Sir Cha. My dear, you'd make a most excellent actress.

Lady R. Well, now let's go to rest;—but, Sir Charles, how shockingly you play'd that last rubber, when I stood looking over you!

Sir Cha. My love I play'd the truth of the game.

Lady R. No, indeed, my dear, you play'd it wrong.

Sir Cha. Pho! nonsense! you don't understand it.

Lady R. I beg your pardon, I'm allowed to play better than you.

Sir Cha. All conceit, my dear, I was perfectly right.

Lady R. No such thing, Sir Charles, the diamond was the play.

Sir Cha. Pho! pho! ridiculous! the club was the card against the world.

Lady R. Oh! no, no, no, I say it was the diamond.

Sir Cha. Zounds! madam, I say it was the club.

Lady R. What do you fly into such a passion for?

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath and fury, do you think I don't know what I'm about? I tell you once more, the club was the judgment of it.

Lady R. May be so;—have it your own way.

(*Walks about and Sings.*)

Sir Cha. Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever liv'd; there's no conversing with you.—Look'ye here, my Lady Racket—it's the clearest case in the world, I'll make it plain in a moment.

Lady R. Well, sir! ha! ha! ha!

(*With a sneering laugh!*)

Sir Cha. I had four cards left—a trump was led—they were six;—no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine;—then you know—the beauty of the play was to—

Lady R. Well, now it's amazing to me that you can't see it;—give me leave, Sir Charles,—your left hand adversary had led his last trump,—and he had before finess'd the club, and rough'd the diamond;—now if you had put on your diamond—

Sir Cha. Zounds! madam, but we play'd for the odd trick.

Lady R. And sure the play for the odd trick—

Sir Cha. Death and fury! can't you hear me?

Lady R. Go on, sir.

Sir Cha. Zounds! hear me, I say.—Will you hear me?

Lady R. I never heard the like in my life.

(*Hums a tune, and walks about fretfully.*)

Sir Cha. Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoick.—(*Looks at her, and she walks about, and laughs uneasy.*)—Very well, madam;—you know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the top of the house.—You know no more of whist—than he does of gardening.

Lady R. Ha! ha! ha!

(*Takes out a glass, and settles her hair.*)

Sir Cha. You're a vile woman, and I'll not sleep another night under the same roof with you.

Lady R. As you please, sir.

Sir Cha. Madam, it shall be as I please.—I'll order my chariot this moment.—(*Going, R.H.*)—I know how the cards should be play'd as well as any man in England, that let me tell you.—(*Going, R.H.*) And when your family were standing behind counters, measuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors, madam, my ancestors, were squandering away whole estates at cards; whole estates, my Lady Racket.—(*She hums a tune, and he looks at her.*)—Why then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent.—Look'ye, my Lady Racket, thus it stood,—the trump being led, it was then my business—

Lady R. To play the diamond, to be sure.

Sir Cha. Damn it; I have done with you for ever, and so you may tell your father. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Lady R. What a passion the gentleman's in! ha! ha!—(*Laughs in a peevish manner.*)—I promise him, I'll not give up my judgment.

Re-enter SIR CHARLES, R.H.

Sir Cha. My Lady Racket, look'ye, ma'am;—once more, out of pure good nature—

Lady R. Sir, I am convinced of your good-nature.

Sir Cha. That, and that only prevails with me to tell you, the club was the play.

Lady R. Well, be it so;—I have no objection.

Sir Cha It's the clearest point in the world;—we were nine, and—

Lady R. And for that very reason:—You know the club was the best in the house.

Sir Cha. There is no such thing as talking to you.—You're a base woman.—I'll part from you for ever; you may live here with your father, and admire his fantastical ever-greens, till you grow as fantastical yourself—I'll set out for London this instant.—(*Stops at the Door.*)—The club was not the best in the house.

Lady R. How calm you are! Well!—I'll go to bed;—will you come?—You had better,—come then;—you shall come to bed.—Not come to bed when I ask you!—Poor Sir Charles!

[*Looks and laughs, then Exit, L.H.D.*]

Sir Cha That ease is provoking.—(*Crosses to L.H.D.*)—I tell you the diamond was not the play, and here I take my final leave of you.—(*Walks back as fast as he can.*)—I am resolv'd upon it, and I know the club was not the best in the house.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

Enter DIMITY, R.H.

Dim. Ha! ha! ha! Oh! heavens! I shall expire in a fit of laughing;—this is the modish couple that were so happy—such a quarrel as they have had,—the whole house is in an uproar—ha! ha! a rare proof of the happiness they enjoy in high life. I shall never hear people of fashion mentioned again, but I shall be ready to die in a fit of laughter;—ho! ho! ho! this is THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE, I think.

Enter DRUGGET, R.H.

Drug. Hey! how! What's the matter, Dimity? What am I call'd down stairs for?

Dim. Why, there's two people of fashion—

(*Stifles a laugh.*)

Drug. Why, you saucy minx!—Explain this moment.

Dim. The fond couple have been together by the ears this half hour:—Are you satisfied now?

Drug. Ay!—What have they quarrell'd?—What was it about?

Dim. Something above my comprehension, and your's too, I believe,—People in high life understand their own forms best:—And here comes one that can unriddle the whole affair.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter SIR CHARLES, R.H.

Sir Cha. (*To the People within.*) I say let the horses be put to this moment.—So, Mr. Drugget.

Drug. Sir Charles, here's a terrible bustle.—I did not expect this.—What can be the matter?

Sir Cha. I have been used by your daughter in so base, so contemptuous a manner, that I am determined not to stay in this house to-night.

Drug. This is a thunder-bolt to me! after seeing how elegantly and fashionably you liv'd together, to find now all sunshine vanished.—Do, Sir Charles, let me heal this breach, if possible.

Sir Cha. Sir, 'tis impossible—I'll not live with her a day longer.

Drug. Nay, nay, don't be over hasty, let me intreat you—go to bed and sleep upon it,—in the morning when you're cool—

Sir Cha. Oh, sir, I am very cool, I assure you, ha! ha!—it is not in her power, sir, to—a—a—to disturb the serenity of my temper.—Don't imagine that I'm in a passion;—I'm not so easily ruffled as you may imagine.—But quietly and deliberately I can repay the injuries done me by a false, ungrateful, deceitful wife

Drug. The injuries done you by a false, ungrateful wife! Not my daughter,—I hope?

Sir Cha. Her character is now fully known to me;—she's a vile woman! that's all I have to say, sir.

Drug. Hey! how!—A vile woman.—What has she done?—I hope she is not capable—

Sir Cha. I shall enter into no detail, Mr. Drugget; the time and circumstances won't allow it at present.—But depend upon it, I have done with her;—a low, unpolish'd, uneducated, false, imposing——See if the horses are put to. (*Calling off, R.H.*)

Drug. Mercy on me! in my old days to hear this.

Enter MRS. DRUGGET, L.H.

Mrs. D. Deliver me! I am all over in such a tremble.—Sir Charles, I shall break my heart if there's any thing amiss.

Sir Cha. Madam, I am very sorry, for your sake,——but, there is no possibility of living with her.

Mrs. D. My poor dear girl! What can she have done!

Sir Cha. What all her sex can do; the very spirit of them all.

Drug. Ay! ay! ay!—She's bringing foul disgrace upon us.—Thus comes of her marrying a man of fashion!

Sir Cha. Fashion, sir!—that should have instructed her better;—she might have been sensible of her happiness.—Whatever you may think of the fortune you gave her, my rank commands respect,—claims obedience, attention, truth, and love, from one raised in the world, as she has been by an alliance with me.

Drug. And let me tell you, however you may estimate your quality, my daughter is dear to me.

Sir Cha. And, sir, my character is dear to me.

Drug. Yet you must give me leave to tell you—

Sir Cha. I won't hear a word.

Drug. Not in behalf of my own daughter?

Sir Cha. No! no! no!

Drug. But, sir, I have a right to ask—

Mrs. D. Patience, my dear, be a little calm.

Drug. Mrs. Drugget, do you have patience;—I must and will inquire.

Mrs. D. Don't be so hasty, my love; have some respect for Sir Charles' rank; don't be violent with a man of his fashion.

Drug. Hold your tongue, woman, I say,—you're not a person of fashion at least.—My daughter was ever a good girl.

Sir Cha. I have found her out.

Drug. Oh! then it is all over—and it does not signify arguing about it.

Mrs. D. That ever I should live to see this hour!—How the unfortunate girl could take such wickedness in her head, I can't imagine—I'll go and speak to the unhappy creature this moment. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Sir Cha. She stands detected now—detected in her truest colours.

Drug. Well, grievous as it may be, let me hear the circumstances of this unhappy business.

Sir Cha. Mr. Drugget, I have not leisure now—but her behaviour has been so exasperating, that I shall make the best of my way to town.—My mind is fixed—She sees me no more, and so, your servant, sir. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Drug. What a calamity has here befallen us! a good girl, and so well dispos'd, till the evil communication of high life, and fashionable vices, turned her to folly.

Enter LOVEFACE, L.H.

Love. Joy! joy! Mr. Drugget, I give you joy.

Drug. Don't insult me, sir! I desire you won't.

Love. Insult you, sir! is there any thing insulting, my dear sir, if I take the liberty to congratulate you on—

Drug. There! there!—the manners of high life for you, —he thinks there's nothing in all this;—the ill behaviour of a wife—he thinks an ornament to her character.—Mr. Loveface, you shall have no daughter of mine.

Love. My dear sir, never bear malice.—I have reconsidered the thing, and curse catch me, if I don't think your notion of the Guildhall giants, and the Court of Aldermen in hornbeam—

Drug. Well! well! well! there may be people at the court end of the town in hornbeam too.

Love. Yes, faith, so there may,—and I believe I could recommend you to a tolerable collection;—however, with your daughter I am ready to venture—

Drug. But I am not ready—I'll not venture my girl with you;—no more daughters of mine shall have their minds deprav'd by polite vices.

Enter WOODLEY, R.H.

Mr. Woodley—you shall have Nancy to your wife, as I promis'd you ;—take her to-morrow morning—

Wood. Sir, I have not words to express—

Love. What the devil is the matter with the old haberdasher now ?

Drug. And hark ye, Mr. Woodley,—I'll make you a present for your garden, of a coronation dinner in greens. with the champion riding on horse-back, and the sword will be full grown before April next.

Wood. I shall receive it, sir, as your favour.

Drug. Ay, ay ! I see my error in wanting an alliance with great folks.—I had rather have you, Mr. Woodley, for my son-in-law, than any courtly fop of 'em all. Is this man gone?—Is Sir Charles gone?

Wood. Not yet,—he makes a bawling yonder for his horses.—I'll step and call him to you. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Drug. I am out of all patience.—I am out of my senses.—I must see him once more.—Mr. Lovelace, neither you nor any person of fashion shall ruin another daughter of mine. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Love. Droll this !—damn'd droll ; and every syllable of it Arabic to me:—the qucer old putt is as whimsical in his notions of life as of gardening. If this be the case—I'll brush, and leave him to his exotics. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Enter LADY RACKET, MRS. DRUGGET, and DIMITY, L.H.

Lady R. A cruel, barbarous man ! to quarrel in this unaccountable manner ; to alarm the whole house, and expose me and himself too.

Mrs. D. Oh ! child, I never thought it would have come to this—your shame won't end here ! it will be all over St. James's parish before to-morrow morning.

Lady R. Well, if it must be so, there's one comfort, the story will tell more to his disgrace than mine.

Dim. As I'm a sinner, and so it will, madam. He deserves what he has met with, I think.

Mrs. D. Dimity, don't you encourage her—you shock

me to hear you speak so—I did not think you had been so harden'd.

Lady R. Harden'd do you call it?—I have lived in the world to very little purpose, if such trifles as these are to disturb my rest.

Mrs. D. You wicked girl!—Do you call it a trifle to be guilty of falsehood to your husband.

Lady R. How!—(*Turns short, and stares at her.*)—Well, I protest and vow I don't comprehend all this.—Has Sir Charles accused me of any impropriety in my conduct?

Mrs. D. Oh! too true, he has—he has found you out, and you have behaved basely, he says.

Lady R. Madam!

Mrs. D. You have fallen into frailty, like many others of your sex, he says; and he is resolved to come to a separation directly.

Lady R. Why then, if he is so base a wretch as to dishonour me in that manner, his heart shall ache before I live with him again.

Dim. Hold to that ma'am, and let his head ache into the bargain.

Lady R. Then let your doors be opened for him this very moment—let him return to London—if he does not, I'll lock myself up, and the false one sha'n't approach me, though he beg on his knees at my very door—a base, injurious man!

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Mrs. D. Dimity, do follow, and hear what she has to say for herself.

Dim. She has excuse enough, I warrant her.—What a noise is here indeed! I have lived in polite families, where there was no such bustle made about nothing. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter SIR CHARLES and DRUGGET, R.H.

Sir Cha. 'Tis in vain, sir, my resolution is taken.

Drug. Well, but consider, I am her father—indulge me only till we hear what the girl has to say in her defence.

Sir Cha. She can have nothing to say—no excuse can palliate such behaviour.

Drug. Don't be too possitive—there may be some mistake.

Sir Cha. No mistake—did I not see her, hear her myself.

Drug. Lackaday ! then I am an unfortunate man !

Sir Cha. She will be unfortunate too—with all my heart—she may thank herself—she might have been happy, had she been so disposed,

Drug. Why truly I think she might.

Mrs. D. I wish you'd moderate your anger a little, and let us talk over this affair with temper—my daughter denies every tittle of your charge.

Sir Cha. Denies it ! denies it !

Mrs. D. She does, indeed.

Sir Cha. And that aggravates her fault.

Mrs. D. She vows you never found her out in any thing that was wrong.

Sir Cha. So ! she does not allow it to be wrong then ?—Ma'am, I tell you again, I know her thoroughly ; I say I have found her out ; and I am now acquainted with her character.

Mrs. D. Then you are in opposite stories—she swears, my dear Mr. Drugget, the poor girl swears she never was guilty of the smallest infidelity to her husband in her born days.

Sir Cha. And what then ?—what if she does say so ?

Mrs. D. And if she says truly, it is hard her character should be blown upon without just cause.

Sir Cha. And is she therefore to behave ill in other respects. I never charged her with infidelity to me, madam—there I allow her innocent.

Drug. And did you not charge her then ?

Sir Cha. No, sir ; I never dreamt of such a thing.

Drug. Why then, if she's innocent, let me tell you, you are a scandalous person.

Mrs. D. Pry'thee, my dear—

Drug. Be quiet.—Tho' he is a man of quality, I will tell him of it—did I not fine for sheriff ?—Yes, you are a scandalous person to defame an honest man's daughter.

Sir Cha. What have you taken into your head now ?

Drug. You charg'd her with falsehood to your bed.

Sir Cha. No : never, never.

Drug. But I say you did : you called yourself a cuckold ~~and~~ did not he, wife ?

Mrs. D. Yes, lovey I'm witness.

Sir Cha. Absurd ! I said no such thing.

Drug. But I aver you did.'

Mrs. D. You did indeed, sir.

Sir Cha. But I tell you no—positively, no.

Drug. and Mrs. D. And I say yes—positively yes.

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath, this is all madness—

Drug. You said she followed the ways of most of her sex.

Sir Cha. I said so—and what then?

Drug. There he owns it—owns that he called himself a cuckold—and without rhyme or reason into the bargain.

Sir Cha. I never own'd any such thing.

Drug. You own'd it even now—now—now.

Enter DIMITY, L.H. in a fit of laughing.

Dim. What do you think it was all about?—ha! ha! the whole secret is come out, ha! ha!—It was all about a game of cards—ha! ha!—

Drug. A game of cards!

Dim. (Laughing.) It was all about a club and a diamond. *(Runs out Laughing, R.H.)*

Drug. And was that all, Sir Charles?

Sir Cha. And enough too, sir—

Drug. And was that what you found her out in?

Sir Cha. I can't bear to be contradicted when I'm clear that I'm in the right.

Drug. I never heard such a heap of nonsense in all my life. Why does he not go and beg her pardon, then?

Sir Cha. I beg her pardon! I won't debase myself to any of you—I shan't forgive her, you may rest assured.

[Exit, R.H.]

Drug. Now there—there's a pretty fellow for you.

Mrs. D. I'll step and prevail on my Lady Racket to speak to him—then all will be well. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Drug. A ridiculous fop! I'm glad it's no worse, however.

Enter NANCY, L.H.

• So, Nancy—you seem in confusion, my girl?

Nancy. How can one help it?—with all this noise in the house; and you're going to marry me as ill as my sister.—I hate Mr. Lovelace.

Drug. Why so, child?

Nancy. I know these people of quality despise us all out of pride, and would be glad to marry us out of avarice.

Drug. The girl's right,

Nancy. They marry one woman, live with another, and love only themselves.

Drug. And then quarrel about a card.

Nancy. I don't want to be a gay lady—I want to be happy.

Drug. And so you shall—don't fright yourself, child,—step to your sister; bid her make herself easy—go, and comfort her, go.

Nancy. Yes, sir.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Drug. I'll step and settle the matter with Mr. Woodley this moment.

[*Exit, R.H.*

SCENE II—A Room.

SIR CHARLES *discovered seated at a Table, with a pack of cards in his hand.*

Sir Cha. Never was any thing like her behaviour.—I can pick out the very cards I had in my hand, and then 'tis as plain as the sun—there now—there;—no damn it;—no—there it was—now let's see—they had four by honours—and we play'd for the odd trick—damnation!—honours were divided—ay!—honours were divided—and then a trump was led—and the other side had the—confusion!—'his preposterous woman has put it all out of my head.—(*Puts the cards into his pocket.*)—Mighty well, madam; I have done with you.

Enter MRS. DRUGGET, L.H.

Mrs. D. Come, Sir Charles, let me prevail.—Come with me, and speak to her.

Sir Cha. I don't desire to see her face.

Mrs. D. If you were to see her all bathed in tears, I am sure it would melt your very heart.

Sir Cha. Madam, it shall be my fault if ever I am treated so again—I'll have nothing to say to her.—(*Going, R.H.* *Steps.*)—Does she give up the point?

Mrs. D. She does ; she agrees to any thing.

Sir Cha. Does she allow that the club was the play ?

Mrs. D. Just as you please—she's all submission.

Sir Cha. Does she own that the club was not the best in the house ?

Mrs. D. She does—she does.

Sir Cha. Then I'll step and speak to her.—I never was clearer in any thing in my life. [*Exit*, L.H.]

Mrs. D. Lord love 'em, they'll make it up now—and then they'll be as happy as ever. [*Exit*, L.H.]

Enter DRUGGET, R.H. and DIMITY, L.H.

Drug. So ! Any news from above stairs ? Is this absurd quarrel at an end—Have they made it up ?

Dim. Oh ! a mere bagatelle, sir—these little fracas among the better sort of people never last long—elegant trifles cause elegant disputes, and they come together elegantly again—as you see—for here they come, in perfect good humour. [*Exit*, L.H.]

Enter SIR CHARLES, LADY RACKET, and MRS. DRUGGET, L.H.

Sir Cha. Mr. Drugget, I embrace you. Sir, you see me now in the most perfect harmony of spirits.

Drug. What, all reconcil'd again ?

Lady R. All made up, sir—I knew how to bring him to my lungs. This is the first difference, I think, we ever had, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. And I'll be sworn it shall be the last.

Drug. I am happy at last. Sir Charles, I can spare you an image to put on the top of your house, in London.

Sir Cha. Infinitely obliged to you.

Drug. Well ! well !—It's time to retire now—I am glad to see you reconcil'd—and now I'll wish you a good night, Sir Charles—fare ye well both—I am glad your quarrels are at an end.—This way. [*Exeunt*, *Mrs. D.* and *Drugget*, L.H.]

Lady R. Ah ! you're a sad man, Sir Charles, to behave to me as you have done.

Sir Cha. My dear, I grant it—and such an absurd quarrel too—ha ! ha !

Lady R. Yes—ha ! ha !—about such a trifle.

Sir Cha. It's pleasant how we could both fall into such an error—ha! ha!

Lady R. Ridiculous beyond expression—ha! ha!

Sir Cha. And then the mistake your father and mother fell into—ha! ha!

Lady R. That, too, is a diverting part of the story—ha! ha!—But, Sir Charles, must I stay and live with my father till I grow as fantastical as his own ever-greens?

Sir Cha. No, no; pr'ythee don't remind me of my folly.

Lady R. Ah! "my relations were all standing behind counters, selling Whitechapel needles, while your family were spending great estates."

Sir Cha. Nay, nay, spare my blushes.

Lady R. How could you say so harsh a thing?—I don't love you.

Sir Cha. It was indelicate, I grant it.

Lady R. Am I a "vile woman?"

Sir Cha. How can you, my angel—

Lady R. I sha'n't forgive you!—I'll have you on your knees for this.—(*Sings and plays with him.*)—"Go, naughty man."—Ah! Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. The rest of my life shall aim at convincing you how sincerely I love—

Lady R. (*Sings.*) "Go naughty man, I can't abide you."—Well; come let us go to rest.—(*Going, L.H.*)—Ah! Sir Charles, now it is all over, the diamond was the play.

Sir Cha. Oh! no, no, no, my dear—ha! ha! ha!—it was the club indeed.

Lady R. Indeed, my love, you're mistaken.

Sir Cha. No! no, no, no.

Lady R. But I say, yes, yes, yes.—(*Both laughing.*)

Sir Cha. Pshaw! no such thing—ha! ha!

Lady R. 'Tis so, indeed—ha! ha!

Sir Cha. No, no, no—you'll make me die with laughing.

Lady R. Ay, and you make me laugh, too—ha! ha!—(*Toying with him.*)

Enter FOOTMAN, R.H.

Foot. Your honour's cap and slippers.

Sir Cha. Ay, lay down my night-cap—and here, take these shoes off.—(*He takes them off, and leaves them at a*

distance.)—Indeed, my Lady Racket, you make me ready to expire with laughing—ha ! ha !

Lady R. You may laugh—but I'm right, notwithstanding.

Sir Cha. How can you say so ?

Lady R. How can you say otherwise ?

Sir Cha. Well, now mind me, my Lady Racket—We can now talk of this matter in good humour—We can discuss it coolly—

Lady R. So we can—and it's for that reason I venture to speak to you—are these the ruffles I bought for you ?

Sir Cha. They are, my dear.

Lady R. They are very pretty—but indeed you play'd the card wrong.

Sir Cha. How can you talk so !—(*Somewhat peevish.*)

Lady R. See there, now—

Sir Cha. Listen to me—this was the affair.—

Lady R. Pshaw ! fiddlestick ! hear me first.

Sir Cha. Pho—no—damn it, let me speak.

Lady R. Very well, sir ; fly out again.

Sir Cha. Look here, now—here's a pack of cards—now you shall be convinced—

Lady R. You may talk till to-morrow ; I know I'm right.
(*Walks about.*)

Sir Cha. Why, then, by all that's perverse, you are the most headstrong—Can't you look here now ?—here are the very cards.

Lady R. Go on ; you'll find it out at last.

Sir Cha. Damn it ! will you let a man show you. Pho ! it's all nonsense—I'll talk no more about it.—(*Puts up the cards.*)—Come, we'll go to bed.—(*Going.*)—Now only stay a moment.—(*Takes out the cards.*)—Now, mind me—see here—

Lady R. No, it does not signify—your head will be clearer in the morning—-I'll go to bed.

Sir Cha. Stay a moment, can't ye.

Lady R. No—my head begins to ache.—(*Affectedly.*)

Sir Cha. Why then, damn the cards—there—there—
(*Throwing the cards about.*)—And there, and there.—You may go to bed by yourself ; and confusion seize me if I live a moment longer with you. (*Putting his shoes on again.*)
No never, madam.

Lady R. Take your own way, sir.

Sir Cha. Now, then, I tell you once more you are a vile woman.—Will you sit down quietly and let me convince you?—(*Sits.*)

Lady R. I'm disposed to walk about, sir.

Sir Cha. Why then, may I perish, if ever—a blockhead—an idiot I was to marry—(*Walks about.*)—such a provoking—impertinent—(*She sits down.*)—Damnation!—I am so clear in the thing—she is not worth my notice—(*Sits down, turns his back, and looks uneasy.*)—I'll take no more pains about it.—(*Pauses for some time, then looks at her.*)—Is it not very strange that you won't hear me?

Lady R. Sir, I am very ready to hear you.

Sir Cha. Very well then—very well—my dear—you remember how the game stood.

Lady R. I wish you'd untie my necklace, it hurts me.

Sir Cha. Why can't you listen?

Lady R. I tell you it hurts me terribly.

Sir Cha. Why then you may be as wrong, as you please, for I'll be curs'd if I ever endeavour to set you right again.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter MR. and MRS. DRUGGET, WOODLEY, and NANCY, L.H.

Drug. What's here to do now?

Lady R. Never was such a man born—I did not say a word to the gentleman—and yet he has been raving about the room like a madman.

Drug. And about a club again, I suppose. Come hither, Nancy; Mr. Woodley, she is your's for life.

Mrs. D. My dear, how can you be so—

Drug. It shall be so—take her for life, Mr. Woodley.

Wood. My whole life shall be devoted to her happiness.

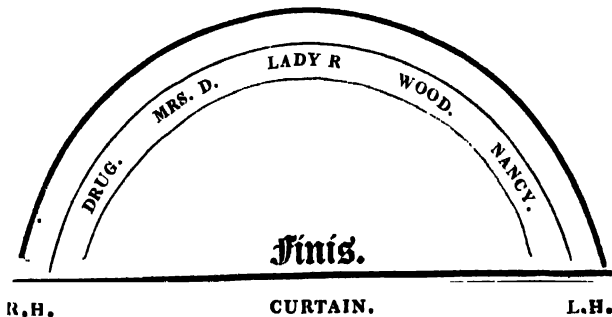
Lady R. Oh! this is only one of those polite disputes which people of quality, who have nothing else to differ about, must always be liable to.—This will all be made up.

Drug. Never tell me—it's too late now—Mr. Woodley, I recommend my girl to your care—I shall have nothing now to think of, but my greens, and my images, and my shrubbery—though, mercy on all married folks, say I! for these wranglings are, I am afraid, *What we must all come to.*

LADY RACKET, *coming forward.*

*What we must all come to?—What?—Come to what?
Must broils and quarrels be the marriage lot?
If that's the wise, deep meaning of our poet,
The man's a fool! a blockhead? and I'll show it.
What could induce him in an age so nice,
So fam'd for virtue, so refin'd from vice,
To form a plan so trivial, false and low?
As if a belle could quarrel with a beau.
Shun strife, ye fair, and once a contest o'er,
Wake to a blaze the dying flame no more.*

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



**From the Press of W. Oxberry and Co.
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MRS BLAND,

AS SALLY SEAMROCK.

Drawn and Engraved by J. Wageman

Orberry's Edition.

THE SHIPWRECK,

A COMIC OPERA,

BY

Samuel James Arnold, Esq.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.*

London.

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Remarks.

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE SHIPWRECK is a piece so exclusively written for stage effect, that the reader will do it something less than justice, who does not bear this constantly in his recollection. They who are so profuse in their admiration of the mimic pieces of the French stage, have no right to withhold their praise from Mr. Arnold's Shipwreck; the language is neat, the story simple and well told with a view to representation; the piece pretends to little, and most assuredly to nothing but what it really possesses.

The materials of this Drama are indeed scanty, but it is precisely in that point that the author deserves most praise; it is only for a master of the art to stamp a dignity on trifles—a light touch, perceptible to the common eye only by its effect, works more wonders than the laboured details of vulgar hands—and such touches are of frequent occurrence in the writings of Mr. Arnold. There is, perhaps, too much sketchiness in his style; but this proceeds from the fulness, and not from the want, of mind. He gives a few bold, masterly outlines, and seems to disdain filling up the sketch; and if he sometimes loses a portion of praise from common minds, he more than makes good the loss in those of a higher order.

Mr. Samuel James Arnold is the only son of the late Dr. Arnold, of musical celebrity. In the arts he commenced with portrait painting, and met with sufficient success to have encouraged the highest expectations; but it was with Mr. Arnold, as it is too frequently with men of rare talent, he grew weary of his own success, and refused to pluck the laurel, when the tree was bent down to his ready grasp. Instead of continuing what he had so happily begun, he turned his thoughts to other objects, and in 1801, he undertook a panorama of the Battle of Alexandria, exhibited at the Lyceum. From this his mind roved to dramatic composition, a change which the lovers of the drama will have no reason to regret, as to it we owe some of the most amusing productions of the modern stage. This was in the year 1794, when he brought out his first dramatic effort, *Auld Robin Gray*, a Musical Entertainment in two Acts; the success of this his first born was such as to induce him to future exertions. June 26th, 1809, he opened the Lyceum

Theatre under a licence from the Lord Chamberlain, for English Operas, during the vacation of Drury Lane. This establishment introduced to the particular notice of the town some of the first actors that have since flourished in our Winter Theatres Royal. It is requisite only to mention the names of Harley, Knight, Pyne, and Miss Kelly, to show that Mr. Arnold was an acute judge, and a general favourer of merit. The Lyceum, indeed, has from its origin, been a nursery of talent, from which Drury Lane has drawn many of its best supports. When the present Theatre Royal Drury Lane was rebuilt, Mr. Arnold was appointed to be manager for three years. At the expiration of this term he resigned, resolved to devote the whole of his time to his own theatre, which in the year 1817 he rebuilt on a more extended scale. For a time a cloud seemed to hang over the new property, the public had to become acquainted with new faces and new talent; but as the season advanced these difficulties receded, and the actors as they were more known, became more esteemed, and at last his success was as ample as his exertions were unwearied and well directed. Of his family connexions it will be only requisite to say that he married Miss Pye, daughter of the late Laureate of that name. To enter more minutely into the biography of a living author would hardly be just to himself or the public.

His dramatic works are : Auld Robin Gray, *M. E.* 8vo. 1794.—Who pays the reckoning? *M. E.* 1796. N. P.—Shipwreck, *C. O.* 8vo. 1796.—Veteran Tar, *C. O.* 8vo. 1801.—Foul Deeds will rise, *M. D.* 8vo. 1804.—Prior Claim, *C.* 8vo. 1805 (in conjunction with Mr. Pye.)—Man and Wife, *C.* 8vo. 1809.—Americans, *O.* 1809. N. P.—Devil's Bridge, *O.* 1809. N. P.—Up all Night, *C. O.* 1809, N. P.—Britain's Jubilee, *M. P.* 1809. N. P.—The Maniac, *S. C. O.* 1810. N. P.—Plots! *M. D. O.* 1810. N. P.—Privateer, *O.* 1812. N. P.—Waltz, *O.* 1813. N. P.—Illusions, *D. R.* 1813. N. P.—Woodman's Hut, *M. D.* 1814. 8vo.—Frederick the Great, *O.* 1814. N. P.—Jean de Paris, *M. E.* 1814.—Unknown Guest, 1814. N. P.—Charles the Bold, 1815. N. P.—My Aunt, *F.* 1815.—King's Proxy, *O.* 1815.—Maid and Magpie, *M. D.* 1815. 8vo.—Two Words; Or the Silent not Dumb, *M. D.* 1816.—Brother Man, *D. O.* 1819.—Sophy Lucy—Lucy Sophy, *F.* 1819.

Costume.

SELWYN.

A blue coat gilt buttons, white waistcoat and trowsers.

HARRY HAWSER.

Blue jacket and trowsers, a Guernsey shirt, glazed hat.

MICHAEL GOTO.

A blue jacket, grey cloth waistcoat, Guernsey shirt, brown breeches.

SHARK.

Brown jacket, Guernsey shirt, canvass trowsers.

STAVE.

Mixt coloured cloth coat and waistcoat black holes and buttons, black breeches, cock'd hat.

HOVELLERS.

Brown jackets, blue trowsers.

DICK.

A blue jacket and trowsers, scarlet waistcoat.

SALLY SHAMROCK.

Coloured open gown, stuff petticoat, apron and straw hat.

ANGELICA.

Blue petticoat, brown stay bodice.

FANNY.

Blue cloth jacket and trowsers, fur cap.

Persons Represented.

Original Cast,
at Drury Lane, 1807. English Opera House.

<i>Selwyn</i> ,	Mr. Dignum.	Mr. J. Smith.
<i>Harry Hawser</i> ,	Mr. Bannister, jun.	Mr. Penley.
<i>Michael Goto</i> ,	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Shark</i> ,	Mr. Caulfield.	Mr. Smith.
<i>Steve</i> ,	Mr. Suett.	Mr. Lovegrove.
<i>Dick</i> ,	Master Welsh.	Master Barnard.
<i>Plunderer</i> ,	Mr. Phillimore.	Mr. Chatterley.
<i>Angelica Goto</i> ,	Miss Leak.	Miss Poole.
<i>Fanny</i> ,	Miss De Camp.	Miss Kelly.
<i>Sally Shamrock</i> , . . .	Mrs. Bland.	Mrs. Bland.

Hovellers, Sailors, &c.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is generally
one hour and a quarter. 472

Stage Directions.

By R.H	is meant	Right Hand.
L.H.		Left Hand.
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.E.		Upper Entrance.
M.D		Middle Door.
D.F.		Door in flat.
R.H.D.		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.		Left Hand Door.

THE SHIPWRECK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Sea Coast.—A Storm at Sea.—A number of Plunderers laying about the Rocks, and watching.*

CHORUS.

*Sturdily the tempest howling,
Calls us forth to watch our prey,
Thus upon the rocks we lay,
Thro' the storm so cautious prowling,
Mark, by the lightning's glare, while thunders roar,
The foaming surges break, that lash the shore ;
There we steal, with cautious care,
And the booty freely share,
While round our heads the storm does blow,
And shipwreck'd sailors to the bottom go.*

(During the Chorus a ship appears tossing on the sea, and is wrecked—the plunderers, smugglers, &c. then leave the rocks, and crowd down to the shore, watching the waves, and taking up goods, &c. that are supposed to be thrown ashore from the wreck.)

Enter SHARK, R.H.

Shark. Cheerly, boys, cheerly ! what sport, ahoy ?

Plun. A wreck ! a wreck !

Shark. Good sport, by the storm—look out, there—make a good stowage of the booty in the hollow rocks.

Plun. Yonder up the shore, by the light of the lightning I see some sailors land.

Shark. Speed then, and secure their goods, or they'll come and seize our property.

Enter MICHAEL GOTO, R.H.

Goto. The storm whistles bravely, and the angry elements seem to contend which shall be most mischievous to mankind.

Enter ANGELICA, L.H.

Ange. Yonder is a good ship gone to wreck. Poor helpless souls! oh, father, I'm glad I've found you! do go, and assist the sailors; our cottage, hard by upon the heath, will afford shelter to some of them, and the rest we can direct to the village.

Goto. Get home, child; don't stand shaking here with the cold; 'tis a bitter night: get home to bed, Angelica, what do you tremble for?

Ange. Not for myself, father, but for the sufferings of the poor shipwreck'd sailors!

Goto. Get home, I say, pale-face, and leave us to our midnight occupations; the wind is chilling, you'll catch cold.

Ange. And wont the poor sailors catch cold too? Do, now, help them: think on their sufferings—come, I know you will.

Goto. I dare not: should I once let pity enter my breast, I'm undone: 'tis a childish weakness; I will not listen to you—go home, I say, go home. [*Exit among the rocks, R.H.U.E.*]

Ange. 'Tis all in vain. This horrid occupation that my father follows, has steeled his heart to pity. I have heard him sometimes say, as he wiped a big tear from his eye, that he had once seen better days. Poor soul! his own misfortunes have been so great, that those of others do not affect him. I'll tarry hereabouts, however, and see if I can't give assistance to some of the unfortunate mariners. Sure no harm will happen to me—my intention is a good one, and heaven will never allow benevolence to suffer, for exercising the duty of humanity. [*Exit R.H.*]

Re-enter SHARK and Men, R.H.U.E.

Shark. All hands here, my boys—here's a trunk, most piteously heavy.—Yeo, yeo—let's home with it to the heath
 [Yeo, yeo, yeo! *[Exeunt, L.H. bearing the trunk.*

Re-enter ANGELICA, R.H.

Ange. Poor wretches! I fear they're all gone to the bottom; I can't see a single soul. I have picked up a box here of curious workmanship: as the lightning glared, it caught my eye upon the sand. Perhaps it may be something of value washed ashore from the wreck. Heigho! who knows but in this wreck my Selwyn may be lost, and my poor brother, too! well, I won't think on't: if I do, I'm sure my heart will break.

AIR.

*Hope, thou balm and source of pleasure,
 Fly to calm this tortur'd soul;
 Where, ah! where's my long lost treasure?
 Sooth my woes, my griefs controul!*

*Here I wander, torn and tortur'd,
 Life itself has lost its charm;
 Agonizing thoughts are nurtur'd—
 Doubts assail, and fears alarm.*

*Cheerless I sigh and languish,
 Alone you can calm my anguish,
 Dear Selwyn, adieu!—*

*Oh heaven assuage my torment,
 Too fierce, too great to bear—
 Dear Selwyn, adieu!
 He's dead, his knell I hear.
 My soul's o'ercharg'd with woe—
 I go—dear youth, I go.—*

[Exit, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Inside of Goto's Cottage.*

Enter SHARK, GOTO, and MEN, L.H. the Men with Trunks, &c.

Goto. Lock the door! are all here friends?

All. All, all.

Goto. Open the trap, then, and bestow the goods in the cellar. (*They open a trap, and throw the goods down; while they are employed, a loud knocking is heard without.*) Ha! who can that be? Shark, answer the door—beware whom you let enter.

Shark. Let 'em wait. I shall not hurry, trust me: 'tis enough I toil all night for myself. I shall not dance attendance on the heels of others. (*Knocking.*)

Goto. Look to the door, I pray you, while I go in, and see that all is safe.

Shark. Let 'em knock, 'tis exercise; and if the air bites, 'twill hinder them from freezing.

Goto. How now, sirrah! why thus surly? we shall be discovered.

Shark. I'm out of humour: the great chest was empty—'tis enough to sour the sweetest temper, after toiling and watching thus, to be baulked of our booty—'tis all your fault; I would have tarried longer on the shore—you have your reasons, no doubt.

Goto. Dog! Do you dare suspect me?

Shark. Keep your temper as I do: don't provoke me. If I am a dog, take care I don't bite—ruffle me, and I snap at you, as sure as my name is Shark. (*Loud knocking, L.H.*)

Goto. Be peaceable, I pray you! answer the door, good gentle Shark, while I go in and look that all is safe.

Exit, R.H.

Shark. Well, I will: you are an honest fellow at bottom.—As damn'd a rogue as ever drew breath. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit, L.H.—Knocking.*]

SCENE II.—*Outside of the Cottage. (Still Night.) The back Scene a black Heath.*

Enter FANNY, as a Sailor-boy, and DICK, L.H.—Dick knocks at the Cottage door, R.H.

Dick. Why, sure, they a'n't a-bed still?—I saw a light, I'll swear.

Fanny. They're coming, I dare say. Thanks be to Providence, who has kindly ta'en us in tow, we have got so far safe with our lives! I'm within half a league of my native village.

Dick. Half a league! why, zounds, ye might as well be within half a hundred leagues, as attempt to go so far to-night:—you sha'n't stir a peg further; you shall tumble into my hammock here, and egad we'll lie as snug as a couple of cock-roaches.—Ohoy there! what, will nobody answer? (*Knocking.*) I fear father's not at home. I'll lay a good cargo of provisions into my biscuit locker when I do get in.

Fanny. I am sadly fatigued.

Dick. Nay, never heed it now: 'twas a foul tempest, sure enough.


Fanny. Aye, marry was't.—Heaven knows how many of our friends and messmates are gone to the bottom!

Dick. Don't let's talk of it now, it makes one so plaguy melancholy. (*Knocks.*) I think we have made noise enough to raise the dead—

SHARK appears at the Cottage Window, R.H.U.E.

Shark. Aye, ye have:—who is it knocking at this time of the morning?

QUARTETTE.

Dick and Fan.  Prythee ope' your cottage door,
'Twas never shut so long before;
Whoever ask'd, was wont to find
Reception, and a welcome kind.

Shark. Who is it knocks at this late hour?

Dick. Prythee ope' your cottage door, &c.

Enter SHARK, from the Cottage, R.H.U.E.

Shark. Begone, I'm crusty grown of late,
I cannot heed your idle prate.

Enter MICHAEL GOTO, from Cottage, R.H.U.E.

Shark. Begone, nor make this horrid noise,
You little idle sailor boys.

Dick to Mic. Your blessing, dearest father, give?

Shark. Let 'em trudge, they want to thieve.

*Hark! the distant village bell,
Counts past the midnight hour,
Still the cold damp vapours low'r,
O'er the shadowy heath and dell.*

*Still the birds are in the nest,
Hark, I hear the screeching owl!
Now while beasts the desert prowl,
In to bed—to sleep—to rest.*

[Exeunt, into Cottage, R.H.U.E.]

SCENE IV.—*A View of the Beach.—Dawn.*

Enter SELWYN, L.H.

Sel. The morning dawns, and from the wreck I have redeemed just so much of my property, as will enable me to anchor for life in comfort with Angelica. Thus far, indeed, fortune has been propitious, and brought me back alive to my native place. I will use the opportunity that presents itself, as an occasion to try the truth of Angelica's affection, I always thought she loved me for myself alone; we shall now see if my pretended poverty will diminish her affection.

AIR.

*O'er the ocean when sailors are roaming,
In search of some far distant shore;
Though billows around them are foaming,
Though cannons and loud tempests roar;
Yet they fear from no enemy dangers,
Nor heed the rude blasts of the wind;
Alike to all fears they are strangers,
Save fear for their loves left behind.*

Enter HARRY HAWSER, L.H.

Harry. What, ho! Master Selwyn, which way's the wind?

Sel. Still in a wrong quarter—have you found nothing from the wreck?

Harry. Nothing but a few splinters, a piece of the main-mast, and a broken yard-arm.

Sel. Then I'm ruin'd, that's all.

Harry. No, that's not all, for I am ruined too. But what's the use of repining—I'll bustle to the village—see my Fanny—~~hurry~~ to the first sea-port—put to sea again, and try if that ~~will~~ mend the matter.

Sel. Do not be in too great a hurry : fortune may still befriend us ; and while I have a guinea in the world, my honest Harry Hawser shall never want half of it.

Harry. Thank ye, master Selwyn ! if so be I don't do so much for you, 'tis not cause I wou'dn't do it, but 'cause I hav'n't got, a guinea in the world to halve with you. I'm now going in a hurry to the village, to look after Fanny. The road lays over the heath, where your Angelica lives—will you go ? I shall in, and ask old Michael Goto how he does.

Sel. I shall not go yet ; I wish to tarry here on the look out.

Harry. Then my service to you. If that's your determination, I shall know where to find you. The thoughts of seeing Fanny put me in spirits—else, to be sure, I've had a rare run of ill luck ; but I dare say I shall have better fortune one time or other—never mind—a sailor should never be down-hearted.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

Enter SALLY SHARROCK, an Irish Girl, with a Basket of various Articles on her Arm, L.H.

Sally. Oh, sir, sir ! I've just heard that a great large ship was drove ashore last night, and that half the crew had sav'd their lives by not being drowned. Oh, what you're gone, are you ? heigho ! I wonder, in the name of fortune, whether that old Cable, the boatswain, is drowned aboard this ship or no ! I know very well he was courting me these six days before he went last to sea. Oh, dear me, what a fine sort of a snug little thing it is for an Irish girl to be in love !—but how such a poor rough and rent as old Cable ever came to fall in love, I don't know. I suppose your great bears tumble in love much after the same fashion. Oh well ! I'm resolv'd to be married, that's certain, as soon as I can get any body to have me ; and that's the case with a good many young women, only they wont be honest enough to con-

Enter STAVE, a Parish Clerk, admiring himself, R.H.

Stave. Beauty is a naughty flower, and pleasant in an idle hour.

Sally. Please to buy any of my wares, sir?

Stave. Ha! wares! pretty wares;—what is thy name?

Sally. Sally Shamrock, your honour—otherwise Sall Saunders.

Stave. Who gave thee that name?

Sally. Old Cable, the boatswain, and the sailor girls, sir.

Stave. Pray, did they stand godfathers to you?

Sally. Oh, no, sir! that's an old nickname of mine.

Stave. So, Old Nick stood godfather to you?

Sally. No, no, your honour—but please to buy any of my wares?

Stave. Amen! oh dear! you dear, what are thy wares like?

Sally. Here's all sort of things, your honour.

AIR.

*Come buy poor Sally's wooden ware,
Who all for money barter;
My pins, my toys, and shoe-knots rare,
My bodkins, lace, and garters;
Full cheap my various goods I sell,
Thro' village, street, and alley;
In London, where I'm known full well,
They call me little Sally.*

*Now thus from town to town I stray,
Light-hearted—free from sorrow,
And when I eat my meal to-day,
I care not for to-morrow;
So ne'er again I'll London see,
But range each hill and valley;
Come, buy a trifle, sir, of me,
And think of little Sally.*

Stave. Bless us—bless us—I'm smitten; (*Take her*)

Hand.) Dear me, dear me, I'll buy all your wares. Now do I begin to think that I have liv'd clerk and bellman, *et cetera*, in this place here, in a christian land, six-and-twenty years, like a pagan,—never having once thought of taking unto me a mate, since the death of my third wife, nine ⁿ~~h~~ months ago. Oh, I do long once more to say, 'I, M, do ^{thee}, N. to be my wedded wife.—Amen.'—Fair dam-
~~sel~~, lovely damsel, little damsel, what religion art thou of?

Sally. I'm the same religion, look'ye, sir, as my father was before me.

Stave. And pray, of what religion was he?

Sally. The same as his mother, sir.

Stave. And she was a—

Sally. A woman, sir.

Stave. Yes, I suppose so—but of what religion?

Sally. Really, your honour, I don't know.

Stave. Ha! come along with me, and I will improve thy religion. What is that in thy hand?

Sally. An Irish song, sir.

Stave. Give it unto me. Let us sing—three verses—so, to the praise of the land of potatoes.

DUETT.—STAVE AND SALLY.

Sally. In dear little Ireland liv'd a sweet creature,
And sh^e as they say, was the darling of nature;
A dozen young men came and courted her daily,
S^{he} scoff'd at them all, and thus laugh'd at them
gaily;
'Ha! ha! gilly men, you shall never catch me,
'I'll still be a maid, and I still shall be free.'

Stave. Just then a gay youth, who was handsome and
clever,
Determined the sex he'd abandon for ever;
Says he—they are all of them fickle, false-hearted—
I've trusted them oft, and as oft have I smarted,
'No, no, silly maids, you shall never catch me,
'You still shall be single, and I shall be free.'

Sally. At last, as it happen'd, this maid and youth
meeting,
The one began blushing, the other intreating.

*Slave. The clerk cried amen, when the parson had bless'd them ;
And Cupid look'd down, and thus archly address'd them :*

*Both. ' Ha ! ha ! silly folks, you're at last caught by "
' Now you're once in my toils, you shall never be
free.' [Exeunt, L.]*

SCENE V.—*Michael Goto's Cottage.*

Enter ANGELICA and DICK, D.F.R.H.

Ange. And so ! brother Dick—oh ! I'm so happy to see you safe ! Come, tell me all about it. Where is Selwyn, and where are all your shipmates ? Are they all safe ?

Dick. One of my shipmates I have brought with me : the rest have staid to see if the sea would be so civil as to throw any of the goods on shore. As to Selwyn, your sweet-heart—(but that's between ourselves, sister Angelica)—he's drown'd, I take it. *(Laughing archly aside.)*

Ange. Drown'd ! oh, heavens !—what do I hear !—lend me your arm. *(Near fainting.)*

Enter HARRY, who supports her, L.H.

Harry. Chiver my timbers, Angelica ! what falling below water-mark !—why I doubt you're are French spirits, they're so given to *flying* !—why, what's the matter ?—heigho ! a breeze—it springs apace—how's the wind now ?

Ange. Oh, heavens ! but is he really drowned ?

Harry. Drowned ! who ?

Ange. Selwyn.

Dick. No, no. I did but jest, sister. Indeed, I beg pardon.

Harry. I left him down by the beach some few minutes since, alive and well. He wasn't drowned at that time.—But how came this squall to upset ye ?

Ange. Dick told me he was lost in the ship.

Harry. Did he ? hark ye, Dick—take a bit of advice from one who has seen a good deal of the world, and don't get it, my little fellow, as you grow up—don't let the feelings of a woman, nor act so unmanly a part.

come a persecutor, where nature meant you should be a protector.

Enter FANNY, L.H.

Harry. my little messmate; how dost, boy?—here, Angelica, as dishonest a lad as ever lived—I love him as though he was my own brother. The young dog saved my life about a month ago, by jumping overboard to hold up my chin when I was cramped with swimming.—Well, but I say, Angelica, what news of Fanny, my sweetheart?

Ange. Very bad.

Fanny. Now for it—I shall hear news of myself. (*Aside.*)

Harry. Why, she hasn't been ill, has she?

Ange. No—worse than that.

Harry. What? surely she ha'n't turn'd tail?—she ha'n't put to sea under false colours, has she?

Ange. Indeed but she has though. She's gone, nobody knows whither—she was a sad wild girl; I fear no good will come of her.

Fanny. That's good-natur'd—true woman that. (*Aside.*)

Harry. Zounds! what has Fan been false-hearted, in addition to all my other misfortunes?

Ange. But, what's become of Selvy, was he my care soon?

Harry. Tol a rol, de dol, &c. (*Singing in a melancholy.*)

Ange. Why, Harry, you're very merry.

Harry. Merry, am I? Oh, yes—I am.

Fanny. Nay, I think you're very sorrowful.

Harry. Sorrowful! oh, ah—so I am—but I'll be sorrowful no more—she's a—pray, when did she go?

Ange. At the same time you left the village to go to sea last.

Harry. Very well—very well. Now I'll be merry. come, let's sing—

Ange. No, tell us of your voyage—tell us of your wreck, and by what good fortune you were all saved.

Harry. Ay, so I will.—In the first place, you see, I went off with—pray, who did Fanny go off with?

Ange. Who?

Harry. Who! why, Fanny.

Fanny. This Fanny seems to run strangely in your head. I dare say she don't think half so much of you.

Harry. Good, my boy, that idea silences me. I've done with her; she's out of my head and heart for ever.

Fanny. (*Aside.*) I hope not.

Harry. Well, then, you must know, we set sail in the Fanny.

All. The Fanny!—

Harry. 'Pshaw! the Valiant, I mean, with a brisk wind, accompanied by—pray, who was Fanny accompanied by?

Ange. Fanny again!

Harry. Oh, I only ask'd that as a matter for information. Well, I hope, she'll have a good voyage, and take somebody or other in tow, that will love her as well as I have done. Shiver my timbers, but I shipp'd two or three seas this morning in my ducking, and now my eye-pumps are at work, to clear the hold of the salt water.

Ange. Come, Dick, do you tell us of your voyage.

Dick. Listen, then——

AIR.

*On board the Valiant we set sail,
 'The streamer waving in the wind,'
 The sails distended by the gale,
 Seem'd to forget the shores behind.
 The sailor to the topmast flies,
 To wave his handkerchief in air;
 And on the tow'ring cliff descries
 His own true Polly weeping there;
 And hears her sigh, adieu!*

*The storm, grown louder, splits the mast;
 The hurricane more fiercely blows,
 And as against the rocks we cast,
 Our vessel to the bottom goes.
 The sailor to the topmast flies,
 To wave his handkerchief in air;
 And on the tow'ring cliff descries
 To find his own true Polly there,
 And hear her sigh, adieu!*

Enter SHARK, L.H.

Shark. 'Sdeath!—that fellow here—suspicion is abroad!

(*Aside.*)—How fares it—my heart is glad to see you, how dost, boy?

Harry. Well and merry—merry, I say,—positively happy.—Ha! ha! ha!—don't I look merry?

Shark. I think not quite.

Harry. I must return to the shore. If I was to meet Fanny, I wouldn't speak to her—no, I renounce her and her name for ever—and now, I'll fall in love with the first girl I meet.

Fanny. Ah, so do—fall in love with her, whether you like her or not. I'd have you marry her out of hand.

Enter STAVE, L.H.

Stave. And I'll cry amen to the wedding.

Shark. Well, sir, and pray what's your business?

Stave. Thou knowest well enough: my business, sir, is—clerk of the parish, sexton, &c.—and this it is, and this is it—I do want the keys of the belfry, which thou knowest I left yesterday in thy keeping, that I may ring for joy on this sad occasion—because all souls have not been able to alarm the natives of this village to go down into the sea and save the remnant of the property.

Shark. Cease your prate, and wait here till I return.

Stave. Amen!—

Shark. Amen! why, the devil take me—

Stave. So be it.

Shark. Will you mend thy manners, master clerk.

Stave. And in thou slave—lay on me thy little finger, I'll sue thee in the ecclesiastical court, as verily as my name is Stave.

FINALE.

Stave. Fetch the keys, good Master Shark,
That I may go and ring the bell.

Shark. I hope you'll break your neck i'th' dark,
—All the better. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Stave. ————— Very well.

— I'll go ring the sailor's knell:—
Ding, dong, bome bell.

All. We'll all go ring the sailor's knell,
Ding, dong, bome bell.

Ange. { *Soon may we our sweethearts see,*
& { *Sweet is joy when lovers meet :*
Fanny { *Pleasure shall each day prolong,*
Each evening ending with a song.

Harry. *We will all right merry be,*
Laugh and sing the whole day long :
Those who are not, look at me,
Let them imitate my song.

Slave. *Like a parish ditty 'tis,*
Sung in such a solemn way,
With a dismal, formal phiz,
'Stead of looking blythe and gay.

Re-enter SHARK, L.H.

Shark. *Take the keys, and get you gone.*

Slave. ——— *Sir, I thank you for your care.*

Shark. *Away, away,—ye lazy drone.*

Slave. *I'm a drone and you're a bear.*

Ange. { *No more may frightful billows roll,*
To daunt the sailor's daring soul.

Fanny { *Hash winds and billows upon the mast top,*
& { *When the wind blows, the sailor must stop.*

Dick. { *When the cord breaks, the topmast will fall,*
Down tumbles sailor, and topmast, and all.

All. *But we're safe for wind or for weather—*
For we all will be merry together :
And let the wide world wag just as it will,
We'll laugh, and we'll sing, and we'll merry
be still.

[*The Characters retire up the Stage, and Slave exit, L.H.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Inside of Michael Goto's Cottage.*

Enter GOTO and SHARK, L.H.

Goto. *Shark, I suspect these sailors, who have been here,*

have property about them—I wish I could be certain on't—however, we must be cautious, lest they are inclined to pry—I shall despatch my son to the village, and let him tarry there. We must be stirring early to-night, and bring home whatever's lodged in the hollows of the cliffs; remember, if any of the sailors knock, do not let them enter: if they insist on't, I shall make them pay for't.

Shark. I fear your tender-hearted daughter, Angelica, will betray us.

Goto. She dare not—however, as to this night's booty, we will keep her in the dark.

Shark. If so, I'd better lock her up in the cellar, there's no other way of keeping a woman in the dark.

Goto. No need of that—I shall caution her in respect to what she knows already.—Hist! here is my daughter.

Shark. I shall look to the men, and prepare them for the expedition of to-night. [Exit, L.H.]

Enter ANGELICA and DICK, R.H.

Goto. Come hither, boy. I do not choose that you should tarry here; go to the village, and seek out your crew, and stay with them.

Dick. No; I'll stay here, father. I like my own men best, and am, moreover, nearer the shore, to look out for goods.

Goto. Sirrah, why do I chide thee? I have met with in the world have galled me, that I am perpetually in torment—soured with mankind in general, I am e'en unnatural to my own offspring. (*Aside.*) Angelica, my child, come here. What is it makes you look so sad?

Ange. 'Tis that I am not happy, father.

Goto. And why not happy, child?

Ange. Indeed, I should be happy, father, if I could see you so; but you are grown of late so cross and serious, I sometimes think that you will break my heart when you rebuke me.

Goto. If I am rough, I cannot help it—'tis not my nature to be so; but I have drank of that cup in life that may have soured me. I once was one of fortune's fools, on whom the world would smile, to whom flattery would cringe and bow; since that, misfortune has pursued me, want has been my

inmate and companion, and even hope, the universal flatterer, flatters me no more. What wonder, then, if thus driven from the world, I am driven to desperation and to plunging—'Sdeath, I shall play the traitor to myself, and blab my own iniquities; (*Aside.*) you need not wonder, child, that all these rubs have worn me, that all this frequent harrowing has made me rough.

Dick. Do not mind, father; all will yet be well.

Goto. Angelica, my child, do not weep, give me your hand! (*Takes the hand of each.*) Thus, propped by innocence, methinks that I could brave again the buffets of the world; and smile against the frowns of all mankind; but the barrier of honour once o'erleapt, say how can we return? away, reflection!—it unmans me. I shall forget that I am doom'd to hate mankind, and live in warfare with my species. Come, my children, come—

[*Exeunt, Dick and Goto, R.H.*]

Ange. My poor father! would his mind were more at ease! I should then be content in whatever station the caprice of fortune might place me.

AIR.

With a heart light and gay, in a cottage of thatch,

Let me live with content for my guest;

Where a canker of care never rusted the latch,

And where grief shall be strange to my breast

There joy'll be repeated; yet never shall cloy,

While the object is peace to the mind;

And the rapid succession of uniform joy

Shall leave no discomfort behind.

There the hours all shall fly, like the blossoms of spring,

With the promise fresh beauties to prove,

Ev'ry season revolving its pleasure shall bring,

And the harvest of joy shall be love. [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*An Inn on the Road Side, L.H.S.E.,*

Enter STAVE, R.H.

Stave. Oh dear, oh dear! where can this Sally Shamrock, alias Sall Saunders, have hid herself?—I am smitten with that girl—yea, mightily smitten—oh dear; mercy upon an inn! bless us, I wax wonderous thirsty. (*Reads.*)—

'Licensed to sell spirituous liquors.'—Oh dear, what would I give just now for a comfortable cordial, if it wasn't for the sin of the thing. Well, but I stand in need of it, so where's the harm?—I will have one drop, Nobody'll know me—let it then—good lack, good lack—Spirituous liquors—Lord, I wish they were called *spiritual* liquors!—Oh, I'm very ill—I've a violent cholic—Oh, dear me, dear me!

[*Exit to the Inn, L.H.U.E. shamming*

Enter HARRY and FANNY, from the Inn, L.H.U.E.

Harry. Ycoho, there, my boy! give us some more grog?

Fanny. Your brains are full enough already; let us proceed.

Harry. My brains are full enough—full of wit—full of good things, like a Christmas pudding. Give me more grog—I want to drink.

Fanny. Pho! you can have no thirst now. Why would you drink more?

Harry. To drown care and keep me from thinking. Damn it, I tell thee I haven't half done. Oh that perfidious Fanny!—but it's very well.—If she had proved constant, now I'm reduced to poverty again. I couldn't have married her, and so I must needs drink. Talk of the devil, I was a cobbler, I used to drink and sing! When I was a carpenter, how I used to drink and sing! Lord, how I used to drink. When I was a sergeant, how I used to drink and swear! Ah, me, poor Harry Hawser! thou hast seen many a change of fortune—thou hast weathered many a storm, and hast been sometimes up aloft, and sometimes down below—in the hold—quite in the hold—among the cock-roaches of the world.

Fanny. Yes, and there you are at present, without any thoughts of climbing up again.

Harry. There I stick.—I stick by poverty, and, egad, poverty sticks by me, and that with all its accustomed constancy. But I laugh and dance with the merriest, so for time be damn'd.—Let them have it that will, I'll none on't.

SONG.

*In the course of my life I have seen many nations,
I've seen many states, and have fill'd many stations.*

*The valet by turns with the master I've been,
And in each various state various fortune have seen;
With the high and the low, thus by turns we go,
With a hob and a nob, and a jirk and a bob—*

(Spoken.) But I'd always a great inclination to be mas^{er},
so I sung,

"Britons never will be slaves."

*A soldier I serv'd in two fearful campaigns, sir,
And felt all the courage a soldier ne'er feigns, sir:
Then parade it, and strut in the sprightly cockade,
Which all the world knows oft a captain has made:
From sloven to fop, we then by turns hop,
With a hob and a nob, and a jirk and a bob—*

(Spoken.) But I didn't like a soldier's life, so I used to sing,

"Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls."

*A sailor I've been, and have plough'd the salt sea, sir,
And of all sort of lives, still a sailor's for me, sir;
I'll spin the great, and their curs'd civil racket,
And change ev'ry suit for a sailor's blue jacket;
On the high and the low, still the wind may blow,
With a hob and a nob, and a jirk and a bob—*

(Spoken.) ~~Now~~ I care for nothing, but de^{ce} upon
deck, and ~~the~~.

*"Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king."*

[*Exeunt, into the Inn, L.H.U.E.*

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber in the Inn.*

Enter SALLY, L.H.

Sally. Blessed St. Patrick, what will become of me!—
That tall thin gentleman of a parish clerk, I wou'dn't
find me here for all the world. He'd think I came
I dare say, and I'm sure I'm as sober as need be,

and hav'n't been tipsy, no not once these ten days past.—
Here's a closet—I'll go in and hide myself, and then, being
out of sight, perhaps he'll not be able to see me.

[*Exit to closet in flat.*]

Enter STAVE, R.H. with a bottle, drinking.

Stave. This brandy is cheering, yea, it cheers me mightily
—it gives me spirits, yea, a flow of spirits. (*Drinks.*) It
puts me in mind of an old song. (*Sings.*) 'And brandy I'll
drink, amen, 'till I die—Amen, till I die.'

(*Harry peeps in.*)

Enter HARRY, L.H.

Harry. Bravo, bravo! an excellent resolution, by all
that's strong—give us a drop of the liquor of 'ife?

(*Stave hides the bottle.*)

Stave. Go, go, you gay sinner, how ye talk—fye, fye,
my son!

Harry. Come, wont you give us a little of your

Stave. Grog! Oh mercy! oh dear, grog! oh dear, grog!
man!—d'ye think I'd drink grog?

Harry. Oh no, I forgot, 'pahay! (*Sings.*) 'And brandy
I'll drink, amen, till I die—amen, till I die.'

Stave. 'I have got into a noose, and the devil
will certainly leave me.' (*Aside.*) 'I really don't
know what ye mean.'

Harry. Why, now, wasn't you drinking brandy, you
sanctified old lubber?

Stave. Brandy! I drink brandy! Why, the man's
mad.

Harry. Wasn't you singing—'Brandy I'll drink, &c.?'

Stave. No, I was only practising my voice. You know
I must keep my voice in order; if I didn't I should stop in
the middle of a stave, and set all the church in an uproar.

Harry. (*Taking bottle out of Stave's pocket.*) Why,
now, isn't you—

Stave. A'n't I what?

Harry. A damned old hypocrite.

Stave. Ha! ha! ah! (*Without laughing.*) A good joke.
Ha! ha!—a very good jest—ha!—no—now I think on't,
'tis nt joke neither—'tis an affront, and I ought to be in a

passion—but I'll set an example of moderation, and forbear fighting, as becomes my calling. Hark ye, sir, do you know you called me a hypocrite?

Harry. So you are.

Stave. You say that?

Harry. Yes!

Stave. Now I'll tell you what——

Harry. Humph!

Stave. I'll tell you what—you are——

Harry. Yes!—

Stave. You—you are—you're—a—sailor.

Harry. Ha! ha! so I am, and I wouldn't change my state to step into a *phæton* and four, shiver me.

Stave. Oh, I know, you're a loyal man, and have a title to respect.

Harry. I have; and let me tell you, old one, that the poorest subject of little England, when he feels his heart warmed in the cause of his country, has as great a title to respect as the richest man that ever set foot on a fine carpet.

(*Drinks.*)

Stave. And pray, after all, what's a sailor good for?

Harry. Why, this he's good for—to help support the bulwarks of old British liberty, and when called upon duty, to give a sound drubbing to the enemies of his country.—And now, pray, what is a parish clerk good for? (*Drinks.*)

Stave. There's an ignorant question! Why, they couldn't do without me. 'Tis I that—~~the~~ fishing stove to the parson's work.—I cry Amen to a charity sermon, when the old folks have done praying, and the young folks have done ogling—on a wooden surtout, of my own making, I throw dust and ashes, as I shall be happy to do on thee.—Oh, you couldn't do without me.

Harry. No! but I hope to do without thee a little longer; and when I do cuddle myself up snug in the old leveller's locker, I care not if a larger sort of shark than thee say Amen to my funeral sermon.

(*Drinks.*)

Stave. Sir, sir, don't be angry, I always respected a sailor; so, sir, if you please, I'll take my leave; for you see, sir, I am a peaceable man, and a quiet—*H Ezekiah*
Stave is my name, in my nature pacific, prolific, soporific, and sonoric. My callings are divers.—Any commands in way, sir!

Harry. Not I.—Give us your hand, my old boy.

Here's a toast—a toast in my way—'May the coward who tries to strike his commander's colours, in an engagement, without orders, have his hand shot off in the endeavour.'

[*Drinks.—During this Stave skulks away, and hides in the Closet, D.F.*

Enter FANNY, L.H.

Fanny. What, drinking again!—for shame, always tippling.

Harry. Ay, my boy—when you grow older in the service, you'll find, that we veterans can no more do without grog than we can without fighting—stop our allowance of grog, and you spoil all; but bring a neat forty gun English frigate alongside of two Frenchmen of the same size, then give us our grog, and dam'me, we'll sink one, and take t'other in tow—

Fanny. Come, come, we must be gone—night is coming on—we shall scarce have time to reach old Goto's cottage even before 'tis quite dark.

Harry. Why, where's the clerk? Did ye meet him?—(*Sally screams in the Closet.*)—Oh, ho! are ye there, my heart of oak? What, we've found you out, hey! (*Putting them out from D.F.*) Oh, you licentious dog! a girl and a bottle of brandy—Egad, a feast fit for an emperor—Vanish, you unfortunate rascal, and never sin again, finding you are always detected.

Stave. I scorn your words, *Sally*. *Shamrock*, alias *San Saunders*, how camest thou here?

Sally. Oh, upon my honour, and I only came to look after you—and how came you here?

Stave. True, I forgot that—why—oh, upon my honour, I only came to look after you.

Harry. Vanish, man—you're no better than a beast; you get drunk, you profane dog!

Stave. Come along, *Sally*, you and I will be made one flesh; and as to that sailor fellow, to stop his impertinence, I hope there will be a tax upon tongues.

[*Exeunt Stave and Sally, R.H.*

Fanny. A tax upon tongues! no, no, the proper liberty of speech is a right—Englishmen will never suffer to be trenched upon—a tax upon tongues! why, 'twould damp the ardour of our British tars, in hailing with three cheers

the craggy cliffs of old England, on their return from victory !

SONG.

*Soon the loud cannons beginning to roar, sir,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 Tho' all the deck run down with gore, sir,
 Tho' we might ne'er see England more, sir,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 I never thought at all about the shore, sir,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 But when the tempest loud swell'd o'er the main,
 sir,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 I, wash'd with seas and drench'd with rain, sir,
 Soon swore no future hopes of gain, sir,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 Should e'er draw me on the ocean again, sir,
 Fal de ral, &c. [Exeunt, L.H.]*

SCENE II.—Goto's Cottage.

Enter SHARK and GOTO, bearing Booty, L.H.

Goto. Be quick—deposit our booty. We have been wash'd with seas and drench'd with rain, sir, must not be refused admittance—bestir—bestir.

[Exit, L.H. SHARK, once, and then, L.H. Door. Knocking without.]

Harry. (Without, L.H.) Hello! Hello! Goto, within there !
 (Shark draws a Trunk to Side Table, L.H. and leaves it there.)

Re-enter GOTO, with SELWYN, L.H. HARRY and FANNY, R.H.

Sel. Friend Michael Goto, I'm glad to see you—where is your daughter !

Fanny. Can ye give us a night's lodging ?—we are tired, and can go no farther.

Harry. Can ye give us a can of grog ?—we're tired, and can go no farther.

Goto. My friends, you are welcome ; my door is ever open to a man in distress.

(Aside.) Yes, so is mine, if he eats nothing.

Sel. We saw you as we came along; what had you and your companion on your shoulders? I am unwilling to suspect the father of my Angelica; yet I do suspect—Friend, Michael Goto, what had you on your shoulders?

Goto. Nothing, nothing—

Harry. Come, come, give us some grog.

Goto. We will. Shark, come hither—I would speak with you. [*Mysteriously.—Exeunt Goto and Shark; R.H.D.*]

Fanny. Well, Master Selwyn, I'll step in, and see for Dick and Angelica. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Sel. There's something mysterious in his manner. Harry, my, friend, we are unwelcome here—I will but see Angelica and be gone.

Harry. That's more than I will; (*Lays down.*) here I cast anchor—it must be a precious storm that drives me from my moorings. (*Falls gradually asleep.*)

Enter ANGELICA, R.H.

Ange. Gracious heaven! what can my father mean! I heard him talk wildly of robbery and plunder, and threatening vengeance—I heard him talk too of a sleeping potion—

Sel. My Angelica!

Ange. Selwyn! (*Runs to him.*) I am so glad to see you, and yet I don't know if I should be sorry to see you here—I wish you had not come—there's a fearful brewing.

Sel. What ill? I fear—how can Angelica be thus—once more safe in my arms (*Embraces her.*)

Enter GOTO, R.H.

Goto. How's this?—hold—Angelica retire—get you in.

[*Exit Angelica, R.H.S.E.*]

Enter SHARK, with a Bowl, R.H.

Shark. There, swill your full. Here's grog enough to drown you. I'll fetch something to relish your drink.

[*Puts the Bowl on the Table, and exit, R.H.*]

Goto. In it I have infused a sleeping potion, which shall enable us to clear off the booty unobserved, and to search the sailors. (*Aside.*)—Come, drink, my friends; your mate is asleep—let's rouse him.

Sel. Nay, pr'ythee, let him sleep; he is fatigued, poor heart, and drunk, moreover.

Goto. Drink, my boy, I'll be with you anon—Halloo, Shark!
[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter ANGELICA, R.H.S.E. who runs in to Selwyn, and half whispers, at the instant he puts the Bowl to his lips.

Ange. Hold, Selwyn! do not drink. (*Retires, and returns with another Bowl.*) Here, take this. Now drink, and pretend to sleep—your life's in danger else.

[*Changes Bowls, and exit, R.H.S.E.*]

Sel. What can she mean? Now drink, and pretend to sleep!

Re-enter SHARK and GOTO, R.H.U.E.

Shark. Here's something to eat—drink about, and we'll shew you to your bed.

Harry. (*In his sleep.*) Ho, there! messmate, take care of that Shark, or dam'me he'll do for you.

Shark. What does that fellow say?

Sel. Give me the bowl—Here's a health to all honest souls and may the evil designs of our enemies be confounded.
(*Drinks.*)

Goto and Shark. Good, good, we'll pledge you to that toast.
(*Goto takes the Bowl.*)

Shark. Come, drink some more, won't you? You're very welcome to it all; you are, upon my soul.

Sel. No, no more, I thank you.
(*Dozing.*)

Goto. See! see! it operates already—he'll be fast in a moment. Come hither, Shark, come hither.

[*Ereunt, R.H.S.E.—Selwyn pretends to sleep.*]

Enter FANNY, R.H.U.E.

Fanny. There's mischief on foot here, or I'm much mistaken—I'll keep a look out under the table. (*Gets under.*)

Re-enter MICHAEL GOTO and SHARK, R.H.U.E. with Pistols, which they lay on the Table. Shark then draws in the Box from the Side Wing, R.H.

Shark. Hist there! let us deposit this in safety.
(*Lets it down the Trap.*)

Goto. Now for it—go to him—I'll see what's here.—

(*Going to search Harry; Shark goes to Selwyn.*)

Shark. We'll not hurt the fellows, without we're forced to it.

Goto. Silence! (*They begin to search. Fanny jumps up, and snatches a pistol from the table, and fires it; then holds another to the head of Goto. Selwyn collars Shark.*)

Enter ANGELICA and DICK, R.H.

Ange. Oh heaven! What's the matter? Is any body hurt?

Dick. I hope father an't wounded.

Goto. We are lost.

Harry. (*Jumping up.*) Yeoho, there!—up hammocks, down chests—what's here—an engagement—

Shark. (*Falling on his knees.*) Have mercy, sir, if you please, on a poor unlucky dog.

Goto. Coward! do you deign to beg your life?

Shark. Yes, rather than lose it.

Sel. Wretches—yield to our crew the property you have found.

Goto. We have found no property. Search the house.

Shark. Aye, search the house.

Goto. I defy you to find aught. Unhand me. I will not be detained.

Fanny. I believe I can point out where some of our property is hid. (*Opening the Trap.*)

Shark. Yes, yes, there it is—spare my life, and I'll confess all.

Harry. Damme, but I'll keep a good look out over the hatchway. (*Standing with a pistol over the Trap.*)

Ange. Here is a box of jewels I found upon the shore; 'tis yours—it must have come from the wreck.

Sel. Generous girl! but I must now confess I have no need of it. Your father rightly guessed, that I have saved my property; but here it may be well dispos'd—this brave boy has risk'd his life, to save his shipmates—give him the jewels.

Ange. (*Giving the Casket to Fanny.*) This, then, it is yours—make what use of it you please.

Fanny. 'Pho! I don't want money, not I. There, Harry, you may have it.

Harry. Not I, not I, it may go begging for me. If Fan had proved constant, and had been here to share it with me, I'd ha' jump'd mast high to catch at it.

Fanny. And what would you say, if I should tell you that your own constant Fanny offers it?

Harry. Say! why, that you lied damnably—

Fanny. (*Taking off her hat.*) Look at me, and see if you can find no traces.

Harry. What! Fanny! you! my little messmate, my Fanny? Yes—no—yes it—it's—(*Falling on his knees.*)—Providence never forsakes a true-hearted sailor, ha! ha! ha. I never was half so happy or so merry in my life. (*Wiping his eyes.*) 'Tell ye what, Fan, we'll take a long cruize for life together, and if we chance to light on another storm—'egad, we'll sink or swim together.

Fanny. And I'll boldly strike at any *other* shark that dares attempt to harm ye.

Shark. What the devil, have I been frightened almost to death by a woman?

Enter STAVE and SALLY, L.H.

Stave. Ma'am, your humble servant—I take it, you're going to be married—if so, please to let me be clerk at the wedding. I take it, you'll soon have a little one—please to let me be clerk at the christening. You'll die one day—I take it—please to let me be clerk at the funeral.

Ange. I hope my dear father will abandon his present course of life, and live in future with his daughter.

Sel. We have now wealth enough. I am sure it twas necessity that drove him to it.

Goto. It was—it was.—The cold gripe of necessity, and the yet colder ingratitude of friends, had made me desperate; but I do repent me.—There is my daughter, marry her, and she is yours.

Stave. Let me join your hands, good people—I'm going to be married myself, and here is Mrs. Stave elect—we'll all be unhappy together.

CHORUS.

*Now the storms of life are over,
Anchor'd safe in peace at home,*

*Ev'ry true and faithful lover
Shall for ever cease to roam.*

ANGELICA and SELWYN.

*Fortune all our hopes befriending,
Now the angry storm is past,
All our cares and sorrows ending,
Since we thus are blest at last.*

CHORUS.

Now the storms, &c.

HARRY and FANNY.

*Now without care, or fear of wind or weather.
Fal lal de ral,*

*Now free from ev'ry care and strife,
May we take the voyage of life,
Fal lal, &c.*

*Long may we live right happily together,
Fal de ral, &c.*

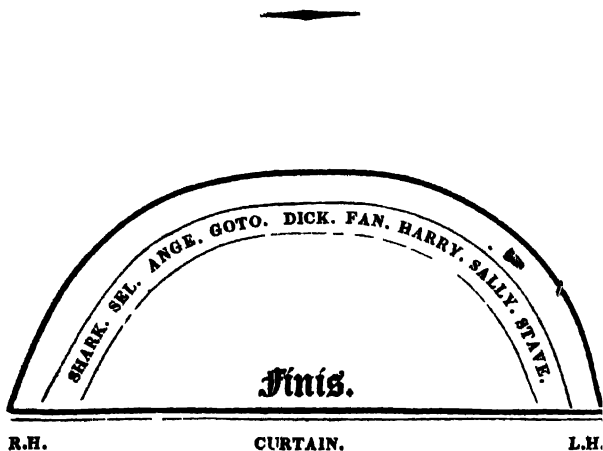
STAVE AND SALLY.

*We will married be to-day,
We'll be happy all, and then
I shall sing, and you shall say,
When our hands are join'd—amen.*

CHORUS.

Now without care or fear of wind or weather, &c.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



W. Oxberry and Co. Printers,
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AS RUGANTINO.

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Remarks.

RUGANTINO.

In life there is a period, a short epoch between boyhood and manhood in which the mind loses the wild imagination of the one state, without gaining the judgment of the other. There is always in this interval, this neutral ground, as it were, between fancy and reason, an affectation of wisdom, a supercilious disdain of that which delights, in opposition to that which informs. It has not yet learned the value of fiction simply considered as fiction, and invariably mistakes fastidiousness for taste. Even so, it is, but upon a more extended scale, in the history of literature; in its early age it is fruitful in prodigious fiction; the imagination of the writer, as of his readers, is curbed by no restraint; in the next stage, the taste becomes fastidious, dry, and hard; the mind does not seek to attain that which is great, but to avoid that which is ridiculous; in the last period the empire of the imagination recommences, not because the mind has grown too weak to resist unadorned reason, but because it has grown strong enough to despise the littleness of affectation.

The present day is on the skirts of this last epoch; works of pure imagination are beginning to hold their proper place; the literature of the North is allowed to be a world in itself, the produce of which world is not to be judged by the relative produce of Grecian and Italian soils, but by its own intrinsic merit, all other considerations set aside; we are pleased to relish its peculiar fruits though essentially different in flavour from the fruits of warmer climates.

He, who inclines to these principles, will feel little hesitation in allowing praise to the wild and improbable fiction of the North, and downright mockery to the author had set out with a much more serious sense behind him, a point of view which would have made the poor creature in

utter amazement at his flight : yet, sooth to say, that straight-laced common sense which is too proud and unsocial to mix in the company of fairies, giants, gnomes, “*et id genus omne*,” is more to be pitied than admired. To us, the wonders of Rugantino are as delightful as the lamp of Aladdin, or the miraculous purse of Fortunatus ; it must indeed be confessed that the Melo-drama is by no means equal to the romance on which it is founded ; in Abellino there is no attempt to reconcile impossibilities with truth ; it is an honest, downright fiction, enjoying all the brilliant advantages of that class of composition ; the Melo-drama, on the other hand, has more of improbability and less of fiction. Rugantino is far from being the same bold bandit we have admired in Abellino ; still he is a very clever, and what is more to the purpose, a very popular gentleman.

The fiction itself has been dressed up in all manner of shapes. First there was the German Romance of Abalino : then a German drama founded upon it ; then Lewis' translation of the first, followed by his Rugantino ; then the *L'homme à trois visages*, of the French, a clever little Melo-drama. Then, Abellino put on a woman's habit and became in Germany *Die Weibliche Abalino*, the female Abalino, a play, —which was again transformed at Paris into the *La Femme à trois visages*, the woman of three faces. Whether the bandit has appeared under any other forms, we know not, but it is most probable that he has.

The merits of Lewis have been more frequently underrated than overrated ; he was a scholar in the liberal acceptance of the word ; a man most certainly of talent, if not of imagination ; no writer of modern times has played so powerfully with terror ; even now his “*Monik*,” remain unrivalled, a perfect model of romance ; his language and description are for the most part extremely simple, and if his effects are exaggerated, the means by which they are produced are simplicity itself. That he has borrowed largely cannot be denied ; but what writer of modern, or even of the boasted ancient, times, has not done so ? Why should that be a sin in Lewis, which, if not a virtue, is at least excused, in others ?—Weeds will grow of themselves about the tomb of genius, but it must indeed be a barbarous habit to erase one letter from its epitaph.

Costume.

RUGANTINO.—First dress.—Brown tunic.—Second dress.—A bravo's dress of brown and scarlet serge.—Third dress.—Friar's gown.—Fourth dress.—Suit of armour.—Fifth dress.—White kerseymere doublet, pantaloons, and purple scarf, embroidered with silver.

MEMMO.—Brown doublet, breeches, and cloak embroidered with gold.

STILPIANO.—Scarlet doublet, breeches, and cloak trimmed with blue, and gilt buttons.—Second dress.—tunic suite.

CONTARINO.—Green velvet tunic suite, embroidered with silver.

PAROZZI.—Brown,—ibid. *

DUKE.—Velvet robe and vest, embroidered with gold.

PATRIARCHI.—White surplus, purple robe, and mitre.

FALIERI.—Orange coloured tunic, embroidered with silver.

CONZAGO.—Crimson,—ibid.

PISANI.—Black velvet tunic, embroidered with silver.

BERTOLDO.—Green cloth tunic, trimmed with yellow galoon.

JUANILIO.—Brown,—ibid.

PAOLO.—Drab serge doublet, trimmed with black.

HERALD.—Buff dress and herald's coat.

LORDS.—Various coloured tunics, embroidered.

SERVANTS.—Various coloured liveries.

SAILORS.—Shape jackets and trowsers.

ROSABELLA.—First dress.—White muslin and veil.—Second dress.—White satin, spangled with silver, white drapery. Third dress.—Spangled muslin, pale green crape drapery, embroidered with silver.

CAMILLA.—First dress.—Muslin petticoat, trimmed with pink and silver points, pink satin body, trimmed with silver.—Second dress.—Spangled muslin dress, and drapery trimmed with sea weed and cockle shells.

LAURA.—White petticoat, trimmed with blue points, white apron, and blue calico body.

VEILS, and rosaries.

Persons Represented.

	1820. <i>Drury-lane.</i>	1805. <i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>Andreas, Duke of Venice,</i>	Mr. Bengough.	Mr. Murray.
<i>Lomelino</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Cresswell
<i>Manfrone</i>	Mr. Marshall.	Mr. Bennett.
<i>The Patriarch of Venice</i>	Mr. Cooke.	Mr. Jeffries.
<i>Parozzi</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Contarino</i>	Mr. T. P. Cooke.	Mr. Brunton.
<i>Memmo</i>	Mr. Oxberfy.	Mr. Liston.
<i>Falieri</i>	Mr. Kent.	Mr. Klanert.
<i>Gonzaga</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Field.
<i>Pisani</i>	Mr. Miller	Mr. King.
<i>Stephano</i>	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Bertoldo</i>	Mr. Minton.	Mr. Beverley.
<i>Juanillo</i>	Mr. Coveney.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Paolo</i>	Mr. Evans.	Mr. Abbot.
<i>Herald</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Street.
<i>Rugantino</i>	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. H. Johnston.
<i>Rosabella</i>	Mrs. Hill.	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Camilla</i>	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Laura</i>	Miss Fairbrother.	Mrs. Frederick.
<i>Bettina</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Emery.

THE CHARACTERS IN THE MASQUE

BY

Messrs. T. Blanchard, Lee, Menage, Dubois, &c.
Mrs. St. Leger, Mrs. Humphries, Miss Waddy, Miss Seal,
Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Follett, &c. &c

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is generally
Two hours.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	is meant	Right Hand.
L.H.		Left Hand.
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.E.		Upper Entrance.
M.D.		Middle Door.
D.F.		Door in flat.
R.H.D.		Right
L.H.D.		Left Hand Door

RUGANTINO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Place of St. Giorgio Maggiore at sunset
The Curtain rises to slow Music.*

Enter PAROZZI followed by MEMMO, L.H.S.E.

Mem. Pat be patient, Parozzi; at least be patient!

Par. Patient!—Has not Rosabella rejected me? nay; when I taxed her with a passion for Flodoardo, did she not insultingly contrast the virtues by which he dignified his obscurity, with the vices by which, she said, my nobility was disgraced?

Mem. Well! well! To be sure nothing is half so disagreeable as truth; and it's certainly mighty provoking—

Par. Provoking? If I forgive her——! But her fate is fixed! She dies.

Mem. (*Shuddering.*)—Dies? My dear Parozzi, don't be so fierce, or I shall certainly take to my heels!

Par.—~~Was~~ said you?

Par. She dies! the Bravo Rugantino has received his

Mem. Rugantino?—I had much rather you wouldn't mention him.

Par. He, at whose name all Venice quakes——

Mem. I don't know what all Venice does; but I'm sure

Par. Anne—— before her birth-day, Rosabella some hours alone in
There will Rugantino
will I be!

Mem. You? Won't it be dangerous too——

Par. Ha! my revenge would be but half gratified, did I not see the blow struck myself! did not Rosabella hear as she expires, "Remember the scorned Parozzi." (*A galley passes at a distance from R.H. to L.H.*) But look, Memmo, is not that the galley——

Mem. Which carried out Contarino? 'tis the same! It approaches! Contarino is on board.

*The Galley arrives—*CONTARINO springs on shore.

Par. and Mem. Welcome, Contarino: welcome! ■

Par. Quick; your tidings——

Con. Are excellent—The Emperor approves of our conspiracy: in a week his troops will arrive to assist us, and then shall we be masters of Venice. But the Duke's prime counsellors, Manfrone and Lomelino, suspect our plans, and traverse them: they must be despatched immediately.

Par. For that have I already provided; Rugantino is in my pay, and——

Con. Rugantino? I have heard much of this strange man; but what I am to believe——

Par. Learn that from me. Soon after your departure young stranger arrived here, called Flodoardo. His plausible manners pleased the Duke; his Apollo-like form fascinated Rosabella; but he became the general idol when I found means to seize the five banditti, who had so long been the terror of Venice. We knew them well, Contarino, and had often found their daggers of use.

Con. But how did he discover their lurking-place?

Par. I know not; suffice it to say, that the five banditti were executed; but on the following morning this paper was found affixed to the palace-gates.

Con. (*Reading.*)—"Venetians! the banditti who suffered yesterday have left a sixth behind them, whose single arm equals those of the other five. Ye, who need no dagger, seek me! As a proof of my skill, let St. Bertrand cave be searched; 'twas there I stabbed to the heart the senator Carlo Foscari. From the Venetian Bravo, Rugantino."—Carlo Foscari?

Par. The Duke's near kinsman, who disappeared some months before.

Con. This paper shows a daring mind.

Par. "Ha!" cried I, when I had perused it "this is the very man we need!"—But Rugantino knew of my connection with his deceased associates, and ere I had time to seek *him*, he found *me*. Oh! 'tis the ugliest knave—his face so deform'd by scars—his eye-brows so black and bushy—then his smile is a terrific grin, and when he laughs, the sound is enough to scare mirth out of the universe.

Con. But Lomelino and Manfrone—

Par. He has engaged to despatch them the instant that he receives 10,000 ducats.

Con. Oh! a trifle! Memmo is rich; he'll furnish them.

Mem. I? That's ever your way. Always Memmo! and nothing but Memmo!

Con. Simpleton! If our plot succeeds, have we not promised—

Mem. Yes, yes! I own you give me plenty of promises—but you take from me plenty of realities! However, you shall have the 10,000 ducats this once—though I protest, it's like parting with ten thousand drops of my heart's blood.

Par. Peace! peace!—Have you brought the arms, Contarino?

Con. Yes: where shall I deposit—

Par. Oh! at Memmo's, where we'll meet again at ten to-night.

Mem. The arms at *my* house? Dear, dear! now why at mine?—If the house should be searched, then I shall get in'o a scrape, and—

Par. (*In a stern voice.*)—Silence! It shall be so.—Till ten fare well, Contarino.

Con. Farewell.

[*Exeunt; Con. L.H. Par. R.H.*]

Mem. Now that's the way I'm always treated! they borrow my money, make me their scape-goat, snap my nose off on all occasions, and all because I'm rather apt to be afraid, and honest enough to own it.—Hang it! I'll try, whether putting on a huff-bluff look like themselves, and strutting with a swaggering stride, thus, won't awe them into—
(*Noise without.*) Hey! what's all this uproar?

Enter HERALD, followed by JUANILLO, BETTINA, PAOLO, and Mob, R.H.S.E.

Juan. Silence!

Bet. Aye, aye! let's hear the proclamation.

Paolo. Silence! silence!

Juan. Aye: silence! silence!

Mem. Why don't somebody knock that fellow down, who makes such a noise with crying silence?

All. Knock him down! knock him down! silence!

Herald. (*Reading.*)—"Whereas the senator Foscari was found murdered by the Bravo Rugantino, the Duke hereby promises five hundred ducats to any one who shall discover where the murderer is concealed."—God save the Duke!—(*Trumpets.*) [*Exit, L.H.*

All. Huzza!

Mem. Now, friends, here's a good round sum to be earned by some of you.

Juan. By none of *us*, Signor Memmo. Oh! this Rugantino's a terrible fellow! why, when young Flodoardo seized the five other banditti, didn't this Rugantino, who was the sixth, still contrive to escape?

Enter STEPHANO, R.H.U.E.

Steph. I'm beyond my time, and I fear Camilla—Hey-day, what do all these people here?

Juan. But why did Flodoardo leave Venice?

Mem. 'Tis suspected, he was in love with the Duke's daughter, who is already promised to the Prince of Milan.

Steph. What say they of my master.

Juan. Well! before he left us, I wish he had caught this Rugantino as finely as he caught his five companions. I protest I can't sleep for fear of the villain.

Paolo. Nor I.

Juan. Nor I.

Steph. I see Camilla coming. Now then to scare them away.

Juan. One thing's certain: If ever Rugantino's found, Flodoardo is the only man to take him.

Mem. The *only* man?—Come! come! ~~there are others—~~
I don't boast of my courage—

Juan. And I'm sure, nobody else does, who knows you, Signor.

Mem. But if I once set eyes on this Rugantino, I'll put myself into this attitude, spring upon him thus, and exclaim in a terrible voice—

Steph. (*Who has approached softly, puts his head in among them, and cries in a hoarse voice.*)—Rugantino's coming!

All. (*Scream, and run off, some R.H. some L.H. crying,*) Where? where? where? Run! run! run!

Steph. (*Advances, laughing.*) Rugantino's name sent them off like so many peas out of a pop-gun.—But to give the Devil his due, Signor Memmo ran by far the fastest.—Now then for this antiquated Duenna, who, in defiance of time and her looking-glass, fancies herself a girl of fifteen; and who is so passionately fond of dancing, that she even walks the streets in a fandango step. 'Tis a hard task which the Prince of Milan has put on me, to make love to this super-antiquated coquette; but as he insists that no means of shaking Rosabella's constancy to Flodoardo should be left untried—She's here.

Enter CAMILLA, R.H.

Cam. Is it you, Signor Stephano?

Steph. (*In heroics.*) And is it you, divine object of my—

Cam. Oh! sweet Signor, no raptures, if you love me!—'Tis late, and I'm so *pressée*, as the French have it—I've only time to assure you, that I've spared no pains to influence my lady in your master's favour.

Steph. And what success—

Cam. Absolutely none! her love to Flodoardo is immovable; but perhaps when the Duke shall know of her attachment to this needy stranger, his remonstrances may induce her to give him up—But bless me! I must away, for I've a thousand things to do. You must know, that to-morrow night the Duke gives a grand *fête* on one of the islands of the Adriatic Sea, in honour of his daughter's birth-day. A ~~mask~~ is to be performed, called "*The Triumph of Thetis*," and my lady, myself, and some other beauties of the Court are to represent the heathen goddesses. Now you must know, that I'm reckoned excellent in a mask.

Steph. I don't doubt it, Signora ; I dare say, I should admire you in a mask more than in any other way.

Cam. And how, do you think, I was disguised at the last masquerade ?

Steph. How, pray ?

Cam. How ?—As Venus !—Wasn't that charming ?

Steph. As Venus ?—Ah ! Signora, how admirably you must have been disguised !*

Cam. Nobody found me out the whole night !

Steph. I dare say not ; how the devil should they ? (*Aside.*)

Cam. And when I unmasked, the surprise !—

Steph. Was excessive, I doubt not.

Cam. Universal, Signor !—As to the Duke, he was perfectly thunderstruck.

Steph. Struck, Signora ?—He must have been struck all of a heap ! why, if I had been there, I don't think, I should ever have recovered it !

Cam. And now guess, which of the heathen goddesses I am to be to-morrow night !

Steph. I can't imagine—Medusa perhaps—or very likely, one of the three—Furies. (*Aside.*)

Cam. A Syren, Signor ! a Syren !

Steph. A Syren ?—Ah ! Signora, I shouldn't have guessed that in a century !

Cam. And I've such a divine dress ! I shall be all over seaweed and cockle-shells, with a comb in one hand, and a looking-glass in t'other ; and I shall dance an entire new *pas seul*, and—You never saw me dance, I think ?

Steph. Frequently !

Cam. Indeed ! Where pray ?

Steph. (*Bowing with a languishing air.*) *En ses* dreams, Signora !

Cam. (*Aside.*) In his dreams ! How delicate a compliment ! How refined, how fanciful, how far-fetched, how French !

Steph. But as you're to be a Syren, oh ! too adorable Camilla, suffer me to be your attendant Triton !

Cam. An attendant Triton ? charming ! Granted ! granted, sweet Signor !

Steph. Then need I not envy Neptune himself the possession of his Amphitrite !

* This is borrowed from *La Sage's Comedy of Turcaret*.

Cam. (Aside.) Heroic creature! Let me die, but he's quite a *pastor fido*!—But I must begone.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Steph. First in the Prince's name let me force this jewel upon your finger, and next in my own print a kiss on your snowy hand!

(Kneeling.)

Cam. Oh! mercy!—I desire—I entreat—*je vous jure—*

Steph. (Rising.) Nectar and Ambrosia!

Cam. Oh! sweet Signor!

Steph. Divine Signora!

Cam. Adieu!

Steph. Farewell!

Both. Adieu! adieu! adieu!

[Exeunt; Steph. R.H. Cam. L.H.]

Enter PAROZZI, L.H.

Par. She comes! my lovely victim comes! But no more does my heart melt with tenderness at thy sight, Rosabella! No; hatred fills my bosom wholly, and should Rugantino's dagger fail, my own—They are here! Now then for St. Rosa's shrine! Away!

[Exit, R.H.]

(A solemn Procession crosses the Stage, from L.H. to R.H.—Rosabella, Laura, and Ladies, Priests with lighted Torches, &c. Bettina, Juanillo, Paolo, and Mob, as Spectators.)

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

Enter LOMELINO and MANFRONE, R.H.

Man. Enough, Lomelino; the Prince of Milan may depend on my services.

Lom. His plans are daring and romantic, it's true; but still—

Man. Hush! the Duke. *(Flourish of Trumpets.)*

Enter the DUKE, with a paper, L.H.

The Duke. (Crosses to Centre.) Oh! insolence unparalleled! Look, my friends! this paper is from Rugantino.

Man. How?

Lom. And it contains—?

The Duke. Read! read!

Lom. (Reading.) “Duke of Venice! In your late proclamation you promise to any one who shall *discover* Rugantino, five hundred ducats; now to any one who shall *seize* him, I promise five thousand. Your servant, Signor; Rugantino.” Unheard-of assurance! But how did this paper reach you?

The Duke. Will you believe me, friends! ’Twas fixed against my chamber-door! against my very chamber-door!

Man. Inconceivable!

The Duke. Nothing is safe from this miscreant! I tremble for myself—for Venice—for my child—Say, where is Rosabella?

Lom. She ever passes the night preceding her birth-day in St. Rosa’s shrine alone.

The Duke. Alone? In this time of danger that must not be! Good Manfrone, tell Camilla to bear my orders, that her lady should return instantly.—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—[*Exit Manfrone, L.H.*].—Follow me, Lomelino! I am half mad with anger and confusion!

[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Exeunt, A.H.*]

SCENE III.—*An illuminated Church, with St. Rosa’s shrine in the centre. On L.H.S.E. large iron-grated doors; on R.H.S.E. a magnificent tomb, on which is inscribed, “Here lies Carlo Foscari, who was inhumanly murdered by the Bravo, Rugantino.” The Patriarch of Venice, Monks, Parozzi, Bettina, Juanillo, Pablo, and Spectators, are discovered in groupes. The Procession enters through the iron gates, ~~L.H.S.E.~~ Rosabella kneels to the Patriarch; he gives her his benediction, and then orders the Spectators to withdraw; they all obey, except Parozzi, who conceals himself behind the tomb. The Patriarch then retires with the Monks, closing the iron gates after him. Rosabella desires to be left alone, and Laura and the Ladies retire to a distant part of the Church, L.H.S.E.*

Ros. I know not why—but an unusual dread has seized my heart—this sacred place—the dead and awful silence of that tomb too, where rests the murdered Foscari—Let me

banish these terrors in prayer at yonder shrine. Oh! Flo-
doardo! (Going.)

(During this speech an ancient BEGGAR comes slowly from behind the tomb, R.H.S.E. his head is nearly bald: he has a long white beard, is clad in loose tattered garments, and leans on a staff.)

Beggar. Alack! alack!

Ros. What feeble voice—?

Beggar. Will no one aid a poor old man?

Ros. (Hastening to support him.) Lean on me, father! Lean on me!

Beggar. Thanks, dear lady! The dampness of these marble walls—Alas! I faint!

Ros. And there is no seat—Stay! stay!—(She draws a low couch from the shrine; the Beggar sinks upon it: Rosabella kneels behind him, and supports his head.)—Rest here, father! Perhaps this essence may revive—(Giving a smelling-bottle.)

Beggar. Kindest lady! You are—you are the Duke's daughter, I think?

Ros. I am.

Beggar. Oh! dear lady—(In a low tone, and suddenly altering his voice.)—Start not! your life is in danger!

Ros. My life?—

Beggar. (Clasping her hand.) Hush!—Fear nothing! You shall not die; but if you value existence, be silent.

Ros. Unhand me!—I'll fly, and—(Attempting to go; the Beggar suddenly starts up, still detaining her, and whistles; she sits on one knee, as if imploring mercy. Parozzi springs from behind the tomb.)

Par. Is't done?—(The Beggar has drawn a dagger, with which he points to the kneeling Rosabella.—Ha!—Strike, I say! Strike, or thus—(Drawing his dagger, and rushing to stab her.)

Beggar. (In a voice of thunder.) I strike!—(At the moment that Parozzi raises his arm, the Beggar stabs him, and Parozzi falls lifeless at his feet. Rosabella with a faint scream starts from the ground, but the Beggar still detains her, and she falls exhausted into his arms.)—Fear not! tremble not! but mark me! I have saved your life:

Rosabella, remember that ! Remember too, that from this hour our fates are united indissolubly ! thou art mine, Rosabella ; thou never shalt be another's.

Ros. Thine ? thine ?

Beggar. Mine !—(*Holding up the dagger.*)—I swear it by this blood, which I have shed for thee ! by this heart, which I would drain for thee ! by this kiss, thou Bravo's bride !

Ros. (*Struggling to disengage herself.*)—Fearful man—my voice—my cries—

Enter CAMILLA, L.H.S.E. by the Iron Gate.

Cam. Signora, I come—Help ! murder ! murder !

[*Exit, L.H.S.E.*

Beggar. I must away ! But know'st thou, *who* press'd thy cheek, Rosabella ? Go ; tell thy father, the proud Duke, 'twas the Bravo, Rugantino !

Ros. Rugantino ?—(*She stutters back a few paces, and supports herself against a pillar.*)

Re-enter CAMILLA, L.H.S.E. followed by the PATRIARCH, and Monks, with Torches ; Laura and the Ladies also return in confusion. While they enter, RUGANTINO throws off his false beard and Beggar's dress, and appears as a Friar ; he steps behind a pillar, draws a cowl over his face, and when the Monks enter, he mixes with the crowd.

Cam. This way ! this way !

Patriarch. No one is here !

Cam. 'Twas a Beggar, whose bloody dagger—

Patriarch. Search every aisle ! Away !

(*They disperse themselves through the aisles.*)

Rug. (*As he passes Rosabella, whose Ladies are listening to Camilla's story, he clasps her hand, and says in a low voice.*)—Remember !

Ros. (*Starting.*) Heavens !—that Friar is—

Rug. (*Still in a low voice, while he shows her the bloody dagger.*) I saved your life !

Ros. (*After a moment's struggle.*) Leave me ! save your-

~~self~~—*Exit* !

Rug. (*Aloud, in a sanctified tone.*) Benedicite! fair daughter!

[*Exit, L.H.U.E.*]

Ros. I die!—Oh! support me!—(*Her Ladies crowd around her; at the same moment the Patriarch and Monks return, and form a groupe, while the Scene closes.*)

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber, with folding Doors and Steps, in Memmo's House.*

Enter CONTARINO, FALIERI, and GONZAGA, M.D. *Servants bring in a Table, with Goblets, Lights, &c.*

Fal. 'Tis strange that Parozzi is not yet arrived.

Con. 'Tis past the hour he mentioned.

Gon. Memmo too, who went to seek him, returns not.—
(*During these speeches, the Servants arrange the Table, and retire.*)

Con. Where is the place of general rendezvous?

Fal. In the ruined Carthusian Monastery. When last we mustered—

Mem. (*Without, M.D.*) Contarino! Falieri!

Con. 'Tis Memmo's voice.

MEMMO rushes in, M.D. followed by PISANI.

Mem. There! there's a pretty spot of work!

Con. What's the matter?

Mem. There's a fine kettle of fish!

Con. What's the matter, I say?

Mem. The devil's the matter! murder's the matter! hanging's the matter! the matter! Parozzi is—he is—I can't bring my tongue to speak such a terrible word!

Pis. Friends, Parozzi is murdered.

Con. Murdered?

Fal. By whom?

Mem. By whom? by that fiend in a human form! by that pest, from whose knife no man's throat is safe! by Rugantino.

Con. Fal. and Gon. Rugantino?

Pis. Even so!

Mem. And what's worst, Parozzi has let him into our secret; and to obtain his own pardon, perhaps at this moment the Bravo is telling all to the Duke.

Con. Confusion ! (*Noise without, M.D.*)

Fal. Steps on the stairs !

Mem. I dare say, the officers of justice ! (*Runs to R.H.*)

Gon. Bar the door ! (*Contarino bars it hastily ; instantly a loud knock is heard.*)

Mem. We're all undone ! (*The knock is repeated.*)

Con. Is there no out-let ?

Mem. None ! none ! except one. Thirty feet high, out of the window into the canal ! (*A third knock.*)

A Voice. (*Without, M.D.*) Open, I say !

All Consp. What's that ? what's that ?

Con. Who speaks ? (*The door bursts open, and Rugantino appears in his Bravo's habit ; his girdle is stuck full of daggers and pistols, his forehead is high, bald on one side, on the other covered with long straight shining hair ; his beard, thick eye-brows, and enormous mustachoes are black, and his face is marked with several scars.*)

Rug. (*In a terrible voice as the door opens.*) Rugantino !—Your slave, sweet Gentlemen Conspirators.

Mem. I'm a dead man !

Con. (*Struggling to recover himself.*) You among us ? You—Parozzi's murderer ?

Rug. Right ! but mark me ! I loved Rosabella, Parozzi was my rival, and I stabbed him to the heart. Now swear, that Rosabella shall be mine, elect me your chief, and I'll keep your secret.

Con. You our chief ? Think you we'll stoop—

Rug. Ye have stooped to *Vice*, can ye stoop lower ? Will you accept my terms ?

All. Never !

Rug. Then go your own way ; mine leads to the Duke ! to the Duke, sweet Signors ! Farewell ! (*Going.*)

Con. (*Placing himself before the door, which he closes.*) —Not so fast ! Draw, friends, draw ! the villain's in our power, and— (*All draw.*)

Rug. In your power ? Ho ! ho ! (*Laughing.*) Now listen. When I left my home—

Mem. (*Pointing downwards.*) That must be there for certain.

Rug. (*Sternly.*) Silence !

Mem. Oh ! mercy on me !

Rug. I left on my table a sealed packet, containing a full

account of your plans. This packet, if I return not before the clock strikes eleven, will be conveyed to the Duke. Now then, if you choose to stab me, I'll lend you a sword myself. (*Throwing himself carelessly into a seat.*)

Con. Before eleven? (*The chimes are heard.*)

Mem. And hark! it chimes the three quarters! Oh! go, go, go, my dear Rugantino.

Rug. Do you accept my terms?

All. We do! we do!

Rug. A list of your associates!

Con. Thou hast it. (*Giving a paper.*)

Rug. (*Rises.*) So! the attack must be made to-morrow night.

Con. To-morrow? The emperor's troops not arrived—

Rug. (*Proudly.*) Cowards! Have ye not an host in Rugantino?

Con. It must not be, for—

Rug. No? must *not*? Then herè I sit, and the clock must strike eleven. (*Resuming his seat.*)

Mem. Sit? sit? For Heaven's sake, consent to every thing if he will but go!

Con. I could tear my flesh!—Rugantino, be all as thou wilt! But time flies! The packet—

Rug. Nay, I go; but first some wine.

Mem. (*Filling a goblet hastily.*) There! there! my dear little fellow!

Rug. Now pledge me! Pledge me on your knees!

(*All take goblets and kneel, except Rugantino.*)

All. We pledge you, Rugantino!

Rug. (*Starting from his chair, and looking at them as they kneel.*) Ho! ho! Look! how low guilt can reduce the proudest! Rise, rise! Rugantino will not deign to drink with you! (*Dashing down the goblet.*)—Farewell! (*Going.*)

Con. (*In a low voice to Falieri.*) At least I'll watch whither—(*Following him; Rugantino turns suddenly round, and presents a pistol at his breast.*)

Rug. (*In a thundering voice.*)—Follow me, and I fire! This pistol can kill but one, 'tis true: but who among you chooses to be that one?

Mem. Not I, I'm sure!

Rug. Then let no one quit the room, till he hears my whistle, (*In a terrible voice*) or he dies! (*He stops at*

the door, takes off his hat, and bows.) Sweet Signors,
eternally your slave! [*Exit, M.D.*]

Mem. Thank Heaven! he's gone at last!

Con. 'Tis in vain to struggle.

Fal. We are in his toils; yet if he's honest, he'll be a
powerful ally. (*The whistle is heard.*)

Con. Hark! 'tis the signal!

Fal. Away then! [*Exeunt, M.D.*]

Mem. Aye! aye! away with you!—Oh! Memmo,
Memmo, Memmo! Cursed was the hour, when you poked
your foolish noddle into a plot! [*Exit, M.D.*]

SCENE V.—*Rosabella's Chamber.*

Enter ROSABELLA and CAMILLA, R.H.

Cam. Yes, child; your adventure with this Bravo has
made the Duke resolve, that you shall marry the Prince of
Milan instantly. As to your love for Flodoardo—

Rosa. Love, Camilla? Dear, dear, there's no love in the
case! what I feel for him is friendship—esteem—and surely
Flodoardo deserves to inspire such sentiments. Deserves?—
ah! what does Flodoardo *not* deserve? (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Cam. Very well; then you'd be quite contented, were
Flodoardo to marry another woman?

Rosa. Oh! but Flodoardo would *not* marry another wo-
man; of that I'm quite sure, Camilla!

Cam. Ah! child, child! I see this Flodoardo will make
you give a great deal of pain to your dear good father—
(*Practising her dance.*)

Rosa. Indeed? Then I am sure, I wish, I had never seen
him! This odious Flodoardo!—to make me give pain—
I'm quite vexed with him—quite angry—I don't like him at
all!

Cam. (*Shaking her head.*) What? not like him?

Rosa. No! not at all! (*Hesitating.*)

Cam. Not at all.

Rosa. Not that I *hate* him neither; for you know, Ca-
milla, there's no reason, why I should *hate* this poor dear
Flodoardo?

Cam. But there are reasons why you should try to forget
him!

Rosa. (Eagerly.) Oh! as to that, I protest, I vow so often every day to think no more of him, that all day long I think of nothing else! and when he declared his love, didn't I frown and order him to quit Venice?—though I'm sure, I've done nothing but weep ever since he obeyed me? Now what *can* I do more?—Camilla, I'll go to my father, (*Crosses to L.H.*) avow every thing to him, and perhaps—

Cam. (Dancing.) No! that step's not right.

Rosa. And why is that step not right!

Cam. Because first you should sink thus—then *borée* thus—then— (*Dancing.*)

Rosa. What? before I go to my father?

Cam. Lord! child, I wasn't thinking about your father; I was thinking of my new *pas seul*, which I mean to dance at the *fête* to-morrow.

Rosa. Psha!

Enter LAURA, L.H.

Laura. Signora Camilla, your Syren's dress is finished.

Cam. (Crosses to L.H.) Oh! charming!—I come, dear Laura. [*Exit Laura, L.H.*]

Rosa. (Surprised.) What?—a Syren's dress?

Cam. Yes; as *you* are to be the goddess Thetis, I mean to be one of your Syrens. Oh! such a dress, Signora! (*Going.*)

Rosa. Stay, stay, Camilla.—Surely at your age—

Cam. My age? Let me die, child, but to hear you talk, one would think I was quite *passée*! Because the bud is more delicate, has the rose full-blown no merits? Because I mayn't do for the blaze of meridian day, is there no such thing as candlelight beauty? Let me tell you, child, that in the eyes of *some* people, *some* people may have scarcely less charms than—*some* people; (*Crosses to R.H.*) and though I mayn't represent quite as well as yourself the Goddess of Spring, I flatter myself I may still figure with great effect as a Summer Syren.—(*Crosses to L.H.*) But time runs away, my tire-woman waits, and I fly to arrange my cockle-shells: Adieu, Mademoiselle. [*Exit dancing, L.H.*]

Rosa. Poor Camilla! what pity that with so good a heart the levity of her head—yet why blame a folly so innocent, and which keeps her in such good humour with herself and

others? Ah! rather let me strive to dispel my own delusion, so dangerous to myself and so repugnant to the wishes of my friends. Oh! Love, love, love! Dear, dear, I wish I didn't know what the disagreeable word means!

[*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Duke's Bed-Chamber. Night.*

A balcony in the centre; on one side of it, a bed in an alcove; on the other, a large mirror.

The DUKE, LOMELINO, MANFRONE, STEPHANO, BERTOLDO, and Attendants are discovered. The Duke delivers letters to Stephano, who promises to use speed, and goes off, R.H. The Duke dismisses the rest. The room is now only lighted by a large candlestick with three branches placed on a table near the alcove, at which the Duke is seated.

The Duke. Yet after all it must be owned, this Rugantino is a singular character! The man, who can do what he has done, must possess such talents and such courage; as at the head of an army would enable him to conquer half the world! Would I could once see this Rugantino!

Rug. (*Who during this speech has come softly from the alcove, and now claps the Duke on the shoulder.*) Look up, then! (*The Duke starts from his chair—Rugantino nods to him familiarly.*)

The Duke. (*After a pause.*) Man—who art thou?

Rug. Thou see'st me! and can'st doubt? Well then, I am the Bravo Rugantino! Foscari's murderer—and the Republic's most devoted slave.

The Duke. Rugantino—thou art a fearful—a detestable man!

Rug. Aye? Well! perhaps I am so; but at least 'tis certain, Andreas, that you and I stand on the same line; for at this moment are we the two greatest men in Venice, you in your way, I in mine—(*The Duke moves towards the door, Rugantino bars his passage.*) Hold, friend! not so fast! we must first have some conversation.

The Duke. (*With offended dignity.*) Indeed? then be this the subject. Mark me, miscreant! Instantly confess

who bribed you to murder Foscari, abjure your bloody trade, quit the Republic, or I swear—

Rug. Quit it? abjure—and why should I do all this?—through fear of *thee*? Ho! ho! (*Laughing rudely.*) through fear of Venice? Ha! Rugantino fears not Venice; 'tis Venice that fears Rugantino! Quit the Republic? Well! on one condition—

The Duke. Name it!

Rug. 'Tis a mere trifle!—Give me your daughter for my bride.

The Duke. Insolent!—My daughter is already a *Prince's* bride! Within this hour my written promise sent to the Prince of Milan—

Rug. Aye? Well, well! within another hour this dagger in the Prince's heart shall make your written promise void.

The Duke. Has Heaven no lightnings? (*Goes to his seat.*)

Rug. Hear yet more—I've sold for ten thousand ducats the lives of your friends Lomelino and Manfrone: now give me Rosabella, and I'll break the bargain.

The Duke. (*Frantic with rage, snatches up the light, and hastens to the door.*) Monster!—Guards! guards!

Rug. Say you so? Thus then! (*Takes off his hat, and suddenly strikes out the light with it; he then steps back to the mirror, which he pushes away, and passes through the aperture.*)

The Duke. Ha! miscreant—Lights! lights, I say? (*The door opens.*)

Rug. (*Putting his head out.*) Au revoir, good father that is to be! (*Closes the mirror.*)

Enter BERTOLDO and Guards, R.H. with Torches.

The Duke. Seize him!

Ber. Whom, my Lord? We see no one.

(*The Guards search the Room.*)

The Duke. Traitors! Have you let him pass?

Ber. Pass? No one has past us.

The Duke. Not pass'd you?

Ber. Nor is any one here.

The Duke. My brain turns round!—'Tis a fiend in human shape.

Enter ROSABELLA, R.H.

Ros. Dear father what means—

The Duke. Oh! my child—Rugantino—even now he was here!

Ros. Good Heavens!

The Duke. He threatened too—(*To Bertoldo.*) Call Manfrone and Lomelino hither instantly!—Fly!

[*Exit Bertoldo, R.H.*

Steph. (*Without.*) Where is the Duke?

The Duke. What new alarm?

Enter STEPHANO, R.H.

Steph. Justice, justice!—The prince of Milan—

The Duke. Say on! Be quick!

Steph. Within this hour arrived at Venice.—Even now I found him in his chamber—bleeding—dying—

The Duke. Heavens!

Steph. He murmured—“A base assassin—!” and expired. Near him lay your written promise; a bloody dagger was struck through it, and—

The Duke. That dagger—Bring it! Away!

[*Exit Stephano, R.H.*

Enter BERTOLDO, R.H.

Bert. (*A letter in his hand.*) My lord, the chambers of Manfrone and Lomelino both are vacant. In vain—(*A sealed packet is thrown into the room.*)

The Duke. What's that?

Bert. This letter was thrown into the balcony—(*Giving it to the Duke.*)

The Duke. Manfrone's hand?—I tremble.—Read, read, my child!

Ros. (*Opens it, and reads.*) Lomelino lies dead at my feet, and his murderer compels me to write this in his blood—I die, Andreas, and by the hand of—(*She screams, and drops the letter which the Duke snatches up.*)

Enter STEPHAÑO, and Guards, R.H.

Steph. Here is the dagger, and on the hilt stands the name of —

Ros. (*Looking at the dagger.*)

The Duke. (*examining the letter at the time*). } 'Tis
Rugantino.

Rug. (*Without, as if under the balcony*). Ho! ho?

All. Hark! (*some run to the balcony; the rest remain, as if petrified by amazement, and form a tabular.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Palace Gardens.*

“Huzzas” are heard without, and shouts of “Flodoardo!
Flodoardo!”

ROSABELLA enters from the Palace, R.H. S.E.

Ros. He is returned!—Flodoardo is returned!—Oh! joy past utterance. But he returned against my positive orders—I must be angry with him—*very* angry.—But alas the day! how shall I manage to conceal my pleasure! See, see, he comes!

Enter RUGANTINO, R.H.S.E. clad in glittering armour, from the Palace. Every trace of deformity is gone, and he appears a young and handsome warrior.

Rug. (*Aside*). She's here—and oh! so lovely!—Alas! sweet maid! how would the roses of thy cheek grow pale, knew'st thou, that the man now approaching is the dreaded Rugantino!—(*He advances, bowing respectfully*).—Lady!

Ros. (*Aside*). Cavalier—I—you—you have been *very* long absent—that is—I mean—did you receive much pleasure from your travels?

Rug. (*His voice during this scene is always tender and melancholy.*) Much—for every where I heard the praise of Rosabella.

Ros. (*Seriously.*) Flodoardo!—will you again offend me?

Rug. After this hour I shall never offend you more—Lady, I come to say farewell—for ever?

Ros. For ever?—Ah! Flodoardo, and can you then leave me?—Can you leave my father, I meant to say?

Rug. (*With a melancholy smile.*) Your father?

Ros. His friendship for you is so warm—

Rug. I value it highly; but it cannot make me happy.

Ros. (*Smiling faintly.*) Does then your happiness require so much?

Rug. (*With enthusiasm.*) It does! it does!—But one boon can make me happy—I have begged for it on my knees!—(*Pressing her hand to his lips*)—I have begged for it, Rosabella, and my suit has been rejected.

Ros. (*Trying gently to disengage her hand.*) Enthusiast!

Rug. (*Drawing her nearer to him.*) Rosabella!

Ros. What would you of me?

Rug. Your heart! my happiness!

Ros. Flodoardo! (*After a moment's struggle with herself, she forces her hand from him.*) Leave me! I command you!—leave me this instant. (*He bows, and retires with a melancholy air. At the palace-gate he stops, and waves his hand.*)

Rug. Lady, farewell!—We meet—no more!

Ros. Stay, oh! stay, Flodoardo! I—I am thine!

Rug. (*Rushing back.*) Rosabella!

Ros. Thine!—and for ever? (*He falls on his knee, and she sinks upon his bosom.*)

The DUKE enters from the palace, R.H. U.E.

The Duke. Do my eyes deceive me?

Ros. (*Shrieking.*) My father!

The Duke. How has my confidence been betrayed! (*He turns to leave them.*)

Rug. Stay, noble Andreas; stay, and hear—

The Duke. Young man, what excuse?—

Rug. Excuse? Oh! I need none for loving Rosabella; were for him to excuse himself, who had seen Rosebella, and not loved her!—Andreas, I adore your daughter; I demand her for my bride.

The Duke. (*Proudly.*) You?—A needy stranger, who—

Ros. (*Hastening to the Duke, throwing her arms round his neck, and hiding her face in his bosom.*) Oh! be not incensed with him, dear father!

The Duke. (*With solemnity.*) Rosabella!—hast thou given this youth thy heart,—given it to him—irrevocably?

Rug. (*Repeats with emphasis, while his countenance becomes suddenly overcast, and he presses his hand against his breast, as if to repress some painful feeling.*) Irrevocably?—Ah! (*Rosabella raises her head with a smile, and while one arm is still round the Duke's neck, she extends the other towards Rugantino, and presses his hand.*)

The Duke. I am answered! Flodoardo, (*Crosses to centre.*) you see this maid!—will you *deserve* her?

Rug. Deserve her? Ask what thou wilt, and I swear—

The Duke. Mark then! The murderer of Manfrone and Comelino, of Foscari and the Prince of Milan.—Go! bring him hither!—alive, or dead, thou must give into my power the terrible banditti-king, Rugantino.

Rug. (*Starting.*) My noble lord!—

Ros. Oh! no, no, no! he must not! Too surely this detested monster—

Rug. (*Anxiously.*) *Detested?*—Oh! silence, Rosabella; at least allow me to *hope!* Wilt thou swear, Andreas, that Rugantino once in your power, nothing shall prevent Rosabella from being my bride?

The Duke. I swear it.

Rug. Enough! now mark me, Duke—You give a masque this night in the Nereid's Island?

The Duke. I do. All Venice is invited.

Rug. 'Tis well! Let my purpose be kept secret; and as soon as all those are arrived, whose names are in this list, (*Giving a paper,*) your guards must surround the only entrance to the Saloon. Then let them discharge their muskets, and if I *still* live, at that signal will I produce before you this dreaded Rugantino.

The Duke. You shall be obeyed—But how—

Rug. No questions! I must away—Rosabella—

Ros. (*Crosses to centre, weeping, and embracing him.*)
Oh! Flodoardo—perhaps—Rugantino's dagger—But no,
no, no!—Heaven is just, Heaven is merciful, and we *shall*
meet again!—Away then!—Come, father, come!
[*Exit Ros. and Duke, R.H.U.E. Rug. L.H.*

SCENE II.—*A ruined Monastery.—Sunset.*

Enter FALIERI, MEMMO, and GONZAGA, L.H. U.E.

Fal. Our associates not arrived?—Yet Rugantino charged
us to muster our forces here, and engaged to meet us at
sunset.

Gon. 'Tis a perilous knave, that Rugantino!

Mem. Perilous?—I protest, I'm glad our plot is to be
executed to-night, if it's only that I mayn't come into con-
tact any more with that devil incarnate! I really believe
he deals with the Black Gentleman, and that no mischief
happens in Venice without *his* having a finger in the pye!
—If any one dies, it's *he* kills them; if a house is on fire, it's
he kindles it; nay, I'm morally certain, 'twas he that occa-
sioned the last earthquake!

Fal. Yet at least he keeps his word—Lomelino and
Manfrone are already no more.

Mem. Very true, but yet—Heigho! my poor ten thou-
sand ducats!

Gon. Hark?

Fal. 'Tis Contarino!—Now, friend, where's Rugantino?

Enter CONTARINO, R.H. U.H.

Con. Even now I left him. Flodoardo is returned, and
Rugantino thinks it good to despatch him immediately. I
warrant he'll soon give a good account of him!

Mem. Nay, when *despatching* is the business, to do the
gentleman justice, he loses no time.

Con. Are you all invited to the Duke's masque to-night?

Fal. Al! and in the most urgent and flattering manner.

Gon. That's well! it proves we are not suspected.

Mem. I only hope there's no trick in all this.—If this

show of kindness should be only a take-in, now—Mercy on me! my teeth chatter at the thought!

Con. Mark me, friends—we must go armed to the Duke's.

Fal. Leave his highness to me; this poniard is quite at his service.

Gon. The whole Council of Ten are invited—

Con. Down with them every man.

Mem. Aye, aye! fine talking!—But suppose it should turn out to be—“Down with *ourselves*?”

Con. Silence, thou white-livered wretch!

Mem. Come! don't be so snappish, if you please! (*Crosses to L.II.*)

Con. The stroke of midnight must be the signal for Gonzaga's quitting the saloon, and hastening to seize the Arsenal.

Fal. As soon as he hears the alarm-bell, the Admiral Adorno will lead his people to our assistance.

Con. Oh! our success is sure, and—But our comrades approach. Be alert, friends; hasten to distribute the arms and crimson scarfs, which are to distinguish our partizans.

Enter PISANI and CONSPIRATORS, L.H.—scarfs, swords, pistols, &c. are distributed; and each drawing his sword, they kneel, and swear fidelity

Con. Strangers approach—Disperse, and remember that the signal is—

All. Midnight!

[*Exeunt, severally,*

Enter the DUKE, R.II. CAMILLA, L.H. dressed as a Syren, with a comb in one hand, and a looking-glass in the other.

The Duke. What news, Camilla?

Cam. The best, your highness. Every thing's ready, the Tritons and Nereids are dressed, the gondolas are waiting, and we're all impatient to be gone.

The Duke. Why, Camilla, you are in high spirits!

Cam. In spirits? In ecstasies! My head's at this moment a chaos of the most enchanting images, of nothing but masks, coloured lamps, and musicians, conchs, cupids, and cockle-shells!

The Duke. Delightful!—And may I ask what you are to be?

Cam. (*Curtseying with a smile of self-satisfaction.*) A Syren, your highness.

The Duke. A Syren!—Truly, Camilla, 'twas lucky for Ulysses that you were not a Syren in *his* days; closing his ears would not have availed him; he must have closed his eyes too.

Cam. (*Curtseying.*) Oh! mercy!—Oh! Heaven!—Let me die, but your highness makes me blush!

The Duke. 'Tis the better:—Nothing becomes beauty like blushing. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Cam. So! So!—Such warmth!—“Nothing becomes beauty like—” Let me die if his highness isn't a little smitten with me himself.

Steph. (*Without, L.H.*) Camilla! Signora Camilla!

Cam. It's Stephano! and quite *Tritonised*, I protest.

Enter STEPHANO, dressed as a Triton, L.H.,

Cam. Charming, Signor! charming!—Well, let me die, But sea-green's a most becoming colour! and then that beard's so divinely *degagée* as the French have it—

Steph. Very likely! But come, come! the Duke stays for you!

Cam. Stays for me? I fly, Signor, I fly!—Now then for the Nereid's island. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*An immense Grotto, composed of variegated spars and crystals. In the centre a large porch (with folding doors richly ornamented) projects far into the scene.*

On R.H. S.E. the DUKE is seated under a canopy on an elevated throne; FALIERI stands on the steps of it, conversing with the Duke. Two Gothic seats below the throne. On the L.H. in the front are CONTARINO, MEMMO, and GONZAGA; LAURA, PISANI, Lords and Ladies, &c. form groupes in the back-ground.

Look, Gonzaga, how kindly the Duke smiles on

Gon. 'Tis plain that he suspects nothing.

Con. Now, Memmo, what are become of your fears?

Mem. Fears? I feel so bold, so desperate, that I quite
ong for midnight.

Con. (*Laughing.*) Oh! brave Memmo! (*Flourish of
music*).—But the masque is beginning.—Look! Pan and
he Sylvan Deities are arriving in honour of the birth-day of
Thetis.

(*A procession enters—Pan, dancing, Satyrs and Ha-
madryads—Diana with her Nymphs*—Mars in
his chariot; Warriors—Bacchus seated on a ton;
Bacchannals. On one side, Venus with Cupid de-
scends; and Minerva on the other. The Celestial
Palace comes down amidst thunder and lightning—
Jupiter, Juno, &c. come out of the Palace, which
re-ascends—Pluto and Proserpine rise on a burning
throne; they alight, and the Car sinks.*)

Mem. Well! Pluto's as like Rugan——

Con. (*Stopping his mouth.*) Hush!

(*Proserpine expresses her envy of the beauty of the
three Goddesses; she waves her sceptre, and a
golden apple appears with this inscription—"For
the Fairest."*—She throws it before them.—They
contend for it.—*Marine Music.*—At this moment
a volley of musquetry is heard. All start in hor-
ror; the music stops abruptly; a dead silence for
a moment.)

All the Guests. What was that!

The Duke. (*Aside.*) 'Twas the signal.

Rfs. (*Aside to Camilla.*) My heart beats—!

Mem. (*To the Duke.*) Suffer me to enquire what noise—
(*He opens the folding doors; the Porch appears filled
with guards.*)

Guards. Back!

Mem. (*Starting.*) Guards? (*Runs down to L.H.*)

The Guests. Guards? Guards?

The Duke. (*Advancing.*) Fear nothing, my friends!—
his precaution regards no one here; but know, before an

* The remainder of the Masque is now transposed to the conclu-
sion of the piece.

RUGANTINO.

expires, you will see in this saloon—the Bravo Rugan-

All. How?

The Duke. Yes! Flodoardo has engaged,——

Rug. (*Without.*) Give us way!

Res. (*In raptures.*) 'Tis he, and safe!

(*The Guards open to the right and left, and Rugantino will the Flodoardo, rushes in, wrapt in a large mantle.*)

Alas. Bless me!—I'm afraid that—

Con. (*Sternly.*) Be calm, Signor! there is nothing to

Rug. Signors, you all know my business here! Answer me, Duke of Venice; have you not sworn, that Rugantino is in your power, nothing shall prevent Rosabella from being my bride?

The Duke. I have.

Rug. Know then, he is in your power—is in mine.

The Duke. Dead or living?

Rug. He still lives.

All Consp. (*Hastily.*) He lives!

Rug. He still lives, Signors. (*Bowing*)

Res. (*Embracing Camilla.*) Did'st thou hear that Camilla! the villain still lives! Not one drop of blood has stained the innocent hand of Flodoardo.

Rug. (*Shuddering.*) Innocent?—Ah!—Now then be prepared—I'll produce the Bravo before you, and—

Cam. Oh! Heavens, not here, Signor! I shall die of a thousand little fears, if you bring him here!

Alas. And I shall die of ten thousand little fears.

Rug. Fear nothing, good Camilla. Be seated, Andreas. Let the rest arrange themselves behind the Duke—Rugantino's coming!

(*The Duke seats himself; Rosabella is on one side leaning on Camilla; the Conspirators are on the other in evident dismay.*)

Rug. (*Advancing towards the porch.*) Rugantino!—

(*As he retires still further back.*)—Rugantino!

Camilla. He, lest—

Rug. (*Within the porch, but still in sight, though his back is turned to the spectators.*)—Rugantino! I say.

Alas. (*Advancing towards him.*) Oh! venture not, Flodo-

arg.—(At the moment that she lays her hand on his arm, he throws off his cloak and helmet, and appears in the habit, and with the countenance of the Bravo!)—

Rug. Ho! ho!—(Rosabella falls senseless at his feet, Andreas starts from his chair. All utter a cry of surprise and terror.)

Rug. (In the Bravo's voice.) Now then! You wished to see the Bravo Rugantino? Here he stands, and is come to claim his bride.

Con. Without there! Guards!

Rug. (Presenting a pistol.) That word again, and you never speak another!

Ros. (Recovering.)—Dreadful illusion!—Methought—Flodoardo—

Rug. (In his natural voice.) Illusion?—Rosabella, 'twas none; your beloved Flodoardo and the Bravo Rugantino are the same; in me you behold both.

Ros. (In despair.) 'Tis false! 'tis false! Flodoardo's actions were good and glorious as a Demi-God's! Flodoardo and thou—Wretch, whom many a bleeding ghost has long since accused at the throne of Heaven, dare not thou to prophane the name of Flodoardo!—'Tis false! 'tis false!

Rug. (Proud and earnest.) Then mark, and be convinced!—(He turns away, and in a moment appears with Flodoardo's countenance and the Bravo's habit.) Look on me now, Rosabella; you see me changed; but change as I may, of one thing be assured; I am the man whom you loved as Flodoardo. Rosabella—dost thou love me still?

Ros. (Throwing herself on Camilla's bosom.) Man! man! Now God forgive you for torturing me so cruelly!

The Duke. (Recovering from his stupor.)—Guards! seize him! To the scaffold!

Rug. What?—Have I not kept my promise? Duke of Venice, will you not keep your oath?

The Duke. It was given to the virtuous Flodoardo; with the murderer Rugantino I made no compact. Speak, Senators; ought I to keep an oath so made?

The Senators. No, no! To the scaffold!

Men. Aye, to the scaffold!

Rug. Is it so then? and will no one intercede?—Signor Contarino! One word in my favour—

Con. Away! address not thyself to me!

Rug. Good Signor Memmo, plead for me! You know me well, and—

Mem. (Alarmed.) I?—I know nothing at all about you!—I never saw you before—never heard of you—and hope never to see or hear of you again!

Rug. What? and does no one pity the wretched Rugantino?—*No one?*—Are *all* silent?—*all?*—My fate then is decided! To the scaffold!—(*Going.*)

Ros. (Springing forward with a cry of agony, and falling at the Duke's feet, who is crossing to the Conspirators, L.H.)—Mercy! mercy!—Pardon him!—Pardon—Rugantino!

Rug. (In rapture.) Say'st thou so?—Ha! an Angel pleads for Rugantino in his last moments.

Ros. He is a sinner—but leave him to the justice of Heaven! He is a sinner—but Rosabella adores him still!

The Duke. (Repulsing her) Away, unworthy girl!—he dies!

Rug. And can you look on with dry eyes, while that innocent dove bleeds at your feet? Go, barbarian? you never loved her as she deserved! (*Raising her from the ground.*) Now then she is yours no longer! thou art mine, Rosabella; art Rugantino's; thou lov'st me, as I *would* be loved; I am blessed, and now to business!—*The Duke turns to the throne. He places Rosabella, who is almost fainting, in Camilla's arms.*—Within there!—(*He sounds a whistle; Guards rush in, M.D. and surround the Conspirators; the doors are closed after them.*)—Guard them well! You have your orders!

The Duke. What means—

Rug. It means, that this night *your* life and the *common* of Venice were doomed to conclude together.

Con. Noble Andreas, believe not—

Rug. (With majesty.) Silence! I know your whole plot, and the officers of justice by *my* orders have already seized the gentry with the crimson scarfs. Duke, still doubt you my truth? Mark then! (*Turning to the Conspirators.*) The first, who acknowledges his guilt, shall be freely pardoned! I swear it, *I*, the Bravo Rugantino.

Mem. (Falling at the Duke's feet.) Venetians, Rugantino has told you true!

Rug. Live!—(*Memmo rises.*)

Mem. So I will as long as I can [Exit, M.D.]
The Consp. 'Tis false! 'tis false!

Rug. False! Then hear me—and then tremble—Manfrone and Lomelino, the Duke's friends, are still alive. (*The doors fly open; Manfrone and Lomelino appear.*) Away with them!—(*The Duke embraces Manfrone and Lomelino.*)

Ros. Joy; joy! Camilla, joy!—Rugantino is *not* then a murderer! Alas! and yet Foscari's death—

Rug. Fear nothing, my love! Chance led me to the cave, where Foscari lay robbed and wounded by banditti, and before the venerable man expired, I swore to revenge his murder—Traced out the villains; in whose society I received some hints of the conspiracy. I made my plans for defeating it known to Lomelino, who assisted me in my designs; he taught me a private entrance to the Duke's chamber, and persuaded Manfrone to share his concealment, until it became needful that their deaths should be believed.

The Duke. But the Prince of Milan's murder—

Rug. Was imaginary. Stephano was in my secret, and acted by my orders.

The Duke. And the Prince of Milan himself—

Rug. (*Throwing off his Bravo's habit, and appearing splendidly dressed with several orders, &c.*)—Behold him!

The Duke. Amazement!

Ros. You? you the Prince of Milan?—

The Prince. Even so. The perfidy of *one* ungrateful woman had made me distrust the whole sex; and I swore never to unite my fate but to her who would be constant to me under *every* circumstance. Rosabella has stood the trial; and I now glory to salute as Milan's future mistress the *Bravo's Bride!*

Ros. Oh! happy, happy Rosabella!

The Duke. How bright a sunshine after a day so stormy! Forth, forth, my son! Let a thousand torches show Venice her preserver! Let a thousand voices join in the exulting shout—"Honoured be the Bravo!—Happy is the Bravo's Bride!"

All. Huzza!

(*The folding doors open—the Duke by the Moon. Neptune and A*

Nereids and Tritons, Stephano is among them Camilla and two other females as Last a machine representing a rock of re floating on a silver sea, whose waves are in moi On the summit of the rock is a brilliant conch-shell, in which sits Rosabella. Artificial Zephyrs hang over her, some seeming to fan her with their wings, others with their breath to impel the rock forwards, which is drawn by enormous Dolphins, spouting up water ; while on the head of each stands a little Cupid, holding golden reins, with which he appears to guide the animal. The three rival Goddesses agree to give Rosabella the apple, even Proserpine applauding the decision.—The Conch sinks gently till it touches the earth, when Rosabella quits the machine, and receives the apple from the Goddesses.)

(The Prince and Rosabella enter the conch, which ascends to its former elevation ; the machine moves on in triumph, and as it passes along the front of the stage, the curtain falls.)

Finis.

